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LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS

WHO

RAISED THEMSELVES FROM POVERTY TO EMINENCE  
OR FORTUNE.







*Sir Richard Arkwright.*

LIVES  
OF  
INDIVIDUALS

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RAISED THEMSELVES FROM POVERTY TO  
EMINENCE OR FORTUNE.

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By R. A. DAVENPORT,

AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF ALI PACHA," "HISTORY OF THE BASTILE," "NARRATIVES OF  
PERIL AND SUFFERING," ETC. ETC.

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"Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."—SHAKESPEARE.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE lesson given by Shakspeare, in the lines which form the motto of this volume, he seems to have considered as one of the highest importance ; for, in the same tragedy whence these lines are taken, he repeats it in the following emphatic words :—

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.”

The volume which is now submitted to the public, affords practical illustrations of the truth of the lesson which is taught by our immortal dramatist. It shows that, in spite of every disadvantage, men may rise far above the humble station in which they were born, acquire riches and honours, and leave a name worthy of being remembered. That every man can soar to eminence is obviously impossible ; but there are few cases in which, at some period or other of their existence, individuals have not an opportunity of at least bettering their fate : a few rounds of the ladder may be ascended, though the summit of it cannot be reached. Inertness

and unmanly despondency are too often the fatal obstacles to success. "It is no use trying ! It is no use struggling !" is language which seals the doom of him who uses it. He who has perseverance steadily to pursue one object ; courage, to bear inevitable evils ; promptitude, to seize upon an offered advantage ; foresight, to provide against mischances ; strength of mind, to control his passions ; and principles, which entitle him to respect ; will begin his career with a fair prospect of improving his state : And should he at last fail to accomplish his purpose, he will have the consolation of knowing, that the failure has been caused by no fault of his own, and that, though he has suffered disappointment, he has not incurred disgrace.

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ERRATUM.

Page 160, line 7, for *cowherd* read *goatherd*.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

&c. &c.

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## LIFE OF WILLIAM GIFFORD.

THE particulars of WILLIAM GIFFORD'S early life have been recorded by himself, with such touching and elegant simplicity, that I can scarcely refrain from laying before the reader the whole of the narrative. The scanty limits to which I am confined compel me, however, to rest satisfied with compressing and quoting from it.

At his outset in the world, William Gifford seemed to be one of those children who are doomed to have the sins of their fathers visited upon them. He was of a family which, originally, was among the wealthiest and most respectable in Devonshire. But the faults of two of his progenitors cast their descendants into misery. His grandfather was an extravagant and dissipated man, living on bad terms with his father, who appears to have at last avenged himself by bequeathing from him a considerable portion of his property. The offspring of this prodigal seems to have inherited his follies. Edward Gifford, the parent of William, is leniently described, by his patient and long-suffering wife, as having been "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." From the grammar-school of Exeter he eloped, and entered on board a man-of-war; he was brought back to school, but to no purpose, for he again broke forth and joined

the train of the renowned Bampfylde Moore Carew, so well known under the title of "the king of the beggars." This reputable adventure seems thenceforth to have excluded him from the paternal home. On giving up his mendicant mode of life, he was therefore reduced to the necessity of binding himself apprentice to a plumber and glazier ; and by this time he had acquired steadiness enough to remain stationary till he had learned the business. The death of his father having put him into possession of two small estates, he married Elizabeth Cain, the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton, and set up for himself at South Molton. But the old spirit was still powerful in him. When he had been four or five years at South Molton, he and others attempted to create a riot in a Methodist chapel ; his companions were prosecuted, and he would have shared their fate had he not absconded, and become once more a sailor.

After the flight of the delinquent, his wife, who was pregnant, returned to Ashburton, and there, in April 1756, she gave birth to William Gifford. Three or four small fields had been retained when the rest of the property was sold, and the rent which she received for these was the sole resource of the deserted mother. "With this, however," says her son, "she did what she could for me ; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school ; they consisted merely of the contents of the Child's Spelling Book ; but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad singers, or rather readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of 'Catskin, and the Golden Bull,' and 'the Bloody Gardener,' and many other histories equally instructive and amusing."

Edward Gifford was absent from his family for eight years. Had he been prudent, his absence might have enabled him to atone to them for his past misconduct. Being a good seaman, he soon became second in command of the *Lyon* armed transport. Nothing more is recorded of his career till toward the close of the war, when we find him serving at the siege of the Havannah. In 1764 he returned home. His wages had been large, and his prize money at the Havannah amounted to more than a hundred pounds. His original uneconomic habits, however, had not been amended by a seafaring life, and he brought back but a fragment of his gains. He was resolved to resume the business of a painter and glazier; and he raised the necessary funds by selling the three or four fields and his claim to some dilapidated houses at Totness. But he was not calculated to succeed in any thing which required close attention and regularity; his time was wasted in unprofitable pursuits; and, worse than all, his love of company led him into drinking, the natural result of which was, that, in less than three years, he died "of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty."

During the three years previous to his father's decease, William Gifford had attended the free school, kept by one Hugh Smerdon. His studies were confined to reading, writing, and cyphering, and his progress in them he candidly describes as having been "most wretched." In learning the trade of a painter and glazier, which his father made some desultory attempts to teach him, he was still less successful. His mother, who was encumbered with a second child, about eight months old, endeavoured to continue the business after her husband's death. The consequences of her well-meant effort were ruinous. Taking advantage of her ignorance, her two knavish journeymen wasted her property, and embezzled her money. She did not live to reap all the bitter fruits of their

villany, for within twelve months she was at rest in the grave. "She was an excellent woman," says her son, "bore my father's infirmities with patience and good-humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own."

The orphans, the eldest of whom was not thirteen, while the youngest had not completed his second year, were in a state of utter destitution; they had not in the world a relation or a friend. A person named Carlile, who had advanced money to their mother, seized upon the remnant of the property which was left; and, as no one had an interest in contesting his claim, no resistance was made to him. William, either from policy or humanity, was taken to his house by this man, who chanced to be his godfather; "my brother," says he, "was taken to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection." Stimulated, probably, by the rumour which prevailed in the town, that he had amply repaid himself out of the deceased widow's effects, Carlile sent his godson again to school. The boy had already acquired a taste for reading, and was now disposed to make the most of his time; of arithmetic he became particularly fond. But three months had not elapsed before these golden days, as he calls them, were over. The townspeople had ceased to give a thought to the poor orphans; and Carlile, who began to grudge the trouble and expense, believed that he might safely rid himself of a burden. He first tried to make William engage in the labours of husbandry. For a single day Gifford consented to drive the plough; but he steadily refused to return to the painful task. Accident had, indeed, previously disqualified him from performing it. The falling of a table edgeways upon his breast had so much injured that part, that he suffered severely from any violent exertion.



As William could write and cipher, his godfather next proposed to send him out to Newfoundland, to assist in a store-house ; a Mr. Houldsworthy, of Dartmouth, was to fit him out, and have his services. When, however, they went together to Dartmouth, the boy was contemptuously dismissed, as being "too small." Carlile sent him back in a passage-boat to Totness, whence he was to walk to Ashburton ; on the voyage he was nearly lost, the boat being driven on the rocks by a midnight storm, and his escape being almost miraculous. His godfather now wished to send him on board a Torbay fishing-boat. To this plan the youth demurred ; and it was finally settled that he should take a berth in a coasting vessel.

Gifford was little more than thirteen when he entered on board the *Two Brothers* at the port of Brixham. This diminutive coaster, which required only two boys and the master to navigate it, was commanded by a man named Full. Like most of his tribe, he was coarse and ignorant ; but, unlike too many of them, he was not brutal. His wife was a kind-hearted woman, who was uniformly indulgent to the youthful sailors. In this situation Gifford remained for nearly twelve months. He underwent considerable hardship as a seaman, and was obliged to perform all the menial offices of the cabin. The circumstance, however, which was most irksome to him was his being entirely prevented from gratifying his love of reading ; the "*Coasting Pilot*" being the only book which he saw during his abode with the master of the *Two Brothers*. Believing that his lot was irrevocably cast upon the waves, the boy laudably endeavoured to gain such information as might assist in his career. With this view he used, at leisure hours, to go on board the vessels which anchored in Torbay. In one of these visits he nearly lost his life. Climbing up the side of the ship at midnight, his foot

slipped, and he fell into the sea. A man on deck saw him just as he was sinking, and threw out several ropes, one of which entangled itself about the unconscious body of Gifford, and by this he was drawn up. He was recovered, and "I awoke in bed the next morning," says he, "remembering nothing but the horror I felt when I first found myself unable to call for assistance."

At the moment when he had ceased to hope, and almost to wish, for a change in his fortunes, a change took place. It was brought about, as important events often are, by a trivial cause. The fishermen's wives of Brixham used to travel twice a week to Ashburton with fish. They had known the boy's parents, and their commiseration was now excited by seeing him run about the beach solitary, and in rags. They described to their customers his forlorn condition, and at the same time never failed to express warmly their pity for him. Burke has said, that whoever is allowed to repeat constantly his story to you will at last become your master. Something of the kind happened in this case. By dint of returning twice a week to the charge, the goodnatured fishwomen roused the slumbering compassion of their hearers, and compassion for the victim was soon followed by anger against the person who had reduced him to misery. "In a large town," says Gifford, "this would have had but little effect; but in a small place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur, which my godfather found himself either unwilling or unable to encounter; he therefore determined to recall me, which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and was not yet bound." Accordingly on Christmas-day, 1770, a horse and man was sent to convey him to Ashburton, with an order for him to set out without delay. He imagined that he was

only to spend his holidays there ; and it was not till he reached his godfather's house, that he heard the joyful and unexpected tidings, of his having ceased to be a sailor boy.

His emancipation from the coaster, and especially his being again sent to school after the holidays, removed a heavy load from the boy's spirits, and excited him to diligence. In arithmetic, which was his "darling pursuit," he made such rapid progress, that in the course of a few months he was at the head of the school. On some occasions, he was called in to assist his teacher Mr. Furlong ; and when this happened, he received a trifle as a reward. This circumstance suggested to him the idea of obtaining his subsistence by becoming the master's regular assistant, and also by instructing a few evening scholars. He hoped that, if he could bring this to bear, he might ultimately succeed his former master, Mr. Hugh Smerdon, who was now so old and infirm, that his existence was not likely to last beyond three or four years.

These day-dreams were quickly put to flight. Carlile, to whom he communicated his plan, treated it with unbounded contempt, told him that he had already learned more than enough, and informed him that he himself had been negotiating with a cousin, a shoemaker, who had consented to take him as an apprentice without a fee. This news fell like a death-blow upon the boy ; he had not even the power left in him to remonstrate ; he silently yielded, and at the age of fifteen was consigned for six years to his new slavery.

"The family," says he, "consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable ; but my master was the strangest creature ! He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these

(at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents ; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph : he was possessed of ‘Fenning’s Dictionary,’ and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis, by which it was explained in the book ; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.”

Utterly abominating his new trade, Gifford, of course, took no pains to learn it ; and the consequence was, that he sank into being the common drudge of the family. His spirit was broken to quiet endurance of this degradation ; yet he still cherished a hope that he might one day succeed to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and this hope induced him silently to persist in his favourite study at every leisure moment. No situation could possibly be more discouraging than his. Knowledge seemed to be shut out at every entrance. His reading had hitherto not extended beyond the black-letter romance of “*Paris-mus and Parismenus*,” a few odd numbers of magazines, the “*Imitation of Thomas à Kempis*,” and the Bible. From his vain and ignorant master, even had that person been willing to teach, he could acquire nothing ; but his master strove to keep him back, by leaving him no spare time, he having determined in his own mind that his youngest son should be Mr. Smerdon’s successor. Gifford, nevertheless, persevered. At this period a single book was all that he possessed—a Treatise on Algebra, which a young woman had found in a lodging-house and given to him. Even that was useless, as it could not be understood without a thorough insight into simple

equations. A lucky chance enabled him to overcome this difficulty. His master's son had bought "Fenning's Introduction," and, acting on his father's system, had carefully hidden it from the studious apprentice. Gifford discovered its hiding-place, sat up nearly the whole of several nights to study it, and had completely mastered the treatise before its owner was aware that it had been used. By means of this key Gifford contrived to unlock the treasures of science which were contained in his own volume. But, before he could do this, there was another obstacle to overcome. He had no pen, ink, or paper, and no money, or the means of procuring it, to purchase them. What was to be done? He beat out scraps of leather till they were smooth, and on these he wrought his problems with a blunted awl. He was assisted by his memory, which was so tenacious that he could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

"Hitherto," says Gifford, "I had not so much as dreamed of poetry; indeed I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisp'd in numbers.' I recollect the occasion of my first attempt; it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an alehouse; it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse. I liked it, but fancied I could compass something more to the purpose; I made the experiment, and, by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject; and thus I went on, till I had got to-

gether about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever more deplorable ; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons ; first, because I had no paper ; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther—but in truth I was afraid, as my master had already threatened me for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme. The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial ; little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine ; I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine ; it was subservient to other purposes ; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.”

While the ardent youth was perhaps flattering himself that he should ere long attain the summit of mathematical science, his progress was suddenly arrested. His master was dissatisfied, not quite unreasonably, with his inattention to business ; but it is probable that he was stimulated to harsh measures still more by envy and fear ; he might envy the student for his talent, and fear him for his satirical powers, which were capable at once of alienating the customers and stinging the master. Gifford's propensity to rhyming seems, indeed, to have been considered as his highest offence. He was ordered to give up his papers ; with this order, however, he refused to comply. His refusal was of no avail ; his garret was searched, his little hoard of books and papers was discovered and taken away, and he was sternly forbidden

to study any longer. This was a heavy blow, but it was followed by another which was much heavier. This was the death of Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and the filling up of the vacant place by a person not much older than himself, and possessed of fewer qualifications. The loss of the books might have been remedied ; but here was the sole object of his ambition, the reward of all his toils, snatched away from his grasp, and irrecoverably gone.

Gifford has pathetically described the state of mind to which his disappointment gave rise. His narrative is valuable, too, as illustrating the beneficial effect which sympathy may produce. He who harshly repulses the poor or the wretched should be taught that he is, perhaps, pouring into the cup of misery the last drops, which make it run over. The man who has nothing else to bestow can give a kind word ; and, by giving it, may reanimate hope in the heart of the despairing, and even prevent the commission of crime. Many a one has, doubtless, proceeded to the last extremity of guilt, who would have struggled on patiently had he not been goaded into a belief that, for him, pity was extinct in every human breast.

"I look back," says he, "on that part of my life which followed this event with little satisfaction ; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sank into a kind of corporeal torpor ; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied ; indignant at the present, careless of the future—an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

"From this state of abjectness I was roused by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour ; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my 'Wolffius' in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and,



by a smile, or a short question, put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me ; it revived at the first encouraging word ; and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

“ Together with gratitude, hope and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me. I returned to my companions, and by every winning act in my power strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful ; I recovered their goodwill, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

“ My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before. I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.”

This dawn of comfort was the prelude to a brighter day than he had ever ventured to expect. His rude attempts at verse at length reached the ear of Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon of Ashburton ; a man of small fortune, but of most active benevolence, and possessing, moreover, a taste for literature. Gifford was admitted to an interview with this gentleman. “ My little history,” says he, “ was not untinged with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him ; his first care was to console, his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.”

In what manner the youth was to be extricated from his trammels, and put into the way of obtaining subsistence, was next to be considered. The mere talent for rhyming did not seem likely to be converted into a profitable occupation. It was, therefore, with no less pleasure than surprise that Cookesley discovered him to



have made, and that, too, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles, a very considerable progress in the mathematics. This at once offered a fair prospect of settling him in life, and in the kind of employment, that of a teacher, which was most agreeable to his wishes. Before, however, this could be accomplished, it was necessary not only to redeem him from the remaining twenty months' slavery of his indentures, but also to render him fit to proceed in his new career; for as yet his only knowledge was mathematical, his hand-writing was bad, and his language was exceedingly incorrect. Cookesley, therefore, began by distributing, amongst his numerous friends and acquaintance, some of the youth's best rhythmical attempts. When he had thus excited an interest for the writer, he set on foot a subscription for his benefit. The purpose of the subscription was declared to be "for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Half-a-guinea was the largest sum contributed by any one subscriber, and few went beyond five shillings; the total sum was, nevertheless, sufficient to pay his master for releasing him, and to maintain him for some months at school.

Gifford was placed under the tuition of the Reverend Thomas Smerdon. Having thrown off the burthen which had long weighed him down, his spirits were buoyant, his hopes sanguine, and he applied to study with an eagerness, vigour, and perseverance, which have never been surpassed. So marvellously rapid was his progress, and so applaudingly did his preceptor speak of him, that, when the funds for his support were exhausted, his patrons willingly renewed their contributions, that his education might be continued for another year. Gratitude urged on the youth to redoubled diligence, and such and so successful were his exertions, that, when he had only been two years and two months a

pupil, Mr. Smerdon pronounced him to be fit for the university.

During this period Gifford had not confined himself to abstruse science and the dead languages. Poetry, once thought of but as a means of gaining sixpences, was become his delight. He composed numerous pieces—some as exercises, many voluntarily—and in a style which showed that his talent had expanded, and his taste and judgment were improved. Among his productions were two tragedies,—the Oracle and the Italian. Two of his patrons undertook to convey them to the manager of a theatre; but circumstances occurred which, for a considerable time, made him lose every clue to a knowledge of their fate; and, subsequently, he seems to have thought too lightly of these immature efforts to take the trouble of inquiring about them.

Versions from the bards of Greece and Rome formed also a part of his metrical labours. “When,” says he, “I became capable of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, my tutor employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics; and indeed I scarcely know a single school-book of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my master’s, and I translated the Tenth Satire for a holiday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself,) and, as I now became fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him; and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and, I think, the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.”

Finding that his talents were of a higher order than

they had imagined, the patrons of Gifford had early abandoned the plan of settling him for life in a country writing-school. They were of opinion that those talents ought to be fully cultivated, and placed in a sphere where their possessor might derive benefit from the display of them. It was resolved, therefore, that he should be sent to Oxford. "Mr. Cookesley," says Gifford, "looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bible Reader at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least till I had taken a degree."

It was in 1780 that Gifford removed to Exeter College. The progress which he had already made in mathematics is attested by one circumstance. He had been but a short time at Oxford before it was intimated to him, that his further attendance at the mathematical lectures was unnecessary, as he had carried himself as far in the science as the University required. He was consequently left more at leisure to devote himself to the classics and poetry. On his first going to college, he had been furnished with an introductory letter to the Reverend Dr. Stinton, (afterwards rector,) and been advised to present to him at the same time the translation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire, which had been lauded by Mr. Smerdon. The version was kindly received by Dr. Stinton, and this encouraged the student to proceed in giving an English dress to the Roman satirist. While Gifford was engaged upon the first and second Satire, his indefatigable friend Cookesley suggested to him, that by translating the whole, and publishing the work by subscription, he might increase his means of subsistence.

Accordingly, on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by the translator at Oxford. A specimen sheet was issued, and the subscription went on prosperously.

Scarcely, however, had Gifford commenced his task before his progress was abruptly suspended by a melancholy event. His benevolent and ever-active friend, Mr. Cookesley, on whose taste and judgment he had relied to revise the work, was snatched away, on the 15th of January, by a sudden death. This fatal blow plunged Gifford into a state of affliction and despondency which rendered it impossible for him to pursue his labours. While he was thus suffering from his loss, he gave vent to his sorrows, in an Elegy on the death of his benefactor; the strain evidently flowed warm from his heart, and it bears testimony at once to the virtues of the deceased, and the talent and overflowing gratitude of the survivor. "After a few melancholy weeks," says Gifford, "I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end; and this idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction."

The death of Mr. Cookesley seemed likely not only to wound the heart of the student, but also to blight his prospects. The pecuniary aid, which that gentleman had so sedulously solicited and transmitted, might now, perhaps, fall off. But this additional misfortune he was not destined to undergo. Some of the subscribers did, indeed, withdraw their support, but the majority re-

mained firm, and the gap which was made by the deserters was filled up by the unexpected friendship of the Reverend Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as his patron, and watched over his interests with kindness and attention.

To divert his attention from painful remembrances, Gifford now applied himself to occupations which had not a tendency to awaken them. He entered still more deeply into the study of the classics, and also endeavoured to make himself master of some of the modern languages. To assist in effecting his purpose, and at the same time increase his resources, the Rector and Fellows of the College kindly recommended to him to undertake the care of a few pupils. He acted upon this recommendation, and was benefited by it both in mind and pecuniary circumstances.

These avocations, and the healing influence of time, at length restored him to tranquillity, and again he turned to the translation of Juvenal. But he now examined his work with a far more scrutinising criticism than he had done while he was formerly engaged on it. His judgment and knowledge of his author had been considerably improved since then; but, even had they remained stationary, he must, of course, have detected many faults, which, in the warmth of composition, had passed without notice, or probably been regarded as beauties. "I now discovered, for the first time," says he, "that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend, had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly re-

solved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present." In pursuance of this resolution, Gifford immediately took measures for the return of the subscription-money; and, as far as was possible, they were carried into effect by himself, and by the friends who had procured the subscribers.

It was the intention of the translator not only to recast his version, but also to elucidate it by a considerable body of notes. He calculated that, in the leisure of a country residence, two years would suffice for the accomplishment of his purpose, and that he should then enjoy the satisfaction of presenting to his patrons a work which would be more worthy of their approbation. But, while he was thus resolving, an incident occurred, which suspended, for many years, the completion of his plan. At Oxford, he had contracted an acquaintance with a Mr. Peters, a gentleman who acquired reputation as an artist, and who subsequently became a clergyman. After the removal of Mr. Peters to the metropolis, he kept up a correspondence with Gifford by letters. At his desire, Gifford's letters were sent in a cover to Lord Grosvenor. It chanced that, in one instance, Gifford forgot to direct the inclosed letter; and, naturally supposing that it was meant for himself, his lordship opened and read it. The peer was interested by its contents, questioned Peters as to the writer, and desired that Gifford, when he came to town, might be brought to see him.

"On my first visit," says Gifford, "he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that, till this last could be effected to my

wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course ; they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him ; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.

“In his lordship’s house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the Continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years : years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.”

To the pupil, whom he thus affectionately mentions, he addressed an ode, which has not been published, but which is asserted to be the happiest of his early efforts. With the daughter of his patron he kept up a correspondence, intended to prescribe for her a course of reading in English poetry. This correspondence was interspersed with occasional criticisms, remarkable for their elegance of taste and discriminative powers. While he was engaged in his tours, he regularly gave his friends an account of his adventures, and his letters on this subject are said to abound in humorous and picturesque descriptions. It is to be regretted that none of them have been made public.

It was in 1791 that Gifford first came before the world as an author ; and, even then, he did not make known his name. At that period, there were some individuals, the most prominent among whom was a Mr. Merry, who were deluging the town with verses, through the



medium of a fashionable daily paper called the *World*. From the signature which Mr. Merry assumed, that of Della Crusca, the poetical school, which he and his coadjutors were labouring to found, obtained the appellation of the Della Cruscan. It must be owned that English poetry was then at a low ebb ; it was generally tame and trivial. Merry and his ablest friends seem to have been sensible of its degraded state, and ambitious to produce something of a loftier character. But they had neither the taste and judgment which would have enabled them to keep clear of absurdity, nor the genius which can invest almost absurdity itself with the semblance of greatness. A few striking thoughts and forms of expression may, indeed, be found in their verses ; but the mass of their compositions is worthless. Tawdriness and affectation they mistook for splendour and elegance, and obscurity and bombast for depth and sublimity : they dressed themselves in fop finery, and thought they were magnificently arrayed ; they walked upon stilts, and fancied that they had metamorphosed themselves into giants. On this unfortunate knot of rhymers Gifford poured out all his wrath and scorn, in the *Baviad*, a free imitation of the first satire of Persius. His stinging sarcasm and ridicule were fatal to the popularity of the culprits ; laughter took the place of admiration, and the Della Cruscan school was extinguished. It may, however, be doubted whether, as our Gallic neighbours phrase it, the sport was worth the candle ; the meretricious and turgid style which he censured must soon have sunk under its own inherent defects, the more especially as a race of genuine poets was on the eve of starting into existence. We may likewise wish that he had manifested more forbearance towards the softer sex, and that he had refrained from making allusions to corporeal infirmities.

That which Gifford had effected as to pseudo poets,



he next essayed to achieve as to dramatists of the same class. In 1794 he published, anonymously, the *Mæviad*, an imitation of the tenth satire of the first book of Horace. The weapon was not less keen, nor the onset less vigorously made, than on the former occasion. The success, nevertheless, was by no means the same. Some of the individuals attacked were doubtless converted into laughing-stocks, but others escaped unhurt, and no reform whatever was brought about in the drama itself. Many years were yet to elapse before the stage was to be redeemed from disgrace by writers endowed with genius.

These works earned for Gifford no mean rank among the literary characters of the day, by some of the most distinguished of whom he was warmly eulogised. They probably led to his being placed in a situation in which he could give free scope to his satirical spirit. Late in 1797, Mr. Canning, Mr. Frere, Mr. George Ellis, and other gentlemen who held offices under government, resolved to establish a paper, to be called the *Anti-Jacobin*, or *Weekly Examiner*, for the purpose of counteracting the deleterious influence of the revolutionary press. A Dr. Grant was appointed editor; but, just before the time fixed upon for commencing the work, Grant was taken ill, and was under the necessity of resigning the superintendence. Gifford was then solicited to fill the vacant place, and he readily acquiesced. The paper was spiritedly carried on from November 1797 till July 1798; when, having effected its purpose, it was discontinued. Some of the best articles are said to be from the pen of Gifford. One part of his task, and not the least important, consisted in exposing the "misrepresentations" and "lies" of the democratic journals, and it was vigorously performed.

In the war which he waged against poetasters, ribalds, and revolutionists, it was to be expected that numerous

attempts would be made to wound him. He was violently assailed, both in verse and prose, but the paper pellets of his antagonists fell short of their aim. Among his enemies was one who had not been attacked by him, but who believed, or pretended to believe, that he had been so. This was Dr. Wolcot, who is better known by his assumed name of Peter Pindar; a man of considerable powers, which he perverted to the worst purposes: he was profligate, calumnious, obscene, and utterly devoid of honourable feelings. He had long vented, unnoticed, his spleen upon Gifford. At length, attributing to him the Pursuits of Literature, (in which Wolcot was severely censured,) he committed to the press a libel upon him, of the most slanderous and scurrilous kind. Gifford was roused by this insult, and he replied in a stinging epistle, which branded the character of his adversary with indelible disgrace. Certainly, nothing less than the flagrant baseness and malignity of the offender could have justified the severity of the punishment which he received. In the hope of intimidating Gifford, an anonymous threatening letter was sent to him. Its only effect was to sharpen his satire in a new edition of his epistle. Goaded to madness, Wolcot, in an evil hour, resolved to take personal vengeance. How he sped in this adventure will be seen by the following extract, from one of the contemporary periodicals. "Writhing, it seems, under the lash which he so richly merited, and which was so ably laid on him by the celebrated author of the Baviad, finding no resource in his hacknied and exhausted muse, he determined to seek for satisfaction in a personal assault, and, in this determination, proceeded to the shop of Mr. Wright, where, very luckily, he found the object of his revenge. Having asked the gentleman if his name was Gifford, and having received an answer in the affirmative, he instantly aimed a blow at that head where the means of his disgrace and anguish had been conceived.

Mr. Gifford, who is as active in body as in mind, caught the blow on his hand, wrenched the stick from his assailant, gave him two smart strokes on the head, and was proceeding in the good work, when two gentlemen, who unfortunately happened to be present, interfered and prevented the farther execution of justice. Peter was now turned, bleeding and bellowing, into the street, where his clamorous complaints soon drew around him a crowd of hackney-coachmen and other lovers of fun, to whom he began to relate his melancholy story. Never was discomfiture and disgrace so complete !”

Amongst the charges brought against Gifford by Wolcot, was that of having fraudulently collected subscriptions for a work which was never intended to be published. It is probable that this calumny quickened Gifford's exertions to produce the proof of its falsehood. In 1802, he gave to the world the long-expected translation of Juvenal, prefaced by an autobiographical sketch of his own early life. It was favourably received by the public, and still ranks high among the English versions of classical authors. He did not, however, triumph unopposed. His work and himself were assailed by the *Critical Review*, in a strain of malignant vituperation, which plainly showed that personal hatred inspired the writer. Gifford replied bitterly ; the critic repeated his attack ; Gifford rejoined ; and there the controversy ended. The translation maintains its ground ; the criticism is forgotten. After a lapse of many years, the translator added to his Juvenal a version of the satires of Persius.

When, for the purpose of counterbalancing the influence of the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review* was projected by the Tory party, the learning, the critical accuracy, the caustic severity, and the congenial opinions, of Gifford pointed him out as a person eminently qualified for its editor. He assumed this new

office in 1809, and held it till 1824. The talent which he displayed in it has never been doubted ; his justice and impartiality have sometimes been questioned. Politics seem, indeed, to have a powerful tendency to warp the judgment of even the best of mankind ; every action of a political opponent is viewed through a distorted and discoloured medium. But, granting that Gifford was not free from prejudices, they were at least honest ones ; they were not simulated for mercenary ends ; he was no mere hireling scribe, but wrote as he thought.

“ He disliked (says a friend) incurring an obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinion. Agreeably to this, he laid down a rule, from which he never departed, that every writer in the Quarterly should receive so much, at least, per sheet. On one occasion (I dare say others occurred, but I *know* only of one) a gentleman holding office under government sent him an article, which, after undergoing some serious mutilations at his hands preparatory to being ushered into the world, was accepted. But the usual sum being sent to the author, he rejected it with disdain, conceiving it a high dishonour to be *paid* for anything—the independent placeman ! Gifford, in answer, informed him of the invariable rule of the Review ; adding, that he could send the money to any charitable institution, or dispose of it in any manner he should direct,—but that the money *must be paid*. The doughty official, convinced that the virtue of his article would force it into the Review at all events, stood firm to his refusal—greatly to his dismay, the article was returned. He revenged himself by never sending another. Gifford in relating this afterwards, observed with a smile, “ Poor man ! the truth was, he didn’t like *my* alterations, and I’m sure I didn’t like *his* articles ; so there was soon an end of our connexion.”

In superintending and contributing to the Quarterly

Review, the time of Gifford was too much occupied to admit of his undertaking any original work, which required continuous labour and extensive research. He, nevertheless, found leisure to perform a valuable service for the lovers of our ancient drama. As early as 1805, he had produced an excellent edition of Massinger. While he was at the head of the Quarterly Review he published, in 1816, an edition of Ben Jonson, and prepared for the press the plays of Ford and Shirley; the two latter works appeared after his decease. All these editions are accompanied by copious notes, which are often cuttingly severe on some of his inept predecessors. Yet it must be owned that his censure is generally well-deserved, especially by Weber, the mangler of Ford, who has every kind of demerit that a commentator can possibly have.

From the moment that Gifford was patronised by the Grosvenor family he was a stranger to pecuniary discomfort, and in the course of years he became affluent. From earl Grosvenor, his former pupil, he is said to have enjoyed an annuity of four hundred pounds. Though he was far from being an importunate solicitor of ministerial favours, he held two sinecure offices, those of paymaster of the band of gentlemen pensioners, and a comptroller of the lottery; the first of which produced three hundred a year, and the second twice as much. The sum which he derived from the Quarterly Review is believed to have commenced at two hundred a year and to have speedily risen to nine hundred. It is, therefore, not wonderful that, having no extravagant habits, being unincumbered with a family, and living to a good old age, he should have accumulated a fortune of nearly twenty-five thousand pounds.

In 1824 Gifford resigned the superintendence of the Review. The difficulty of finding a competent successor had caused him to continue his labours much

longer than was consistent with the shattered state of his health. Infirmities had come heavily upon him; the sight of one eye was gone, and for many years he had been so oppressed by asthma as often to be deprived of speech. Soon after he had relinquished the editorship, a friend expressed a hope that he might recover, and live several years; to which he replied, "Oh no! it has pleased God to grant me a much longer life than I had reason to expect, and I am thankful for it; but two years more is its utmost duration." His words were prophetic, only two years elapsed before he ceased to exist. During the latter months of his life his debility was so extreme that he was incapable of the slightest exertion. He would sometimes take up a pen, and after a vain attempt to write, would throw it down, exclaiming, "No! my work is done!" It was while he was in this state that a doctor's degree was offered to him by the University of Oxford. He declined it. "Twenty years ago, it would," said he, "have been gratifying, but *now* it would only be written on my coffin." He expired, calmly and without a struggle, on the 31st of December, 1826. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The bulk of his property he bequeathed to the Reverend Mr. Cookesley, the son of his early benefactor.

"Mr. Gifford," says a friend, "was short in person; his hair was of a remarkably handsome brown colour, and was as glossy and full at the time of his death, as at any previous period. He lost the use of his right eye, I believe, by gradual and natural decay; but the remaining one made ample amends for the absence of its fellow, having a remarkable quickness and brilliancy, and a power of expressing every variety of feeling. His head was of a very singular shape; being by no means high, if measured from the chin to the crown; but of a greater horizontal length from the forehead to the back of the

head, than any I remember to have seen. I believe he would have puzzled the phrenologists strangely ; but that is an ordinary occurrence ; and I, not being a disciple of these philosophers, shall not concern myself in their distress. His forehead projected at a right angle from his face, in a very uncommon manner."

Though as a satirist, a critic, and a politician, Gifford was often unsparingly severe, he was unassuming and amiable in private life ; he was unalterably grateful for services done to him, indulgent to children and youth, a kind master and a steady friend. In acuteness he has seldom been surpassed, and his knowledge was multifarious. As a poet he holds a respectable, though not a lofty station. His satires and versions from the Roman satirists will always maintain an honourable rank among writings of that class ; and his stanzas to a tuft of early violets, the sequel to them, and the Epitaph on Ann Davies, show that he was not incapable of excelling in the tender and the pathetic. As the Epitaph is perhaps less known than his other compositions, I insert it.

"Here lies the body of Ann Davies (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the 43rd year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady ; which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth, and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection, for her long and meritorious services.

Though here, unknown, dear Ann, thy relics rest,  
 Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,  
 That traced thy course through many a painful year,  
 And mark'd thy humble hope, thy pious fear.  
 O ! when this frame, which yet, while life remain'd,  
 Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustain'd,  
 Dissolves (as soon it must) may that bless'd Power,  
 Who beam'd on thee, illumine my parting hour !  
 So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,  
 And what was sown in grief, is reap'd in joy ;  
 Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,  
 And those are paid, whom Earth could never pay."



## LIFE OF PHILIP VAYRINGE.

PHILIP VAYRINGE, whose mechanical genius acquired for him the appellation of the Lotharingian Archimedes, was a native of Lorraine. He was born, in 1684, at Nouillonpont, a small village, which is situated in the department of the Meuse, between Longwy and Verdun. His father was a small farmer, owning a spot of ground, on which he with difficulty supported a family of eleven children, four of whom were girls. When he was six years old, Philip was sent to the village school. While the boy was there, his father married a second wife. This new helpmate was not calculated to remove the prejudice which is generally felt against stepmothers. Her conduct to the children was, in truth, so brutal, that, by the time he was ten years of age, Philip could endure it no longer. He therefore resolved to run away, and make a pilgrimage to Rome. What induced him to conceive the singular project of such a pilgrimage, it would be difficult to guess. Some one prudently dissuaded him from carrying it into effect, and he then determined to go to Strasburg. On his way thither he met, at Nancy, two of his schoolfellows, who prevailed on him to return to the paternal home. They took the road which led through Metz, and Philip was so delighted with that city that he gave his companions the slip, and made up his mind to remain there.

While he was one day wandering about in Metz, he stopped before the shop of a locksmith, and watched the artisan at work. The man asked him whence he came, and what he could do; and, on Philip telling him that he had sometimes amused himself with wielding a hammer at the village blacksmith's, he offered to take him into his employment, and give him tenpence a month as



wages. The boy accepted the terms, on condition that he should be allowed to try to make a lock. He did try, and succeeded so well in his first attempt that some addition was made to his monthly tenpence. His progress was so rapid that, after having resided six months with this master, he found another, who was willing to purchase his services with treble the stipend which he had hitherto received.

He had been about twelve months at Metz when he chanced to meet two of his brothers in the market-place, and they induced him to return home with them. He frankly confesses, that the excessive severity of the winter was his real inducement for revisiting Nouillonpont. Much to his satisfaction, he was not compelled to reside with his obnoxious stepdame, but was taken into the house of one of his brothers-in-law, who was at once a gunsmith and edge-tool maker, and there, for a while, he followed his occupation of a locksmith. A trifling circumstance, however, soon changed his destiny. A clock was brought to the shop; it was the first he had seen, and it filled him with admiration. During an hour and a half that it was left at the shop, he pored over its construction, and in this short space of time he became so well acquainted with its principle, and all its parts, that he undertook to copy it. His labour occupied three months, and was successful.

Anxious to obtain that knowledge which was not to be found in a village, he resumed his plan of going to Strasburg. To this plan his father consented, and gave the youth five-and-twenty shillings to help him on his way. With this sum, a passport, and his baptismal certificate, he set forth on his journey. In two days he reached Nancy, where the commandant tried to tempt him by "the honour of bearing arms for the great monarch;" but Philip was deaf to his allurements, he having irrevocably resolved to be a clockmaker. Dis-

covering that Alsace was at this moment the theatre of war, he gave up his idea of going to Strasburg, and remained in the capital of Lorraine. This circumstance compelled him to postpone his favourite project till a more propitious season; for in all Nancy there was but one time-piece maker, and, as he had three sons, who were brought up to his business, he had no need of workmen. Philip, therefore, was glad to enter into the service of a locksmith, at a stipend of little more than three shillings a month. Luckily he soon became intimate with a journeyman locksmith, a fellow-countryman, who not only gave him good advice, but also obtained for him a place, where he earned nearly twice as much as he did before. He was still more fortunate in finding another friend, a Parisian master locksmith and worker in iron, who had come to Nancy to form a highly ornamented gate for the choir of the Benedictine church. This person having shown him his designs, Philip requested that he would teach him how to draw such with a pen, and carry them into execution. His kind friend immediately offered to take him into his employment, at a salary of ten shillings per month, and to give him all the instruction in his power. He was employed for twelve months on the gate of the choir, and his friend devoted Sundays and holidays to instructing him.

His connexion with this valuable friend led to his further progress in the science of horology. He had as yet seen only a clock; his attention was now directed to the watch which his employer frequently consulted. Anxious to discover its motive power, he begged for leave to examine it. His request was complied with, and he was allowed to retain the watch for a week. Boldly taking it to pieces, he opened the barrel, perceived the spring, and instantly comprehended the principle of the work. Delighted beyond measure by his having unveiled the mystery, he made drawings of all the movements,

and resolved, that as soon as he had leisure and means, he would try his skill in imitating this model.

Vayringe had now acquired so much repute that he was appointed locksmith to the Mint. Beneficial as this appointment was, it was not without a secret reluctance that he undertook its duties. It was in clockwork that he was anxious to display his skill. He did not, however, lose sight of his cherished object. His leisure moments were spent in making the tools and works necessary for constructing a clock which he had designed, from hearing a description of the clock at Strasburg cathedral. The tools and movements were forged in the workshop, and finished in his room, on Sabbaths and saints' days. Having provided all that was requisite, he began his pleasing labour. The clock was nine inches in height, and six in width, and had four different movements—hours, quarters, striking, and chimes. The chimes played an air every hour, while the image of the Saviour, followed by the twelve apostles, passed along a gallery. Nearly a year was spent in forming this complicated piece of mechanism; but he considered his toil to be well rewarded by the flattering applause which his ingenuity received from competent and impartial judges.

It was not a barren fame alone that Vayringe acquired by this striking proof of his mechanical powers. Shortly after the completion of the clock, M. François, the duke of Lorraine's jeweller, proposed to Philip a highly advantageous match with a very young orphan, who was possessed of between three and four hundred pounds. To a man in his circumstances that sum was an important object. The proposed wife being unexceptionable, and her relations desirous that she should be united to him, the business was speedily arranged. He was in his twenty-seventh year when they married; his bride was scarcely fourteen. They lived long and happily together, and nineteen children were the fruits of their union.

Vayringe continued to hold for another twelvemonth his appointment in the Mint. While he was hesitating as to what course of life he should pursue, a trifling incident fixed his choice. An English watchmaker came to view the chime clock. The visiter was so pleased with it that he strongly advised the maker to turn his whole attention to the construction of clocks and watches, and he made him a present of the working drawings of two watches—one of these time-pieces was calculated to go for a week, the other for a month. In return for the drawings, Vayringe made the donor receive five shillings; “and this,” says he, “is all that the profession of a clockmaker ever cost me.”

Vayringe now opened a shop, distinguished by a sign of his own invention, which, he tells us, was admired as a master-piece. It was probably a piece of mechanism. Having borrowed some tools from his friend M. François, he immediately set about making such a watch as that which he had first seen. He accomplished his task in eighteen days; a rapidity of execution which he justly regarded as extraordinary for “a man who had never made or seen one made before.”

Customers soon became numerous. It is generally supposed that a man who has acquired in the capital of a country the knowledge of his profession must be a superior artist, and consequently Vayringe was often asked whether he had worked at Paris. To this question he could not honestly reply in the affirmative; but he resolved that he would speedily have the power of doing so. Furnished with a letter of introduction to a Parisian watchmaker, he set off post to the French metropolis, which he reached in three days. On his arrival there, he lost no time in requesting that the person to whom he was recommended would allow him to work in his shop for a single day. The request was readily granted. In the course of the day, he chanced to see

the wife of the shopkeeper cutting out the teeth of watch-wheels by means of a machine. He drew near to look at the machine, which was a novelty to him, and at a glance he comprehended its principle and construction. Having visited the shops of the most eminent watchmakers, purchased tools and materials, and amused himself with contemplating the wonders of Versailles, he returned, after a fortnight's absence, to his home.

The first work undertaken by Vayringe, after his return, was a machine for forming the teeth of watch-wheels; the possession of such a machine being of the most obvious utility to him. But he went far beyond his model, which was calculated only for making common wheels. Vayringe's work, on the contrary, contained all the odd and even numbers required for the construction of astronomical instruments, and admitted of dividing the circumference of the wheel, and cutting the teeth, with infinitely more accuracy than could be performed by the original machine.

Employment continually thronged in upon Vayringe, and he was also appointed town-clockmaker, with an annual salary of about twenty pounds. His augmented resources enabled him to indulge his talent for mechanical invention. Like many others, he bestowed much fruitless pains in an attempt to solve the insoluble problem of a perpetual motion. Yet his labour was not wholly thrown away. The toils of the patient and deluded alchemists gave birth to many important chemical discoveries; and, in like manner, those of Vayringe were productive of many valuable results. "While I was thus occupied," says he, "I succeeded in making many very simple movements, and, among others, those of an eight-day clock with only three wheels; and which, nevertheless, struck the hours and half-hours, and repeated them; and, besides, indicated the revolution and the various phases of the moon. I finished, also, a

watch, which repeated the hours and quarters, though it had merely the wheels of a common watch. I worked likewise at all sorts of mathematical instruments, both for engineers and geographers."

Seven years passed away, during which Vayringe was incessantly active, and his prosperity kept increasing. At last, in 1720, he was encouraged to lay some of his works before duke Leopold, the sovereign of Lorraine. To Luneville, the ducal residence, he therefore proceeded with an universal machine for taking all kinds of plans, two compasses of his devising, two cases of mathematical instruments, the clock and watch which we have just mentioned, and a small cannon, which fired sixteen shots in succession. He was admitted into the presence of the duke, and explained to him the principle of these inventions. The prince gave him a gracious reception, and desired him to leave his works, and return after dinner. It was the custom of duke Leopold to invite to his table several young English gentlemen, who were pursuing their studies at Luneville. While they were at dinner, the duke turned the conversation on mechanics. The Englishmen asserted the superiority of their own country in that branch of science. "Well then," said Leopold, "I will show you what we can do in Lorraine;" and he produced to them the works of Vayringe. The guests examined them carefully, and praised them warmly; and the duke was so gratified by this testimony to Vayringe's merit, that he immediately appointed him his watchmaker and mechanist, with a salary and a dwelling, and a promise of liberal payment for whatever the artist might execute. This advancement rendered it necessary that Vayringe should quit Nancy for Luneville.

The duke was not his sole patron. Of those who proved themselves his warm friends, the foremost was the baron de Pfutschner, who held the office of sub-

preceptor to the young princes, and was an ardent lover of the sciences and arts. Among the various works which Vayringe executed for him, were an astronomical quadrant, for a telescope of eighteen feet length, and several models of hydraulic machines, the simplicity and powerful action of which were much praised. One of the models, that of a machine to throw five jets of water to a height of sixty feet, was afterwards carried into effect in the ducal gardens of Luneville.

The duke himself sometimes visited the workshop of his mechanist. On one of these occasions, he recollected that he had advanced a hundred louis d'or to an English artist for some philosophical instruments, and had as yet heard nothing of them. He mentioned it to baron de Pfutschner, who embraced this opportunity of serving Vayringe, by recommending that he should be sent to England to receive or finish the instruments, and make himself familiar with the use of them. The artist was accordingly despatched to London in the autumn of 1721.

On arriving in the British metropolis, Vayringe became an inmate in the house of the celebrated Desaguliers. His domestication with so eminent a man was highly advantageous to him. Desaguliers taught him geometry and algebra, and explained minutely the properties and management of all the instruments and machines by which he himself illustrated his annual courses of experimental philosophy. He even pushed his friendship to the extent of ordering his workmen to construct, under the eye of his guest, and for the use of that guest, a similar apparatus. Vayringe succeeded in simplifying some of them, and, at the same time, giving them an increase of power. To avoid encumbering his works with unnecessary movements seems, indeed, to have been uniformly his study.

After a residence of thirteen months in London, Vayringe was recalled to Luneville. On his way thither he



paused for three weeks at Paris, to glean such portions of knowledge as had escaped him on his first visit. As soon as the artist reached Luneville, he exhibited to the royal family the machines and instruments which he had brought from England. So satisfied was the duke, that he ordered him to complete the collection, by making what was yet wanting for a thorough course of philosophical experiments. In pursuance of this order, Vayringe produced a variety of works, one of the most curious of which was a planisphere, on the Copernican system, "above which," says he, "the planets, supported by steel wires, performed their courses, according to the calculations of the most celebrated astronomers." This was, in fact, a kind of orrery, an instrument invented by Graham and Rowley only a few years before the Lorraine artist visited England, and in which improvements had been made by his friend Desaguliers. The duke considered this planisphere such a masterpiece as to be worthy of being presented to the emperor; and Vayringe was in consequence despatched with it to Vienna. The emperor was equally delighted, and he rewarded the maker with a massy gold medal and chain, and a purse containing two hundred ducats. The artist remained four months in the Austrian capital, and then went back to Luneville.

On his reaching Luneville he found that M. de Boi-franc, architect of the king of France, was anxious for him to proceed to Paris, to plan and direct the construction of a steam-engine for a mine in Peru. Vayringe went to Paris, and performed his task satisfactorily. Before his departure from Luneville, the duke had desired him to purchase, in the French capital, some masterpiece of mechanical art. Vayringe chose a representation of the story of Orpheus, the figures of which were moved by machinery. That it was an elaborate and consummate work is proved by his choice of



it, and by its price, which was two hundred pounds—a much larger sum in those days than it now is. The duke deemed it a present which an emperor might accept, and, in 1725, Vayringe was despatched with it to Vienna.

Once more fixed in his workshop, Vayringe sedulously proceeded with his labours, and produced many curious pieces of mechanism. One of his favourite projects was the construction of a splendid orrery, “in which the divers appearances of the seven planets, and of the ten satellites, which form the complete system, were exactly marked; for instance, their different directions, their stations, the retardation and acceleration of their motions, the inclination and excentricity of their orbits, &c. I designed also,” says he, “to add the theory of some comets, according to the ideas of Halley and de la Hire.” When this vast work, “the inspection of which would have shown at any hour the state of the universe,” was more than half finished, a sudden stop was put to it, in 1729, by the death of his patron, duke Leopold. The son and successor of Leopold did, indeed, retain Vayringe in his service; but, for some reason or other, all idea of completing the orrery seems thenceforth to have been abandoned.

When the new sovereign was one day conversing with Vayringe, he mentioned that there was in the emperor’s possession a machine, by which almost all arithmetical operations might be performed, and that no other of the kind had ever been made. Vayringe immediately offered to construct one, provided he might see the original. The duke took him at his word, and sent him to Vienna. When he reached the Austrian capital, he was told that the machine was quite out of order, and the maker was dead, and that it was therefore useless to show it to him. Undiscouraged by this intelligence, he replied that he would set it to rights. In six hours, without quitting

the room, he put the machine in working order, and made it perform the first four rules of arithmetic, in the presence of one of the noblemen of the court. The emperor rewarded his skill, by presenting him with a second gold medal and chain, worth a hundred and fifty ducats. After the return of Vayringe to Luneville, he constructed a similar machine, equally effective, and much more simple in its fabric.

In 1730, for the purpose of rendering it more extensively useful, the sovereign ordered the Academy of Luneville to be remodelled. Duval, whose life will be found in another part of this volume, was made librarian, and professor of ancient and modern history, geography, and antiquities; Vayringe was appointed professor of experimental philosophy. In the professorial chair Vayringe acquitted himself so well, that his lectures were attended by a throng of native and foreign gentlemen. His popularity continued undiminished as long as the house of Lorraine held the government of its hereditary dominions. But, in 1737, political arrangements between France and the emperor transferred the duchy to Stanislaus, and eventually to France, and, in exchange, gave to the duke the sovereignty of Tuscany.

Of the circumstances which attended the departure of the Lotharingian princes from their ancient domains, Vayringe has given a description, which speaks honourably both for the governors and the governed. "I was," says he, "soon a witness to the evacuation of Lorraine. I saw her highness the duchess regent, and the two august princesses, her daughters, tear themselves from their palace, their faces bathed with tears, their hands raised towards heaven, and uttering cries expressive of the most violent grief. It would be utterly impossible to depict the consternation, the regrets, the sobs, and all the symptoms of despair, to which the people gave way, at the aspect of a scene which they considered as the

last sigh of the country. It is almost inconceivable that hundreds of persons were not crushed under the wheels of the carriages, or trodden under the feet of the horses, in throwing themselves blindly, as they did, before the vehicles to retard their departure. While consternation, lamentations, horror, and confusion, were reigning in Luneville, the inhabitants of the rural districts hurried in multitudes to the road by which the royal family was to pass, and throwing themselves on their knees, stretched out their hands to them, and implored them not to abandon their people." No testimony more noble or more affecting could have been given to the merits of the house of Lorraine. The victims of tyranny do not mourn for the loss of their tyrants.

Vayringe was among those whom the duke selected to remove with him to Tuscany. For the present, however, he was left behind, to superintend the packing up and forwarding of the philosophical instruments and machines. Stanislaus Augustus, who was himself a lover of science, knew his worth, and was anxious to retain him. He made princely offers to allure him—he promised him an annual salary of £160, the property of the house in which the artist resided, and the directing of some hydraulic works, which were being executed at Metz. Vayringe was grateful for his kindness, but he declined to avail himself of it. Stanislaus then desired that he would invent for him a machine, by the help of which boats might ascend a river against the current. Vayringe complied, and constructed a boat, moved by machinery alone, in which the king passed for a considerable distance up the river Vezouze. This fresh proof of the artist's skill only rendered Stanislaus more desirous to engage him in his service. On the day after the experiment, he sent for him, and employed all his eloquence, and held out every inducement, to carry his point. He did the same with respect to Duval, whom he equally

wished to dissuade from quitting Lorraine. They, however, respectfully thanked his majesty ; but declared that they should be unworthy of the honour which he did them, if they were to fail in the fidelity which they owed to their sovereign, or the gratitude which was due for the favours he had conferred on them. The monarch admired the feeling which actuated them, and he urged them no more.

While Vayringe was waiting for orders to quit Luneville, he received a letter, requesting him to repair to Paris, in order to confer with the lieutenant-general of the Parisian police. Furnished with a letter of recommendation from Stanislaus, he proceeded thither, and found that he was wanted to draw up plans and estimates of a machine for raising 200 cubic inches of water to the summit of Mount St. Genevieve. This task he performed ; taking care at the same time to frame his estimate with the precision and economy natural to a man who had no idea of enriching himself at the public expense. But he soon found that he had mistaken those whom he had to deal with. The language which was held to him affords a striking proof of the corruption and official robbery that prevailed in France. " I was told," says he, " that this lucrative undertaking should without fail be assigned to me, provided I would deserve the favour, by making clandestinely a trifling present of twenty-five or thirty thousand livres. To say the truth, I considered as rather exorbitant the offering which I was called upon to make ; but, when I alleged that it would absorb much more than all the fruit of my labours, I was answered with ' Ah, poor man ! being such an able mechanician as you are, it is wonderful that you should not yet be able to comprehend the action of the winch. Learn that gold is the prime mover which sets all the world in motion. What hinders you from drawing up a new estimate, and dividing among the various

articles the sum in question?' I owned ingenuously, that I was by no means expert at these kinds of expedients, that I had never had occasion to resort to them in Lorraine, contracts being there gratuitously given; and that, besides, I had always scrupled to break the laws of the decalogue, which prohibit us from appropriating to ourselves the goods of another. The words 'scrupled' and 'the decalogue' excited a laugh at my expense; I was overwhelmed with politeness and compliments; and the execution of my project was reserved for consciences less delicate and better broken in than mine was."

M. Orry, the superintendant of the royal edifices, to whom he had sent the letter of recommendation written by Stanislaus, now consulted him with respect to the once celebrated hydraulic machine at Marly. This complex and noisy engine had ceased to supply more than half the original quantity of water. Vayringe visited it, and, with only three movements, like those which he had executed at Luneville, he engaged to raise more water than could be raised by the fourteen wheels which formed a part of the existing cumbrous work. To effect this, he was invited to remain in France, with a promise that he should be amply provided for, and have the sole management of the machine. But he declined this offer. He equally rejected still more tempting proposals from the proprietors of the mines of Pompean, in Brittany. The great influx of water having rendered the working of these mines extremely dangerous, and almost impracticable, he was solicited to visit them, and suggest a remedy. The plan which he drew gave such satisfaction to the proprietors that, to secure his personal services, they declared their willingness to give him a yearly stipend of £160, a share worth twelve hundred pounds, and many other advantages. He, however, would accept nothing but fifty louis-d'or for his journey.

From Paris Vayringe proceeded to Brussels, to join

his wife and children, who were waiting for a summons to embark at Ostend with the royal family. As the embarkation was delayed for two months, he availed himself of this opportunity to make a tour in Holland, and he there contracted a friendship with S'Gravesande and Muschenbroek. He next paid a parting visit to Lorraine, and then set out on his journey to Tuscany.

It is to be regretted that Vayringe declined to comply with the wishes of Stanislaus, who understood and loved the sciences and arts, and was a liberal rewarder of their votaries. There was, besides, among the better classes in Lorraine, a general desire to gain knowledge, and this afforded a powerful stimulus to the teachers of it. But the case was far otherwise in Tuscany; there the talents of Vayringe were thrown away. The grand-duke did, indeed, continue his patronage to the artist; but his example was not followed by his court or his subjects. "I had figured to myself," says Vayringe, "that Tuscany having been, as it were, the cradle of genuine experimental philosophy, a taste for that science would have been preserved, as in the time of the Galileos, Torricellis, and the Academy del' Cimento, and that consequently the lectures which I had delivered at Luneville would be still more attractive at Florence; but my conjectures were falsified by the event. The young noblemen of that city indulged in a penchant of quite a different sort. Insensible for the most part to the charms of the fine arts, which had immortalised their ancestors, we found them devoted to a kind of general gallantry, which bears the name of Cicisbeism. It consists in a man's spending a part of his life with a woman whose husband he is not; in paying her all the duties and little attentions which the paladins of old were wont to pay to their lady-loves; in carrying exactly to her all the news and reports of the town; in escorting her to church, to places of amusement, and to parties; and monopolising

her conversation so that no one else can speak to her ; in providing her with a chair, and a coach if she happen not to have one ; and, especially, in supplying her with the various fineries and knick-knacks which fashion invents for the adornment of the fair sex. I know not how far the Tuscan ladies carry the gratitude due for the important services which I have just specified. But I have remarked, that the husbands are complaisant enough, and easy-tempered enough, not to be alarmed by it, and that Cicisbeism is a sort of supplementary marriage, which agrees very well with the disposition of the nation, and with its taste for the most rigid and minute economy. Connexions so close and so capable of occupying the heart and the mind, joined to the dread of incurring an expense in which sensuality would have had no share, did not allow the Florentine nobility to pay any attention to the syllabus which I published, in which all the experiments I had made in Lorraine were set forth. It is true that my being a foreigner contributed, in no small degree, to this indifference. I was given to understand that Italy, in all ages, had possessed the privilege of teaching other nations, and was not at all accustomed to take lessons from them. It may with truth be said, that this miserable prejudice, together with the spirit of trifling and parsimony of which I have spoken, are the rocks on which the Academy of Lorraine has been wrecked ; transferred to Tuscany at an immense expense, and having the same professors who had rendered it so flourishing, it has there been wholly deserted. The school of experimental philosophy, one of the most curious and complete in Europe, has shared the same fate, though the cost of the lectures which were given there was reduced to less than half the sum that was paid at Luneville. Thus the talent for mechanics which Providence has bestowed upon me has become totally useless, as far as regards the public, in consequence



of the indifference of my new fellow-citizens, and the state of inaction in which they have left me to stagnate."

When Vayringe gave vent to these complaints he had been residing for eight years in Tuscany. The termination of his career was rapidly approaching. He had, some months before, incautiously exposed himself to the deadly malaria of that pestiferous district which is called the Maremma. He had been accustomed to make laborious exertions, and, confiding in a robust constitution, he unwisely imagined that he might disregard the counsel of his friends, who warned him of the danger. A slow fever came on, which was followed, during eighteen months, by repeated hemorrhages, and ended in dropsy. He died on the 24th of March, 1746. His remains were interred in the Barnabite church at Florence, and his friend Duval placed over him a monument, with a laudatory and affectionate inscription \*. "Probity, candour, and the most ingenuous simplicity," says Duval, "characterised his disposition; and they may be said to have beamed upon his countenance, and in all his actions."

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\* The following is the inscription, above noticed :—

D. O. M.  
 PHILIPPO VAYRINGIO,  
 NATIVA INDOLE,  
 IN OMNIA REI MACHINAR. SCIENTIA,  
 ARCHIMEDI LOTHARINGO.  
 CHRISTIANA VIRTUTE,  
 MIROQ. ANIMI CANDORE CONSPICUO  
 VIRIS PRINCIPIBUS ACCEPTISSIMO,  
 HOC MONUM. AMICUS ET CONCIVIS  
 MÆRENS POSUIT.  
 ANNO A CHRISTO NATO MDCCXLVI.  
 SEXTO CALENDAS MARTII.



## LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS HOPSON.

WITH respect to the connexions and early days of this gallant officer very little is distinctly known. One thing alone appears to be certain, namely, that he was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. It has been said that he was of reputable parents, from whom he ran away, in order to gratify his propensity for a maritime life. There is, however, another account of the circumstances under which he became a sailor, which, though more romantic, is that which has gained most credence, and is in accordance with the character of the man. It is said that, being left a destitute orphan in his childhood, he was apprenticed to a tailor at Bonchurch. The sedentary and much ridiculed occupation to which he was bound was irksome to his adventurous spirit, and he longed to throw it off, and betake himself to the sea. An opportunity was at length found to obtain his object. The sight of a squadron of British men-of-war coming round Dunnose, in pursuit of the enemy, was too much for him to resist. He threw down his work, ran to the beach, seized a boat, rowed to the admiral's ship, and was received as a cabin-boy. Very shortly after this, an action took place, in which the admiral and his opponent were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm. While the conflict was raging, young Hopson contrived to enter the enemy's vessel unnoticed, struck the flag, and carried it off. On the disappearance of the hostile ensign, the British sailors raised shouts of victory, which threw their antagonists into such dismay and confusion that they ran from their guns. Taking advantage of this, the British boarded, and soon compelled them to surrender. In the mean while, young Hopson had descended to the main-

deck, with his prize wrapped round his arm, and was exhibiting it to his comrades. He was speedily summoned to the quarter-deck, where the admiral complimented him for his bravery, and promised to patronise him.

The action in which the boy displayed such a gallant spirit is said to have been fought with a *French* man-of-war. This assertion must, however, be erroneous, as it is contradicted both by time and place. It was not till 1666 that any encounter occurred in the channel between the English and the French; at which period Hopson was in his five-and-twentieth year, and consequently, was too old to be an apprentice, or to become a cabin-boy. If the story is founded upon fact, and there seems to be no reason for doubting that it is so, the combat must have been that which was fought in February, 1652-3, between Blake, Dean, and Monk, on the one side, and the Dutch admirals Van Tromp and De Ruyter, on the other. Hopson was then about twelve years old, and it is probable that he joined the British fleet while it was on its way down the channel, in search of the Dutch squadron.

It is not till 1672 that we can begin to trace his career. In that year he was appointed second lieutenant of the *Dreadnought*; and, in 1676, was promoted to be first lieutenant of the *Dragon*. In the latter vessel he proceeded to the Mediterranean, where he remained till 1679. While he was on that station, he was made captain of the *Tiger* prize, by vice-admiral Herbert. After his return to England, he remained unemployed till January, 1682-3, when the command of the *Swan* was given to him. From this period, no farther mention of him is to be found till May, 1688, when he was commissioned to the *Bonadventure*, by the last sovereign of the Stuart race.

The conduct of the mistaken and obstinate monarch

had by this time excited equal disgust and alarm, and awakened the long dormant spirit of resistance. It was become manifest, that there was no other alternative than to make, at whatever risk, a firm stand against the bigotry and despotism of James the Second, or tamely to surrender to him the liberties of the people. Under these circumstances, Hopson was one of those who did not hesitate as to the measure which ought to be adopted. He gave his cordial support to the revolution of 1688, and was, of course, immediately employed by William the Third, who appointed him captain of the *York*, a sixty-gun ship.

In 1690, Hopson bore a part in the battle which was fought off Beachy Head. He led, in the *York*, the rear division of the red squadron, under admiral Rooke. Few laurels were won on that unfortunate day ; but Hopson was among the scanty number of those who acquired praise for their seamanship and bravery. Rooke, ever afterwards, displayed the highest regard for him.

In January, 1693, he was nominated commodore of all the ships in the Medway, and he hoisted his broad pendant on board the *St. Michael*, of which ship he had held the command as private captain, subsequent to the battle of Beachy Head. This was soon followed by solid promotion ; in May he was raised to the rank of rear admiral of the blue, and selected to act as second to Sir George Rooke, who was on the point of sailing with a squadron, to convoy the fleets bound to the Straits and Smyrna. The two admirals had the misfortune to fall in with an overpowering French force, under the count de Tourville, and to lose a part of the merchantmen ; but, far from incurring censure for the loss, they enhanced their reputation by the skill with which they averted still more destructive consequences.

It is a sufficient proof of Hopson's merit that, notwithstanding the recent disaster, he was made vice-ad-

miral of the blue, shortly after his return to England. In the *Russell*, his flag-ship, he accompanied to Cadiz the fleet under Sir Thomas Wheeler. He was sent out for the purpose of escorting the homeward-bound Mediterranean fleet. In the performance of this task he was completely successful; for, although the passage was much protracted by contrary winds, he brought into port, without a single accident, the whole of the convoy, which consisted of nearly a hundred vessels.

During the remainder of the war, till the peace of Ryswick, he continued on active service; but circumstances did not allow him to distinguish himself by any achievement of importance. In 1694, he commanded the ships which blockaded Dunkirk, and, in the following year, he was sent with a squadron to the coast of France; not, however, till the season was too far advanced for him to do more than spread alarm among the inhabitants of the minor French ports.

In the short and feverish interval of peace, which succeeded the treaty of Ryswick, Hopson was not left in idleness. In 1699 and 1700, when a rupture with Louis the Fourteenth seemed to be imminent, he was sent with a squadron to the westward, to counteract any armament which that monarch might recently have sent forth; and, in June, 1701, he conveyed from Ireland the troops which were sent by King William to the assistance of the Dutch, who were menaced by France.

On the breaking out of the war, in 1702, Hopson was promoted to be vice-admiral of the red, hoisted his flag on board the *Prince George*, a ninety-gun ship, and was nominated second in command of the powerful fleet which was sent against Cadiz, under his friend and former colleague, Sir George Rooke. The expedition, from which momentous results were naturally expected, consisted of about a hundred and sixty sail, of which thirty English and twenty Dutch were of the line; the mili-

tary force which it bore, and which was destined to act against the city by land, amounted to fourteen thousand men.

The plan of attempting to obtain possession of Cadiz was formed by William III. not long before his decease ; the armament which his successor despatched to carry it into effect was one of the most formidable that, for many years, had sailed from a British port. In spite, however, of the seemingly adequate means employed, the enterprise proved abortive. Foiled in their attempt, the mortified commanders were on the point of leading back their forces to England, when, by a fortunate chance, an opening was found to obtain an ample compensation for the disappointment which they had experienced. Captain Hardy, in the *Pembroke*, had been sent to water in Lagos bay ; and, while he was anchored there, had accidentally learned that the Spanish galleons, convoyed by a French squadron, had put into Vigo, on the sixteenth of September. He hastened back with this news to the fleet, but he could not meet with it till the 3rd of October ; and even then, in consequence of the wind blowing hard, three days elapsed before he could speak with admiral Rooke. A council of war was speedily convened by Sir George, and the result of its deliberation was, that, without a moment's delay, the enemy should be attacked in the harbour of Vigo.

The western coast of the province of Galicia, between Cape Finisterre and the Minho, is indented by four gulfs, which penetrate several miles inland. The southernmost of these, which is covered by the Bayona isles, is known as the bay of Vigo. At about one-third of the way up the gulf, on the south side of it, stands the town of Vigo, defended on the land side by a wall and a fort with four bastions, and having also an old fort to the seaward. At a considerable distance above the town, and just below Redondella, the gulf narrows into a

pass, not more than three quarters of a mile wide, and then suddenly expands into an extensive land-locked bay. It was in this bay that M. Chateaurenault, the French admiral, had taken refuge with his squadron and the galleons. Since his arrival he had been busily engaged in removing the treasure to the shore, and sending it off to Lugo. A large portion of it had been disembarked, and placed in safety, but much remained on board.

Much as he was occupied on this important service, M. Chateaurenault did not neglect to avail himself of the very favourable means of defence which his situation afforded. His squadron, including three Spanish vessels, consisted of twenty ships, eleven of which were of the line, two of fifty-six guns, two of fifty-four, three heavy frigates, and a brig, besides fire-ships and some small craft. The galleons were seventeen in number. To bar the narrow passage, the French admiral had drawn across it an enormous boom, three yards in circumference, composed of cables, top-chains, masts, and yards, firmly linked together, and buoyed up at intervals by empty casks. The boom was flanked at each end by a seventy gun ship, and behind, with their broadsides bearing on it, were moored five men-of-war, of between sixty and seventy guns each. By land he was equally provident for the security of his valuable charge. On the north side of the strait was a battery of eight brass and twenty iron guns, and, on the south, a platform mounted with twenty brass and as many iron cannon, and a stone fort, with a breastwork and deep trench in advance of it, defended by ten guns and five hundred men.

Driven to the northward as far as Cape Finisterre by a heavy gale, it was not till the 11th of October that the combined British and Dutch squadron could reach the mouth of the bay of Vigo. At the time when it entered the gulf, the weather was so hazy that it was not per-

ceived by the garrison of Vigo till it was abreast of the town. An ineffectual fire was opened upon it from the ramparts and the sea-fort, but it passed onwards without wasting the precious moments in a fruitless cannonade. As soon as the ships had come to anchor, within sight of the enemy, a council of war, at which both the land and sea officers were present, was assembled by Sir George Rooke. Strong as the French position was, an unanimous resolution was passed that it should be attacked. As, without running the risk of getting into confusion, or, as Rooke called it, "a huddle," there was not room enough for the whole of the fleet to act together, he resolved that the service should be commenced by a detachment of fifteen English and ten Dutch men of war, not of the highest rates, accompanied by the fire-ships. These were to be followed by the frigates and bomb-vessels, and lastly, by the largest ships of the line. It was also determined that all the flag-officers should go in with the squadron; and, accordingly, Sir George Rooke removed from the Royal Sovereign into the Somerset, Admiral Hopson from the Prince George to the Torbay, Admiral Fairbourne from the St. George to the Essex, and Admiral Graydon from the Triumph into the Northumberland. The naval operations were to be seconded by the land-forces, which were to be disembarked on the south side of the bay, and carry the enemy's batteries and entrenchments.

The business was begun early on the following morning, October the 12th, by the landing of two thousand five hundred men, on the south side of the bay, under the command of Viscount Shannon, who immediately marched towards the hostile batteries and fort. A considerable body of Spanish troops, which had been collected from the neighbourhood, attempted to arrest the progress of the invaders, but was compelled to retire. The British now made a vigorous attack upon the batteries and plat-



form. Finding that these posts were about to be carried, the French commander essayed to break through his antagonists and escape. He failed, and was wounded and taken prisoner. Driven from all their other positions, the remnant of the enemy threw themselves into the stone fort, from whence, for some time, they kept up a sharp fire. At length, with more courage than wisdom, they determined to make a sally. This determination brought matters to a speedy close. No sooner were the gates thrown open than the British grenadiers rushed into the fort; and, in the course of a few minutes, its five hundred defenders were prisoners of war. The success of the assailants put an end to resistance in this quarter, and enabled them to turn the fire of the conquered batteries against the vessels of the French.

When Sir George perceived that the land force was on the point of accomplishing its purpose, he gave the signal for the squadron to get into action. It was promptly obeyed, and the way was led by Hopson, in the *York*, a sixty gun ship. He crowded all sail, and, at the first shock, broke through the boom, and was in the midst of the enemy, who directed all their fire upon him. He was alone! The rest of his division, and the Dutch ships, under Vice-admiral Vandergoes, were becalmed at the very moment when they had nearly reached the boom, and were of course brought to a stand. Happily a breeze sprang up, and the Dutch admiral passed through the breach which Hopson had made, and, by capturing the *Bourbon*, relieved him from one of his heaviest antagonists. The rest of the ships did not pass with equal ease; they were obliged to cut their way through the boom before they could come alongside of their antagonists. At length, however, they all penetrated into the harbour.

Great as it was, the danger to which Hopson was exposed on first passing the boom, was trifling compared to



that by which he was soon after environed. Rooke had prudently given orders that none of the English ships "shall go within the enemy to board them, as the French might then get an opportunity of burning ship for ship ; which (says he) would have been a better bargain than I intended to afford to them." From some unexplained cause or other, however, probably from the impetus given by every sail being expanded to catch the breeze, the *Torbay* was carried too far in before she anchored. This circumstance gave the French admiral the power of directing a fireship against him. The *Torbay* was grappled, and her destruction seemed to be inevitable. Luckily for the intended victims, this incendiary vessel had been very imperfectly fitted up. She was a merchant-man, laden with snuff, and had been hastily converted into a fireship, without removing the cargo ; so that when she exploded, which she did prematurely, the flames were partly extinguished by the thick clouds of snuff that were thrown up by the explosion. The remains of the conflagration were quelled by the vigorous exertions of the captain and crew. But the *Torbay* did not escape without having sustained such serious injury, that Hopson was under the necessity of shifting his flag to the *Monmouth*. The foretop-mast was shot by the board, most of her sails were consumed or scorched, her foreyard was burnt to a coal, her larboard shrouds, fore and aft, were burnt to the dead-eyes, her larboard side was completely scorched, and several ports were blown off their hinges. Of her men, no less than a hundred and fifteen were killed in action or drowned, sixty of whom leaped overboard when the fire-ship first came in contact with her.

When the ships had passed the boom, captain Bokenham, in the *Association*, of ninety guns, laid his broadside to the battery on the left side of the bay, and speedily reduced it to silence. Captain Wyvill, in the *Barfleur*,

a ship of the same force, assailed the fort and batteries on the opposite shore, while the army was attacking them by land. He had a harder task to perform than captain Bokenham ; for the enemy's shot pierced through and through his vessel, while, for some time, he could not venture to fire a gun, the British troops being between him and the fort. The assailants having carried the works by assault, he was relieved from his disagreeable situation, and the batteries became an auxiliary, instead of an annoyance.

The French admiral was far from making such a struggle as his preparations and his position might have given reason to expect. "The attack," says Rooke, "was made with as much spirit and resolution as ever I saw, and the enemy's defence was as mean, except two or three of his ships, which acquitted themselves honourably. Monsieur Chateaurenault did not behave very well, for he hardly fired his guns once before he set his ship on fire, and ran away as fast as he could." In fact, after the confederate fleet had wholly penetrated into the bay, the chief peril which it had to encounter did not arise from French valour, but from the ships which the French had abandoned. The burning vessels, driving with the ebb tide, and the wind being off the shore, the victors were often seriously endangered, so that some of them were forced to cut two or three times from their anchors, to avoid being involved in the same ruin as their enemies.

Though the major part of the treasure had been removed from the galleons, the booty was considerable. It has been estimated at two millions of pieces-of-eight in silver, and five millions in goods ; besides which twice that amount was destroyed. But the real value of the victory consisted in the serious blow which was inflicted upon the French marine at the outset of the war ; a blow which it did not recover throughout the contest. Seven ships of war were burnt or stranded, and

ten captured. Of the seventeen galleons five were taken ; the remainder were destroyed.\*

Here ended the naval career of Hopson. He was now past his sixtieth year, and had acquired a fortune sufficient to support the dignity which he had attained. On his return to England, he was graciously received by queen Anne, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood. She also granted him a pension of five hundred pounds a year, with a reversion of three hundred pounds annually to his wife, in case of her surviving him. In 1705, he was chosen as representative for the borough of Newton, in the Isle of Wight. He died at Weybridge, in Surrey, on the 12th of October, 1717.

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\* Much blame, for this disaster, was thrown by the Spaniards upon their own rulers and the French. The event is thus noticed by the contemporary Madrid Journalist :—" All people murmured against the government, and against his Majesty's ministers. In the mean time, the queen and Cardinal Portocarrero despatched several couriers to France and Milan, to desire succour of both kings. The people were so much the more incensed at this ill news, because they knew that M. Chasteaurenaud had orders to conduct the galleons into France, and that he only put into Vigo for fear of being intercepted by an English squadron for that purpose. Besides, the Council of the Indies, and the Chamber of Seville, having several times desired that the whole fleet might be unloaded ; and having offered the king three millions of pieces (of eight), and an Indulto of three millions on that condition ; the Junta answered, that there was no such haste, since the fleet was secure ; that private men should lose nothing, but that it would be requisite to employ some part of the money to re-establish the honour of the nation. So that after a delay of six weeks, the kingdom finds herself deprived of her galleons, and this unlucky act has befallen it by the fault and neglect of our regents."

## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON.

THAT branch of the Huttons from which the subject of this memoir derived his birth, was originally settled at Northallerton, in Yorkshire. The members of it, as far back as they can be traced, seem never to have risen above the humble rank of artisans, in some of the manufacturing branches. The characteristics of his family he describes to have been honesty and supineness. Of the latter quality he gives a remarkable example, in the conduct of his grandfather Thomas. In 1701, a person came from Northallerton, to summon this indolent progenitor to take possession of an estate of forty pounds annual value, to which he was become heir-at-law. Thomas was then in very indifferent circumstances, yet, such was his antipathy to being what is called "put out of his way," that he told the messenger, "he would not travel so far for an estate of much greater value; neither did he care who had it." In the same lazy spirit, he refused to visit a cousin, who had saved a thousand pounds during a forty years' service in a noble family, and who sought his acquaintance, and he was consequently excluded from his relative's will. The son of this man, and father of William, was a wool-comber; he possessed good natural parts, and was of an even temper; but he was a drunkard, and his family suffered greatly from his intemperance.

"My ancestors," says William Hutton, "have been steady in religion, for they were Dissenters from the first establishment of that sect under bishop Hooper. They have been as steady in their love of peace and of pudding; remarkable for memory; not much given, to receive, keep, or pay money; often sensible, always modest; the males inactive, the females distinguished for capacity."

William Hutton was born on the 30th of September,

1723, at Derby. His mother described him shortly after his birth, as "the largest child she ever had, but so very ordinary (a softer word for ugly) that she was afraid she never should love him." Her maternal feelings, however, prevailed, and she proved a kind mother. As he grew up, his personal appearance became less repulsive. Before he was four years of age he had three narrow escapes for his life; in one instance, by swallowing a hollow brass drop, which was given him as a plaything; in another, by his clothes taking fire; and in the third, by falling down stairs. Poverty also pressed hard upon the family for years. "My poor mother," says he, "more than once, one infant on her knee, and a few more hanging about her, have all fasted a whole day, and when food arrived, she has suffered them with a tear to take *her* share. Time produced nothing but tatters and children."

For fifteen months of his childhood, William was better off for food than were his brothers and sisters; as, during that period, he was residing alternately with a bachelor uncle and three single aunts, at Mountsorrel. But though he was less subject to hunger than he would have been at home, his situation otherwise was by no means enviable. His three aunts were among the most crabbed of the old-maid species; they never bestowed a kind word upon him, but were always ready to vent their ill-nature upon him, and to remind him of his ugliness.

When he was between four and five years old, his mother came, to take him home to Derby. He was in bed when she came; out of which the maid snatched him, and, naked as he was, carried him down stairs, holding him dangling by one arm, while her knees knocked against his back at every step. His reception at home was a cold one; "So, Bill," being all the notice which his father vouchsafed to take of him. He was then sent to school, to a Mr. Meat, a brutal tyrant, who often held him by his hair, and beat his head against the wall.

“But,” says William, “he never could beat any learning into it. I hated all books but those of pictures.”

His schooling was not of long continuance. He was only in his seventh year, when it became necessary that he should do somewhat towards earning his own subsistence, and he was accordingly apprenticed for seven years to the silk-mill, at Derby. As he was too short to reach the engine, the superintendants tied fast about his feet a pair of high pattens. These incumbrances he wore for twelve months, and then gladly got rid of them. In 1733, he had the misfortune to lose his mother. Returning home one day, he was abruptly told she was dead, and he burst into tears; upon which his mother's nurse comforted him with, “Don't cry, you will go yourself soon.”

The loss of their parent was a fatal event for the family. His father gave up housekeeping, went to live with a concubine, and became still more addicted to drinking. “My mother gone, my father at the ale-house, and I among strangers,” says Hutton, “my life was forlorn. I was almost without a home, nearly without clothes, and experienced a scanty cupboard. At one time, I fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and even then dined only upon flour and water boiled into a hasty-pudding. I was also afflicted with the chin-cough, and with boils. But the poor child Anne fared much worse. Unable to use her feet, she lay neglected upon the floor, or fixed in a chair, during the day, till I returned from the silk-mill in the evening, when she rejoiced to see me; for the little remaining time was devoted to her amusement. But, alas! it was of little avail, for in five months she died through neglect.”

The time at length arrived when he was to quit the silk-mill, and take up some new calling, by which he might earn his future subsistence. His father had often declared, that he should neither become a wool-comber

nor a stocking-weaver. After some consideration, William resolved to be a gardener. At first his father approved of his choice, but he soon changed his mind, and assured him that "gardening was a slavish trade;" "that is," says William, "he had no inclination to stir." The boy was finally persuaded, by an old Scotsman, to take to stocking-weaving, and was accordingly bound, for seven years, to his uncle, who resided at Nottingham. At Christmas, 1737, he quitted the silk-mill; and the picture which he afterwards drew of it is anything but attractive. "It was a place," says he, "for which I had a sovereign contempt, which many hundreds had quitted during my stay, but not one with regret; a place most curious and pleasing to the eye, but which gave me a seven years' heart-ache. No friendships are formed there, but such as the parties are willing to break. The attendants are children of nature corrupted by art. What they learn *in* the mill, they ought to unlearn *out*." In another part of his narrative he completes the picture. "I had to rise at five every morning during seven years; submit to the cane whenever convenient to the master; be the constant companion of the most rude and vulgar of the human race, never taught by nature, nor even wishing to be taught. A lad, let his mind be in what state it would, must be as impudent as they, or be hunted down. I could not consider this place in any other light than that of a complete bear-garden."

It was in 1738 that he removed to Nottingham, sixteen miles from his relatives and all his early friends. He found there a goodly society—"a generous friendly uncle, a mean sneaking aunt: he seriously religious, she as serious a hypocrite; two apprentices, the one a rogue, the other a greater." His niggardly aunt grudged every morsel that went into the mouths of her inmates; her eye was never off the victuals and the mouths of the feeders. If the price of provisions chanced to rise, her



starving propensity was increased, and she considered it almost a sin to eat."

On first commencing his new business, a heavy burthen was imposed upon him. His father being too poor to give a premium with him, it was stipulated that the youth's clothes should be paid for by his overwork. If he earned five and tenpence a week, he was to receive sixpence out of it; but, after that, if he went beyond or fell short of it, the profit or loss were to be his own. The sum was, of course, fixed so high as to leave little probability that a beginner in the trade could exceed it. He did, indeed, by great exertion, succeed in earning the sixpence; but he soon found that he could not continuously perform such a task, and instead of obtaining clothes he ran into arrears. This was a heavy affliction, for he was extremely desirous to be well dressed. "I envied every new coat," says he; "I had the wish to earn one, but not the power." His efforts were cramped, too, by his detestation of the stocking frame, the bondage to which was totally unsuitable to his temper. After a hard struggle of two years, however, he contrived, with a little overwork, and a little credit, to obtain a genteel suit of clothes, and great was his delight upon this occasion.

His fellow-apprentices, with one exception, that of his brother Thomas, who was bound to his uncle in the same year with William, were not calculated to contribute to his comfort, or to afford him a good example. Fortunately, perhaps, for William Hutton, the lesser rogue ran away, and the greater was sold to another master, to whom he proved a bad bargain, as he ultimately ruined him. In place of one of them, a surly overbearing lad, named Roper, was brought from Derby, and turned out to be of the same class as his predecessors. He ran away, came back, and then entered into the army, but not before he had taught William Hutton the



lesson of absconding. In the uncle's quest after apprentices, a ludicrous incident occurred. "A boy from Draycott, ten miles distant, was recommended. My uncle brought him on Saturday night, but by Monday morning the boy's mother could not rest, believing he was either kidnapped or murdered; and sent his father, with positive orders, to bring him back, alive or dead, if above ground. The father entered the house with sounds like the roaring of a bull; and, in the Derbyshire dialect, cried 'Where's th' lad. I mun tak him bak! I've lond i th' feeld wo'th fifty paund, I've thrutty paund by me, and I dunna owe th' wo'ld a shilling.' My uncle looked disappointed, thought the fellow a fool, and gave up the lad with a promise of a return, after having shown the booby to his mother. The promise was never fulfilled."

In the fourth year of William's apprenticeship, an event took place which might have led to his ruin. The trite adage of "evil communications corrupt good manners" was once more verified. The race week at Nottingham is a period of idleness among the stocking weavers of that town. William had been slack in his work for five days; his uncle grew angry on the sixth, and threatened him with chastisement at night, if his task were not performed. When the time came the task was still uncompleted. "Could you have done the task I ordered?" inquired the uncle. William, who had an honourable abhorrence of falsehood and equivocation, meekly replied "I could." Had not his relative been so much under the influence of passion as to be deaf to reason, he would have admired the candour of the youth. But, yielding to his rage, he seized a birch-broom handle, "and holding it by the small end," says the victim, "he repeated his blows till I thought he would have broken me to pieces." The whole neighbourhood was roused by the clamour, and this circum-

stance was more galling to the sufferer than even the beating itself. He declares that, though he was greatly hurt in body, he was much more hurt in mind; he dreaded the gibes and laughter to which he knew that he should be exposed. On the following day, anxious to conciliate him, his uncle offered him some fruit. It was sullenly rejected. A continuance of kindness would probably have produced a healing effect; but, just at this critical moment, he had the misfortune to fall in with one of those persons, who are either so ignorant as not to know that there are times when taunting words may excite to madness, or so malignant as to be gratified by the pain which those words occasion. While he was meditating, in a gloomy posture, near the palisades of the house, "a female acquaintance," says he, "passed by, and turning with a pointed sneer, said 'You were *licked* last night!' The remark stung me to the quick. I had rather she had broken my head."

Roper, the fellow-apprentice who has already been mentioned, had often solicited Hutton to run away with him. Hutton now resolved that he would run away; but, wishing to injure his uncle as little as possible, he determined that he would say nothing to Roper, lest that worthy adviser should insist upon keeping him company. Concealing himself till the family were gone to Meeting, he took two shillings from a glass which contained ten, and packed up his small stock of moveables. His uncle had locked the door, and taken away the key, and the fugitive was therefore obliged to make his exit by climbing over an eight-feet wall. Just as he descended, an acquaintance came up, to whom he communicated his intention; his acquaintance had not friendship or virtue enough to dissuade him from it.

"Figure to yourself," says he, "a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch-built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that

would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes ; also a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter, wrapped in the leaves of an old copybook ; a new bible, worth three shillings ; one shirt, a pair of stockings, a sun-dial, my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder, rather in the style of a cock-fighter. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket, a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations. I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance ; and took what I thought an everlasting farewell of Nottingham. I carried neither a light heart nor a light load ; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens, and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an outcast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose."

It was late on a July afternoon when the misguided youth commenced his solitary and hazardous peregrination. Probably with the sole view of removing as far as possible out of the way of pursuit, his original intention was to go to Ireland. How he was to reach that country, or live there, he does not seem to have considered. His first steps were bent towards his native place, Derby, which he reached after ten o'clock in the evening. The streets were silent and deserted, and, as he passed on, he felt as though the people had shrunk from his society. Believing that all in his father's house were at rest, he stopped to view it ; but suddenly the door was opened, and he heard his parent's footstep not three yards from him. The moment the sound struck his ear he made a hasty retreat, and thus lost the opportunity of retrieving

the false step which he had taken. With his bags by his side, he rested for the night upon the cold grass, surrounded by cattle, in a damp part of a field called Ashby-barns, where he had been accustomed to play in his childhood. Starved, sore, and stiff, he rose at four in the morning, covered his bags with leaves, and went to wait upon Werburgh's-bridge, to meet his little brother Samuel, who, he knew, must pass by that road to his daily toil at the silk-mills. He met him, desired to be remembered to his father, whom he believed that he should see no more, and then resumed his journey.

From Derby he proceeded to Burton, where he spent the first penny out of his two shillings, and this was not expended upon refreshment, but to have his bags taken care of while he took a view of the town. In the evening he reached the neighbourhood of Lichfield. Hiding his bags under a hedge, he perambulated the city for two hours, and then returned to find a lodging for the night. Having been disappointed with respect to one barn, he went a short distance to reconnoitre another, and, imagining that his property would be safe, he left it behind him. This was a grievous error. After an absence of only ten minutes he came back; his bags were gone! Driven almost to madness by this disaster, he ran raving and lamenting about the fields, roads, and streets, questioning every one he met, pitied by some, but relieved by no one, till, at last, midnight approached, and he was left entirely alone. In this sad condition he stretched himself on a butcher's block to rest his weary limbs; sleep was entirely out of the question in his distracted state of mind. "It is not easy," he observes, "to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, no place to rest; all the little property I had on earth taken from me; nay, even hope, that

last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me."

Despair seldom takes a lasting hold upon the young. In the morning, he recommenced his bootless search for the thief. Among those to whom he told his lamentable tale was a gentleman, with more finery than charity about him. This personage, who was arrayed in a wrought nightcap, plaid gown, and morocco slippers, though not disposed to open his purse, was willing to give advice. He suggested that the youth had better go to Walsall, with some market-people who were passing by, and Hutton acted upon his suggestion. The wanderer's feet were blistered by the time he reached the town, but he mitigated the pain by rubbing them with a little beef fat, which he begged from a butcher. In Walsall there were no stocking-frames, and he was counselled to go on to Birmingham, and in case of failure there, to try Worcester and Coventry.

Hutton, therefore, bent his course towards Birmingham; and, on his way thither, was not a little surprised to see numbers of women, all begrimed, labouring at the anvil as nailers. On his first view of Birmingham, from Handsworth-heath, it struck him as holding by far the highest rank among the only five towns which he had yet seen; and, on his entrance into the place, he was still more struck with the people. "They possessed," says he, "a vivacity I had never beheld. I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake. Their very step along the street showed alacrity. Every man seemed to know what he was about."

There were at this period only three stocking-makers in Birmingham, to all of whom Hutton applied for employment. But the mark of his servitude seems to have been as obvious in him as that of guilt was on the forehead of the primal murderer. The first, a quaker, instantly repulsed him with "You are an apprentice."

It was in vain that the applicant denied the charge. He was dismissed with, "Go about your business, you are a runaway 'prentice." The second gave him a penny to get rid of him. The third, a Mr. Grace, had the same suspicions, questioned the youth closely, drew him into telling several falsehoods to avoid detection, and did nothing for him. Of this last individual, Hutton, many years after, became the relative by marriage, and the residuary legatee. Now, dejected, weary, and hungered, he sat down, to rest himself and meditate, on the north side of the Old Cross. "I sat under that roof," says he, "a silent and oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man." While he was thus musing over his hard fate, two men in aprons were eyeing him, and one of them at length spoke. "By your melancholy situation and dirty shoes you seem," said he, "to be a forlorn traveller, without money, and without friends." The youth acknowledged that this was the fact. "If you choose to accept a pint of ale," rejoined the man, "it is at your service. I myself know what it is to be a distressed traveller." This offer was thankfully accepted, and the two good Samaritans took him to a public-house, where they gave him his fill of bread and cheese and beer, and procured for him a bed in the neighbourhood, at the further expense of three halfpence. The spirits of Hutton were so revived by this timely kindness, that he spent another day in strolling through Birmingham, that he might take a more perfect view of it.

On the following day he reached Coventry, but his search for employment was fruitless, and he was glad to find a night's shelter in a hayloft. Nuneaton was his next stage. Of that place he sarcastically observes, that he "found he had again entered into the dominions of Sleep," and that "the inhabitants seemed to creep along, as if afraid the street should be seen empty." These

street-crawlers had, however, sagacity enough to find out that he was an apprentice, and ill-nature enough to taunt him with being a boy. Angry and dinnerless, he journeyed on to Hinckley. There, as elsewhere, the first question put to him was "Where do you come from?" His answer was Derby. He was then directed to the house of a countryman of his, named Millwood. To this man he went, and found that he knew something of the Hutton family. Again he was charged with being a runaway, and again he fruitlessly denied it. Millwood, however, set him to work for two hours, in which time the youth earned twopence. His employer then repeated more strongly his belief that he had absconded, and entreated that he would speak the truth. Thus urged, Hutton burst into tears, and related all the circumstances of his case. Millwood told him that he should be welcome to a bed, provided he would go home in the morning; and the youth, who was tired of wandering, and being hourly obliged to resort to falsehood, replied that he would willingly go back, but that, should any attempt be made to punish him, he would again take flight. Finding, on inquiry, that Hutton had money enough to take him home—he had eightpence left—Millwood began to suspect that the runaway had been guilty of theft as well as of absconding; nor was the suspicion diminished by his being informed that two shillings was all that his guest brought from Nottingham. "My reader," says Hutton, "will ask, with Millwood, how I lived? As *he could not*. Moralists say, 'Keep desire low, and nature is satisfied with little.' A turnip-field has supplied the place of a cook's shop; a spring that of a public-house; and, while at Birmingham, I knew, by repeated experience, that cherries were a halfpenny a pound."

Late on the following evening, Hutton reached Derby, where his father received him with kindness, and even



tears, mingled with some gentle reproof. A messenger was sent to Nottingham, early next morning, to fetch his uncle. The reconciliation was speedily effected, and the evening was spent in perfect harmony. In their joy at recovering him, the father and uncle promised to make up between them the loss which William had sustained. The promise, however, was forgotten after their enthusiasm had subsided; and this forgetfulness was a source of much and long vexation to their unlucky relative. It was five years, and then only by running in debt, before he could make the same appearance that he had formerly made. He was, besides, depressed by the shame of being looked upon as a fugitive; and these sufferings were soon augmented by an ague, with which he was tediously and sorely afflicted.

The last three years and a half of his servitude were not crowded with events. He derived much benefit from the conversation and advice of an old gentleman, named Webb, who came to lodge with his uncle, but died in a few months; and he was fallen in love with by a young woman, who asked him to marry her, and, when he prudently pleaded their poverty, declared that she "would please her eye, if she plagued her heart." Hutton was not disposed to plague his own heart, and he therefore declined her offer.

About twelve months after his return, a ludicrous adventure occurred to him, his description of which might furnish an excellent subject for the pencil of Cruikshank:—"My uncle fixed upon the son of Joseph Knowles, of Mackworth, for an apprentice; he hired a horse, fixed me upon him, and his wife behind, to perform this journey of nineteen miles, and employ the arts of solicitation. Whether this was a prudent step is doubtful. I had never ridden a mile, therefore could guide a horse as well as a ship; neither did he know much more of the matter. Our family are not natu-



rally equestrians. He advised me to keep a tight rein. I obeyed, and the horse took it for granted he must stand still. I held my legs close, for fear of falling. He danced, I was in agonies, and held by the mane. The beholders cried, 'Take your spurs out of his sides!' I did not know they were in. We jogged on with fear and trembling. I held the bridle with my right and the pummel with the left hand, which soon made a hole in the hand. My hat blew off. I slipped down before to recover it, but could not mount again. I walked with the bridle in hand, and my aunt upon the pillion, to find a place to rise. The horse went too slow. To quicken his pace, I gave him a jerk. He started from under his burthen, and left her in the dirt. We were both frightened, but not hurt, and came home safe, wind and limb. My uncle, when he paid for the hire, blamed the horse; but the owner, with a smile, said, 'Was there no defect in the rider?'"

In music Hutton was more successful than in horsemanship. For half-a-crown, which he found extreme difficulty in saving up, he purchased a bell-harp. It was villanously out of order, and he could neither buy nor borrow a book of instructions, nor had he a friend who could tune his instrument or instruct him. Encouraged, however, by a couplet which he had seen in Dyke's spelling-book—

"Despair of nothing that you would attain,  
Unwearied diligence your point will gain"—

he persevered, and, after a practice of six months, was gratified to find that he could make his rude harp produce something which resembled harmony. He next borrowed a dulcimer, and resolved to make one like it. He was without timber, or tools, or money to procure them; but he, nevertheless, contrived to verify the old adage, which in nine cases out of ten is true, that "where there's a will there's a way." By pulling to pieces a

large family trunk, converting the hammer-key and plyers of the stocking-frame into a hammer and pincers, using his pocket-knife as an edge-tool, and making the remaining prong of a broken fork serve as a sprig-awl and gimlet, he obtained all that was necessary for his purpose. The dulcimer was speedily completed, and he as speedily learned to play upon it. He did not keep it long. A baker's apprentice was so charmed with its dulcet tones, that he gave the owner sixteen shillings for it. Hutton bought a coat with the money, and constructed a better instrument.

The baker's apprentice seems to have been akin to the sapient peer who was so delighted with Punch, that he bought him of the showman, in order to have a pleasant companion. When Hutton offered his advice or assistance in tuning the dulcimer, the possessor replied, "O no, there's not a doubt but I shall do." Meeting him shortly afterwards, Hutton asked how he came on; to which the answer was, "O rarely well! I can play part of 'Over the hills and far away.'" But the note was soon changed. When the question was repeated at their next meeting, the reply was, "O damn the music! I could not make it do; which provoked me so much, that I took a broomstick and whacked the strings till I broke them; then knocked the body to pieces, and burned it in the oven."

At Christmas, 1744, his servitude expired; he had now, as he himself observes, served two seven years to two trades, upon neither of which could he subsist. During more than a twelvemonth, he continued to work for his uncle as a journeyman; but, at length, his sister's husband lent him money to purchase a frame. But it was not by stocking-weaving that Hutton was destined to rise. He began to feel an inclination for books. The first purchase which his scanty means would allow him to make was three volumes of the Gentleman's Maga-

zine. To get them bound was far more than his pocket would bear, and he therefore tried his hand at giving them a cover. His first essay was, of course, but a cobbled piece of workmanship. It, nevertheless, induced him to proceed; he procured paste, varnish, and other articles, and patched the worn-out bindings of some shabby volumes which he bought. The petty bookseller with whom he dealt was also a binder; he kept his working apparatus in his shop, and whenever Hutton went to it, he carefully watched the man's operations, till, at last, he himself became capable of performing them. The bookseller encouraged him to go on, principally because he could now and then sell to him for a shilling a cast-off tool which was not worth a penny. He afterwards offered him, for two shillings, a press which was supposed to be so irreparably out of order that it had been thrown aside for firewood. "I considered the nature of its construction," says Hutton, "bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought, with half a conquering smile and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said, in anger, 'If I had known, you should not have had it.' This proved for forty-two years my best binding-press." His attempt to bind a book was the first step of the ladder by which Hutton rose to opulence.

The time was, however, not yet come when he was to enter upon the new trade which he had taught himself, and for which he had a great liking. For three years longer he continued to follow the profitless occupation of a stocking-weaver. That occupation was at so low an ebb, that there were moments when he found it difficult to subsist. In one instance, he travelled as far as Leicester, to sell half-a-dozen pair of hose, and

could find neither a purchaser nor an employer. "As I stood like a culprit," says he, "before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears, to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread." Yet, in spite of his difficulties, he managed to purchase a tolerably genteel suit of clothes; and being doubtful as to when he should be able to obtain another suit, he husbanded it so well, that he wore it as his best for the next five years. Hutton had the rare merit of being an extremely frugal man, without becoming a penurious one.

In the autumn of 1746, Hutton lost his uncle, who died from the bursting of a blood-vessel. His sister Catherine then took a house, and he and his brother went to lodge with her. Catherine was a woman of a strong mind and a warm heart. To her advice and assistance all her brothers were greatly indebted. It was she who encouraged and aided William to commence the trade of a bookbinder, when every one else scoffed at the very idea of it. Without wholly giving up the stocking frame, he now took to binding books. The novelty of such a conjunction of trades gained him many employers, amongst his friends and their acquaintance. "I perceived," says he, "two advantages attended my work. I chiefly served those who were not judges; consequently, that work passed with them which would not have passed with a master. And, coming from the hands of a stockinger, it carried a merit, because no stockinger could produce its equal."

In proportion as Hutton acquired manual skill, he became more desirous to possess the means of producing neater work. He had hitherto had no other tools or materials than those which he obtained from his book-seller, and they were, of course, almost worthless; besides which, he was deficient in many indispensable articles. What he wanted was not much—it was only

three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, some ornamental tools for gilding books, and a stock of leather and boards—but it was only to be procured in London. He wished, too, to open a correspondence with some dealer in the metropolis, that he might not, in future, be obliged to purchase at second-hand. But the money for these necessities and for the journey!—whence was it to be derived? Here his kind and ever-active sister came to his assistance. She contrived to raise for him between three and four pounds, which would suffice to cover his purchases in town, and his expenses on the road as an humble pedestrian.

In those days, when nothing worthy the name of a police was in existence, no man travelled to any distance without running a serious risk of being robbed, and perhaps murdered; footpads and highwaymen levied contributions in all directions, and with the most daring audacity. To guard against these depredators, the careful Catherine sewed three guineas into her brother's shirt collar. Into his pocket she put eleven shillings, to serve either for his subsistence, or as a ransom in case of his being attacked. The traveller, who had never yet been further from his home than Birmingham, set out at three in the morning, on the 8th April, 1749, and stopped at Brixworth for the night, after a walk of fifty-one miles. Unused as he was to walking, his feet were blistered before he had gone ten miles, but his spirit kept him from flagging. On his way he was a little alarmed by a man with his head bound up, who would persist in keeping behind him, but who turned out to be a quarrelsome tailor, whose head had been broken. He, too, was proceeding to London, where, he said, he expected to be on the following Wednesday. Hutton, who did not like his company, contrived to outwalk him; and, when he was on his return to Derby, he met the loiterer at St. Albans, still crawling on towards the

metropolis. He himself reached London on Wednesday afternoon, and put up at the Horns in St. John's-street, to which he had been recommended by a carrier, whom he fell in with on Finchley Common. He ordered a mutton chop and a pint of porter, but fatigue had deprived him of his appetite. This was by far the most expensive meal which he made. "The next morning," says he, "I breakfasted, in Smithfield, upon furmity, at a wheelbarrow. Sometimes I had a halfpenny worth of soup, and another of bread ; at other times bread and cheese."

Hutton remained three days in the metropolis. The business which took him thither was speedily transacted. He had a laudable curiosity to make himself acquainted with everything that was worthy of notice, and, accordingly, all his spare time was devoted to visiting remarkable objects. From some of them he was shut out by the scantiness of his means ; one penny was all he could spare, and that he spent to see Bedlam. But of all that was visible for nothing he contrived to have a sight ; so that he was perpetually on his feet traversing the town in all quarters. "I like such a traveller as you," said his host of the Horns to him. "The strangers that come here cannot stir a foot without me, which plagues me to that degree, I had rather be without their custom. But you, of yourself, find out more curiosities than they can see, or I can show them." He was lucky enough, also, to suffer but slightly from the light-fingered class with which London has always abounded. His only loss was that of a handkerchief, picked out of his pocket at St. James's, with respect to which he sarcastically remarks, that "the people at St. James's are apt to fill their own pockets at the expense of others."

Having despatched all his business in the capital, Hutton set out for Nottingham, with four shillings in his pocket. On the third day he reached his home, after a most painful journey ; his shoes being bad, his feet blistered,

and the sinews of one of his legs having, at the outset, become overstrained from hard labour. Out of the small sum which he had taken with him for his subsistence, he brought back fourpence.

Where to fix his residence was the next point to be decided, and this was a subject of anxious discussion between the brother and sister. London was at first thought of, but that idea was soon rejected as absurd; for what success could be hoped for there by a man who had no capital, and who, as yet, was but an unpractised workman? It was at last resolved that, as preparatory to his settling at Birmingham, he should open shop, on the market-day, at some town within a stage of Nottingham. His choice fell upon Southwell, fourteen miles off, a place which is now grown into something better than what he contemptuously describes it to have been, "a town as despicable as the road to it." At Michaelmas, 1749, he took a shop, at the rent of twenty shillings a year, and sent over to it a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundred weight of "trash," not worth a guinea, which could only by courtesy be called books. Yet, small and ragged as his stock was, there was, at that period, no one in Southwell who could rival it.

"During this rainy winter," says Hutton, "I set out at five every Saturday morning, carried a burthen of from three pounds weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine; where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister." These early and late journeys were not without danger, Sherwood Forest being then infested by deer-stealers, as well as by other depredators of a still more formidable kind.



The perseverance and frugality of Hutton met with their deserved reward. His circumstances, though still humble indeed, were so much bettered that he could think of removing to Birmingham ; for which town, ever since his runaway visit to it, he had felt a strong predilection. In February, 1750, he journeyed thither, that he might judge what prospect there was of success. He found that there were only three considerable booksellers in the place ; and, as it was crowded with inhabitants, he was induced to hope that he might find customers, without exciting angry feelings in the paramount biblioplists.

In his way back to Nottingham, he met with an adventure, which I shall give in his own words, as a specimen of his narrative powers, and as a striking picture of destitution. “ Meaning to take Swithland in my return to Nottingham, to visit my two aunts, I was directed through Tamworth, where I spent one penny ; then through a few villages, with blind roads, to Charnwood Forest ; over which were five miles of uncultivated waste, without any road. To all this I was a stranger.

“ Passing through a village in the dusk of the evening, I determined to stop at the next public-house ; but to my surprise, I instantly found myself upon the forest. It began to rain ; it was dark ; I was in no road ; nor was any dwelling near. I was among hills, rocks, and precipices, and so bewildered that I could not retreat. I considered my situation as desperate, and must confess I lost the fortitude of a man.

“ I wandered slowly, though in the rain, for fear of destruction, and halloed with all my powers, but met with no return. I was about two hours in this cruel state, when I thought the indistinct form of a roof appeared against the sky. My vociferations continued, but to no purpose. I concluded it must be a lonely



barn ; but, had it been the receptacle of ghosts, it would have been desirable.

“ At length I heard the sound of a man’s voice, which though one of the most terrific, gave me pleasure. I continued advancing, perhaps thirty yards, using the soft persuasives of distress, for admission, even under any roof, but could not prevail. The man replied, that all his out-buildings had been destroyed by a mob of freeholders, as standing on the waste. He seemed to be six feet high, strong built, and, by the sound of his voice, upwards of fifty.

“ I could not, as my life was at stake, give up the contest ; but thought, if I could once get under his roof, I should not be easily discharged. Though his manner was repelling as the rain, and his appearance horrid as the night, yet I would not part from him, but insensibly, at length, wormed myself in.

“ I was now in a small room, dignified with the name of a house, totally dark, except a glow of fire, which would barely have roasted a potato, had it been deposited in the centre. In this dismal abode I heard two female voices, one, that of an old aunt, the other, of a young wife.

“ We all sat close to this handful of fire, as every one must, who sat in the room. We soon became familiarised by conversation, and I found my host agreeable. He apologised for not having treated me with more civility ; he pitied my case, but had not conveniences for accommodation.

“ Hints were now given for retiring to rest. ‘ I will thank you,’ said I, ‘ for something to eat ; I have had nothing since morning when I left Birmingham.’ ‘ We should have asked you to eat ; but we have nothing in the house.’—‘ I shall be satisfied with anything.’—‘ We have no eatables whatever, except some pease-porridge, which is rather thin, only pease and water ; and which

we are ashamed to offer.'—'It will be acceptable to a hungry man.'

"He gave me to understand that he had buried a wife, by whom he had children grown up. Being inclined to marry again, he did not choose to venture upon a widow, for fear of marrying her debts; he, therefore, had married a girl thirty years younger than himself, by whom he had two small children, then in bed. This I considered as an excuse for misconduct.

"While supper was warming, for hot it could not be, a light was necessary; but, alas! the premises afforded no candle. To supply the place, a leaf was torn from a shattered book, twisted round, kindled, and shook in the hand, to improve the blaze. By this momentary light, I perceived the aunt, who sat opposite, had a hare-shorn lip, which, in the action of eating, so affected me, that I was obliged to give up my supper.

"By another lighted leaf, we marched up to bed. I could perceive the whole premises consisted of two rooms, house and chamber. In the latter was one bed, and two pair of bedsteads. The husband, wife, aunt, and two children, occupied the first, and the bedstead, whose head butted against their bedside, was appropriated for me. But now another difficulty arose. There were no bed-clothes to cover me. Upon diligent inquiry, nothing could be procured but the wife's petticoat; and I could learn that she robbed her own bed to supply mine. I heard the rain patter upon the thatch during the night, and rejoiced it did not patter upon me.

"By the light of the next morning, I had a view of all the family faces, except the aunt's, which was covered with a slouched hat. The husband seemed to have been formed in one of Nature's largest and coarsest moulds. His hands retained the accumulated filth of the last three months, garnished with half-a-dozen scabs; both, perhaps, the result of idleness. The wife was young, handsome, ragged, and good-natured.

“The whole household, I apprehend, could have cast a willing eye upon breakfast ; but there seemed a small embarrassment in the expectants. The wife, however, went to her next neighbour’s, about a mile, and in an hour returned with a jug of skimmed milk and a piece of a loaf, perhaps two pounds, both of which I have reason to believe were begged ; for money, I believe, was as scarce as candles. Having no fire, we ate it cold, and with a relish.

“When I left the house, I saw the devastation made by the rioters, a horde of monsters I have since had reason to dread.

“My host went with me half a mile to bring me into something like a track ; when I gave him a shake of the hand, a sixpence, and my sincere good wishes. We parted upon the most friendly terms. Though I seemingly received but little, yet a favour is great or small according to the need of the receiver.

“I had seen poverty in various shapes ; but this was the most complete. There appeared, however, in that lowest degree, a considerable share of content. The man might have married a widow and her debts with safety, for no creditor durst have sued him. Neither need he have dreaded a jail, except from the loss of liberty, for he would have risen in point of luxury.

“I have also seen various degrees of idleness ; but none surpassed this. Those wants cannot merit pity which idleness might, but will not, prevent.”

In April, Hutton took the half of a shop at Birmingham ; an humble one, for the weekly rent was but a shilling. In May, Mr. Rudsdall, a dissenting minister of Gainsborough, with whom William’s sister had lived as servant, told her that, as he was about to give up housekeeping, he would sell the refuse of his library to her brother. To this she replied, that he had no money. “We will not differ about that,” said the minister.

“Let him come to Gainsborough: he shall have the books at his own price.” Hutton walked to Gainsborough, and found about two hundred-weight of books, much better-looking, and more valuable, than all he possessed beside. The benevolent Rudsdall gave him a corn-chest to hold them, and then drew a note of hand for payment of the value. It is probable that few, if any, bills have been drawn of such a tenor: “I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings, when I am able.” On putting it into the hand of his debtor, Mr. Rudsdall observed, “You never need pay this note, if you only say that you are not able.”

Late in May, Hutton took possession of his new abode at Birmingham. That was a severe trial. He was among total strangers, far from every friend, and, probably, agitated by doubts and fears as to the uncertainty of his future prospects. “I had entered a new world,” says he, “in which I led a melancholy life—a life of silence and tears. Though a young man, and rather of a cheerful turn, it was remarked that ‘I was never seen to smile.’ The rude family into which I was cast added to the load of melancholy.”

But, depressed as he felt—and the feeling was natural and honourable—Hutton had too much good sense to let his melancholy incapacitate him for exertion. When, six weeks after the shop had been opened, his brother came to visit him, he could say that the business had fully supported him. His expenses had, in truth, been on the most economical scale; the whole of them not exceeding five shillings a week, for rent and all the necessaries of life. As the year progressed, his spirits rose, his connexions and trade increased, and at the close of it he had saved about twenty pounds. There was one drawback to his pleasure. Either from disliking him as a dissenter, or from that love of exercising petty tyranny which is too common in mean persons who are invested

with power, the overseers molested him for two years with threats of removal, under the pretext of their being apprehensive that he would become a burden to the parish. Though he repeatedly offered to pay the levies, they were as often refused. From this persecution he was at last relieved by a succeeding overseer, whose good will he had won by purchasing some clothes from him.

In the course of a year his circumstances had been improved so much, that two of his friends urged him to take a house which was then to be let. One of these friends was the very Mr. Grace by whom, ten years previously, he had been questioned so closely, detected as a runaway apprentice, and refused employment; but who was now desirous to have him as his next-door neighbour. Hutton, whose prudence was seldom at fault, was "frightened at the rent," which was nothing less than the enormous sum of eight pounds. At last, encouraged by his two advisers, he ventured upon incurring the responsibility. The speculation turned out an advantageous one; his customers were more numerous, and were of a better class. In this prosperous state of his affairs, he thought that he might indulge himself with new clothes, his old ones having done duty for five years; and, as the Prince of Wales had just died, Hutton ordered a suit of mourning. The clothes, like the house, were lucky to him; for they introduced him to some respectable acquaintance, a part of whom ultimately became firm and valuable friends.

In the third year of his residence at Birmingham, Hutton could say, "I had now a smiling trade, to which I closely attended, and a happy set of acquaintances, whose society gave me pleasure." Such was his success, that, besides enlarging his stock of books, he could amuse himself with the unaccustomed sight of "marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas." To swell his store, he opened a shop at Bromsgrove on market-days; but

after an experience of nearly two years, he gave it up, because he found that he lost nearly as much abroad as he gained at home. A serious illness, too, threatened for a while to terminate his career. He recovered, however, and pressed forward with redoubled alacrity in the road to fortune.

The time at length arrived when Hutton discovered that it is not good for man to be alone. At first he had kept no servant, but had dined with Mr. Grace at a fixed price. This proving inconvenient with respect to business, he took a housekeeper. But he was not fortunate in his domestics. His first sold the books, when he was absent, for what they would fetch, left the shop to take care of itself, and got drunk with the money. The second was recommended by the minister of the congregation, as one who would not cheat him, for she feared the Lord. "He might be right," says Hutton; "but she cheated my dumplings one Sunday, by setting them to boil without water. When we returned from Meeting, they were burned to a cinder. I found her totally unable to conduct a family even of two persons, and much inferior to a shop."

Tired of a mercenary helper, Hutton began seriously to think of a partner for life, who would be bound to him both by affection and interest. He had not been without opportunities of marrying since his arrival at Birmingham. Some of the damsels who came to borrow books—for he lent as well as sold—had given hints that they would not be reluctant to share the fate of the lender; his sister had introduced him to a young female, whom she wished him to choose; and he had entered upon a sort of incipient courtship with another at Bromsgrove, which he broke off, in consequence of the lady's prudish refusal to trust herself alone in his company. But his heart had not been touched at all in the former cases, and very slightly in the last of them. At length

he was caught. His friend Mr. Grace, who was a widower, sent for Miss Susan Cock, one of his nieces, a pretty and amiable woman, to keep his house. At the outset, she did not seem to like Hutton; nor was he attracted by her. In process of time, however, the coldness in both disappeared; friendship followed; and love, though neither spoke of it, was not long behind. "By the time Christmas had arrived," says he, "our hearts had united without efforts on either side. Time had given numberless opportunities of observing each other's actions, and trying the tenor of conduct by the touchstone of prudence. Courtship is often a disguise. We had seen each other when disguise was useless. Besides, nature had given to few women a less portion of deceit."

When Grace discovered this attachment, he was exceedingly discomposed, and made loud complaints. His dislike of it had a selfish motive. He found that his niece was an excellent manager, and he considered it as a heavy injury to be deprived of her when he had been benefited by her services for only fifteen months. His opposition was as capriciously desisted from as it was selfishly begun. A person, at some distance from Birmingham, owed him seven pounds, which he feared would prove a bad debt. He asked Hutton to ride with him to demand payment; and, on their journey, he did nothing but scold his companion, and express aversion to the match. Hutton prudently kept silence. The unexpected receipt of the seven pounds gave an instant turn to Grace's temper, and from that moment he promoted the marriage. "Such," exclaims Hutton, "are the wonderful effects of money!"

Accompanied by Mr. Grace, Hutton now journeyed to the neighbourhood of Derby, to treat with the parents of Susan. He candidly disclosed to them the state of his business, told them that he had saved two hundred



pounds, and asked what portion they would bestow on their daughter. "As I ever detested being a beggar," says he, "I wished to have, in the first instance, as much as they chose to give, for I knew I should never ask after." A hundred pounds were offered, which he thought somewhat under the mark. "You cannot desire more than we can give," mildly replied the mother. Hutton deemed this reply unanswerable. He wished for money, but he had no debasing love of it. In fact, he had unalterably resolved, that Susan should be his bride, even though she brought him not a shilling. On visiting his sister, whom he had not seen for four years, he told her what he had been doing, and rather regretted that the fortune was so small. She answered, with her characteristic good sense, "A fortune is a trifle; what is the woman?" "To my wish." "Then she has a fortune with her."

It is a curious circumstance, that while he was in Derbyshire on this affair, two of Susan's former lovers went to Birmingham to renew their suit. They were promptly dismissed. "No offers," says he, "however advantageous, I believe, could have detached one from the other. Thus was that pure flame kindled which, forty-one years after, gave rise to the following remarks. Three months before her death, when she was so afflicted with an asthma that she could neither walk, stand, sit, nor lie, but, while on a chair, I was obliged to support her head, I told her that she had never approached me without diffusing a ray of pleasure over the mind, except whenever any little disagreement had happened between us. She replied, 'I can say more than that. You never appeared in my sight, even *in* anger, without the sight giving me pleasure.' I received the dear remark, as I now write it, with tears."

In June 1755, Hutton was united to the object of his affection, and, in the ensuing year, she presented him



with a daughter : three other children followed in rapid succession. Notwithstanding the outlay required by the change in his situation, Hutton, in the first year after his marriage, added eighty pounds to his savings. Even at this rate, he was in a fair way to become a wealthy man ; but, in the course of this year, a circumstance occurred, which greatly accelerated his progress. Robert Bage, well known as a novel-writer of considerable talent, was a paper-maker. He had been long acquainted with Hutton, and he now proposed to him, either to sell paper upon commission, or to buy it on his own account. As Hutton had two hundred pounds to spare, he chose the latter alternative. He appropriated a room for the reception of the goods, and hung out a sign, on which was inscribed, "The Paper Warehouse." "From this small hint," says he, "I followed the stroke forty years, and acquired an ample fortune." It is a singular circumstance, that, in such a town as Birmingham even then was, he should, for at least seven years, have had no rival in the paper trade. Such, however, was the case ; for, under the date of 1763, he mentions the fact in unequivocal terms.

The prosperity of Hutton continued to flow on, with little interruption, for a long series of years. Some losses he met with ; the heaviest of which was occasioned by his ambition to have a paper-mill of his own, in which project he was defeated by the knavery of those whom he employed. But these losses were not serious enough to throw him back. In fact, they only stimulated him to more vigorous exertion, in order to repair them. The principle upon which he acted ought to be looked upon as a golden rule by most classes, but especially by the class which is engaged in trade, and therefore exposed to sudden reverses. "I never," says he, "could bear the thought of living to the extent of my income ; never omitted to take stock, or regulate my annual expenses

so as to meet casualties and misfortunes." Yet, with all his prudence, Hutton was no niggard, scraping up gold for the mere delight of gazing on it; he denied neither to himself or to his family any comfort, or amusement, which they could enjoy without injury to their future welfare.

From his boyhood he always had a fondness for land, and regarded the possession of it as one of the highest gratifications. In 1766, he began to indulge this taste; and for many years he persevered in making purchases. As he was at first obliged to borrow money on mortgage, and occasionally to withdraw it from his trade, he was at times put to some inconvenience; but he nevertheless persisted, and he ended by becoming master of considerable landed property, entirely free from incumbrance.

With riches came parochial and civic offices. The man who had been threatened with expulsion from the parish became one of its managers. He was, in the first instance, appointed one of the overseers, and in this troublesome occupation he displayed great activity, and also gained much praise, especially from that humble class by which overseers are seldom praised. Nor is there any reason to believe that he bought his popularity by the sacrifice of his duty. He next was made one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests, and quickly took the lead among them. This situation he held for nearly twenty years. In 1773, he was chosen a Commissioner of the Lamp and Street Act. Here he flattered himself that he should be able to effect some valuable reforms; as he discovered that, for ages, the whole of the inhabitants had been encroaching upon the town estates. His intention was, to execute the act firmly yet mildly, to favour no man, but oblige all alike to conform. But he was quickly taught that this scheme was chimerical. All those who profited by the abuses formed a league for their defence, his brother commis-

sioners rather thwarted than seconded him, he found that his honest labours produced nothing but ill will, and at last he retired from the contest in disgust. It is marvellous, that so shrewd a man should not have been aware of the tenacious vitality which is possessed by ancient abuses.

During this period Hutton was not wholly free from domestic calamities. He himself suffered from illness, and was more than once in dread of losing his wife from the same cause. But the severest blow of all was the death of a son. Hutton was a fond father; and he has recorded, in simple and affecting terms, the feelings of himself and his wife on this melancholy occasion. "We were inconsolable for the loss of this lovely boy, which was followed by daily tears. I could observe thousands of faces pass by, which carried every mark of serenity; while my inward oppression was beyond bearing. Every article which had been his was carefully kept from our sight; nor durst my dear wife, or I, ever mention him to each other during ten years, though he was not one day out of either of our thoughts."

For many years Hutton had amused himself by writing verses, some of which occasionally found a place in the magazines. But it was not till 1780, when he was in his fifty-seventh year, that he thought of regularly appearing before the public in the character of an author. His first prose attempt was a *History of Birmingham*. It came out in 1782, was received favourably, and gained for him the honour of being elected a member of the *Scottish Antiquarian Society*. Encouraged by his success, he continued his literary career, and, between 1782 and 1803, produced thirteen other works, which issued from the press in the following order:—*Journey to London*, 1784; *The Court of Requests*, 1787; *The Hundred Court*, 1788; *History of Blackpool*, 1788; *Battle of Bosworth Field*, 1789; *History of Derby*, 1790; *The*

Barbers, a poem, 1793 ; Edgar and Elfrida, a poem, 1793 ; The Roman Wall, 1801 ; Remarks upon North Wales, 1801 ; Tour to Scarborough, 1803 ; Poems, chiefly Tales, 1804 ; Trip to Coatham, 1808. His Life was a posthumous publication. In his topographical and antiquarian works there is much that deserves praise, many indications of an acute and observing mind : his metrical compositions are worthless, except for their kindly feelings ; they are mere verses, unenlightened by a single gleam of poetry. His friends advised him to suppress them, and in so advising they proved that their friendship was sincere. But when did a rhymers ever believe in the demerit of his effusions ?

After his commencing author, eight years of Hutton's life passed away without any drawback to his happiness, save a dangerous fit of illness, the constantly-increasing asthma of his wife, and the loss of his valuable sister Catherine. During this period his fortune was steadily progressing : he possessed a country-house of his own building, kept horses first and then set up a carriage, and solaced himself and his family by excursions to various picturesque districts. But in 1791 a political storm arose, which threatened his ruin, and did not pass over without inflicting severe pecuniary loss and anguish of mind. It burst on the 14th of July, the very day fifty years that he first entered Birmingham, as a fugitive apprentice, poor, houseless, and friendless.

Though Hutton was, in no common degree, a peaceable and peace-making man, ever ready to do kind offices, he was involved in the general proscription of the Dissenters, by that infuriate mob which professed to be the champion of Church and King, but which, as he justly observes, was composed of "people who would have sold their king for a jug of ale, and demolished the church for a bottle of gin." It was not alone his being a Dissenter that rendered him obnoxious : as a commissioner of the

Court of Requests he had been compelled to decide against many of these criminal beings, and they now eagerly seized upon an opportunity of revenging themselves. This was confessed by some of them with a shameless candour. Four times, by means of liquor and money, the depredators were bought off from an attack upon his house in Birmingham ; they returned a fifth time, threw his furniture and extensive stock out of the windows into the street, reduced the house to a mere skeleton, and made several attempts to set it on fire, which were fortunately frustrated. On the following day they went to his country-house, at Bennett's Hill, in the vicinity of the town, made three bonfires of the furniture, and then gave the building to the flames. In both places the largest part of what was not consumed was carried off by the rioters.

Pacific as his disposition was, Hutton would readily have joined with any of his townsmen to take up arms and face the mob. But not a man would stir ; consternation was universal. As his life was in danger, his family prevailed on him to quit the place with them, and he departed without a shilling in his pocket. He took lodgings at Sutton Coldfield ; but, in the evening, his landlady was seized with a panic, and begged him to quit, that her abode might not be destroyed. He was compelled to proceed with his family to Tamworth, where they slept for the night, and then moved to Castle Bromwich, that, in case of a change, they might be nearer to Birmingham. It seemed, however, as if there were to be no rest for the sole of his foot. At night, some of the rioters having visited Castle Bromwich, the villagers were terrified, and advised him for his safety's sake to retreat to Stonnel.

His situation was now most distressful. "I was avoided," says he, "as a pestilence : the waves of sorrow rolled over me, and beat me down with multiplied force ;

every one came heavier than the last. My children were distressed ; my wife, through long affliction, was ready to quit my own arms for those of death ; and I myself reduced to the sad necessity of humbly begging a draught of water at a cottage ! What a reverse of situation ! How thin the barriers between affluence and poverty ! By the smiles of the inhabitants of Birmingham I acquired a fortune ; by an astonishing defect in our police I lost it. In the morning of the 15th I was a rich man ; in the evening I was ruined. At ten at night on the 17th, I might have been found leaning upon a milestone upon Sutton Coldfield road, without food, without a home, without money, and, what is the last resort of the wretched, without hope."

While he was thus bitterly meditating on his forlorn state, he was accosted by a man, who asked if his name was not Hutton. On being answered in the affirmative, he told him that he had good news to communicate, he having himself seen the light-horse on their way to Birmingham. This was, indeed, welcome intelligence to the wanderer. He knew that the presence of the military would put an end to the triumph of the rioters ; and he, therefore, on the following morning, returned to his dilapidated dwelling. He was warmly received by his friends, and had the consolation to find that they had saved some of his property from the wreck. How extensive his property originally was, may be judged from the expression which they used in speaking of its being scattered abroad ; that it " had paved half the streets in Birmingham." Seventeen of his friends, sixteen of whom were of the Established Church, offered their own houses for his residence ; an offer which he justly considered as a decisive proof that he had never been a party man, or deserved to be an object of hatred to his fellow-townsmen.

Hutton was no longer a fugitive ; but his troubles

were not yet over. The shameful result of the trial of the rioters, by which all but three of the criminals escaped unpunished, was looked upon as a triumph by the mob and its leaders, and rendered them immeasurably insolent to their late victims. Even the pulpit was profaned by being made a scene of intolerant and slanderous declamation against the Dissenters, who were held up to popular odium, as heretics in religion and traitors in politics. Such was the prejudice thus excited, that Hutton, who was anxious to fix his family in a home of their own, could not obtain one, though he made several efforts, and was at last obliged to lodge and board them at a tavern. Nor could he venture to gather there a few friends round his table, without being accused of conspiring against the government, and threatened with the burning of his asylum, if he persisted in receiving company. He was also persecuted by the rivalry of trade, the most despicable of all rivalries. In the hope of rising upon his fall, by exposing him to ridicule, a competitor in the paper trade hired an engraver to make him the subject of a caricature. This was, however, a far less evil than one which succeeded it. After a long delay, the loss which he had sustained was assessed by a prejudiced jury; and, though it amounted to between eight and nine thousand pounds, less than two-thirds of that sum was awarded, and two years elapsed before the money was paid. His expenses in the suit were nearly nine hundred pounds.

Thoroughly disgusted with his fellow-townsmen, Hutton, in the autumn of 1793, as soon as he had received the damages, resigned the business to his son. That he might have some pursuit to pass away the time, he offered to assist his son gratuitously, and the offer was gladly accepted. This occupation was varied by occasional excursions with, and attendance upon, his declining wife, and by reading and the composition of verses.



“My practice,” says he, “had long been to rise about five, and relieve the nurse of the night, by holding the head of my dear love in my hand, with the elbow resting on the knee. At eight I walked to business at Birmingham, where I stayed till four, when I returned. I nursed her till eight, amused myself with literary pursuits till ten, and then went to rest.”

Early in 1796, one of the dearest links which held him to existence was snapped asunder. He lost the wife of his bosom ; and, though her death was only a happy relief from protracted agony, it was severely felt by him. It seemed, too, as though a second sorrow were about to befall him. His daughter, an amiable and intellectual woman, who loved him with the most filial fondness, was attacked by an illness, which brought her to the brink of the grave. She was, however, saved by his unremitting attention, and by a change of scene and air. He took her to Wales, and, in a few months, brought her back with renovated health. His own constitution appeared to gain strength ; for, in 1798, he performed a task which has been accomplished by few pedestrians in their seventy-fifth year : he walked forty-six miles one day, ten the next, and forty-two on the third.

In 1800 and 1801, his two brothers died, and left him the sole survivor of a generation which had consisted of nine : one of them had been his almost constant companion for more than half a century. In recording the last of these events, he adds, “My year runs round like a boy who beats his hoop round a circle, and with nearly the same effect—that of a little exercise. I rise at six in summer, and seven in winter ; march to Birmingham, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at five in one, and four in the other, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of



her I loved ; for although six years are nearly passed since I lost her, yet her dear image adheres too closely ever to be forgotten, even for one day."

In his seventy-eighth year, he achieved an undertaking which excites astonishment. He had long had an ardent desire to examine the Roman Wall, throughout its whole extent. In 1801 the desire was gratified. His daughter was going on a tour to the Lakes, and he determined to accompany her as far as Penrith, and then explore the wall, while she went on to the Lakes. She was to ride, but nothing could dissuade him from making all the journey on foot. From Penrith he pushed on, through Carlisle, to the Irish Sea, followed the line of the wall to Wall's End, on the North Sea, and retraced it again to Carlisle, having twice crossed the kingdom in one week. The journey from and to Birmingham was six hundred and one miles, occupied thirty-five days, and was made under a burning July sun, when the ground was not cooled by a single drop of rain. On his homeward way, when he had yet a hundred miles to walk, a dog bit his leg, and made a wound as large as a sixpence, but no bad consequences ensued. His daughter has recorded several curious particulars relative to this expedition. "At Preston, he first said he was tired ; but having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drank when he could get it ; ale and spirits, never. He mixed his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage." A more complete practical demonstration of the benefits conferred by temperance is, perhaps, nowhere to be found than in the person of William Hutton.

In the course of the following year, he made an excursion in the counties of Derby, Leicester, and Northampton—explored the beauties of Matlock, and wandered among the ruins of Fotheringay Castle, to visit which latter place he walked twenty-eight miles. In his description of the company at Matlock there is much sprightliness and good nature. His sketch of a singular female, whom he met with at Matlock, is well drawn. “The greatest wonder,” says he, “that I saw, was Phebe Brown. She is five feet six inches in height; is about thirty, well-proportioned, round-faced and ruddy; has a dark penetrating eye, which the moment that it fixes upon your face, sees your character, and that with precision. Her step (pardon the Irishism) is more manly than a man’s, and can cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man’s hat, coat, with a spencer over it, and men’s shoes. As she is *un-married*, I believe she is a stranger to the breeches.

“She can lift one hundred weight in each hand, and carry fourteen score; can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all; and every accompaniment to the female character, that of modesty excepted. A gentleman at the new bath had recently treated her rudely—‘She had a good mind to have knocked him down.’ She assured me, ‘she never knew what fear was.’ She gives no affront, but offers to fight any man who gives her one. If she never has fought, it is perhaps owing to the insulter having been a coward, for the man of courage would disdain to offer an insult to a female.

“Phebe has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned. With the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile. She has neither beard nor prominence of breast. She undertakes any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving a team, thatching the barn, using

the flail, &c. ; but her chief avocation is breaking horses, for which she charges a guinea a week each. She always rides without a saddle, is thought to be the best judge of a horse or cow in the country, and is frequently employed to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs.

She is fond of Milton, Pope, and Shakspeare—also of music—is self-taught, and performs on several instruments, as the flute, violin, harpsichord, and supports the bass-viol in Matlock church. She is a *marks-woman*, and carries the gun on her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton. Her chief food is milk, which is also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits.”

For some years Hutton continued to make excursions, write books, purchase landed property, and enjoy good health. But, in 1806, he began to feel the influence of disease. Too rich a dinner produced a surfeit, which was followed by a violent ague-fit. His eyesight, too, began to fail in a slight degree. Next year, he had a much more terrible evil to encounter. Thirty years before that period, there had appeared a small tumour on the top of his thigh, which, after twenty years' growth, did not become larger than the head of a pin. At the end of that time, however, it commenced extending rapidly, and, in 1807, had assumed a horrid aspect, and was grown to the size of a half-crown. It was declared to be cancer, and he was told that excision of it, or a life of insufferable torture, were his only alternatives. He instantly made up his mind to submit to the knife. The operation occupied half an hour, and must have been a fiery trial to a man of eighty-four. Such was the vigour of his frame, that he kept his bed only six days, could walk in seven days more, and was perfectly cured in an additional twelve days.

The last entry which was made in his memoirs by Hutton bears the date of 1812. “This day, October

the 11th," says he, "is my birth-day. I enter upon my ninetieth year, and have walked ten miles." In that year, too, he wrote his last letter: it was addressed to his daughter, was warmly affectionate, though brief, and did not betray any failure of intellect. The daily visit to Birmingham was now given up, but still he persevered in walking the same distance, within the limits of his own grounds, and sometimes in-doors. But the machine was nearly worn out. In 1814, he suffered greatly from cramps, and became subject to those spectral illusions, experienced by Nicolai and others, which arise from disordered sensation: he saw lights, and persons, and scenes, which existed only in his mind, and was with difficulty convinced of their unrealness. In 1815, he grew much worse; yet he persisted in taking his accustomed walk till within three days of his ceasing to exist. His patience never forsook him. At length, on the 20th September, 1815, he sank into his last sleep, without a struggle or a groan. "He was sitting in bed exactly as I had left him," says his daughter. "Not a thread that was near him had been disturbed. I remember his fixed eyes, and his pale serene countenance. I kissed his warm forehead, but I know not what I said."

"My father was nearly five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active; a little inclined to corpulence, which did not diminish till within four or five months of his death. From this period he gradually became thin. His countenance was expressive of sense, resolution, and calmness; though when irritated or animated he had a very keen eye. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features, or make a wrinkle in his face."

## THE LIFE OF GEORGE THOMAS.

I REMEMBER that, in the days of my boyhood (alas ! half a century has passed away since that period ! ) I was exceedingly amused, by seeing, in a shop window in Holborn, not far from Hatton Garden, an invitation to all “spirited young men,” who were eager to acquire riches and honour. The shop was kept as an office by one of those respectable persons, vulgarly called crimps, who enlisted recruits for the military service of the East India Company. The lure which he held out was written in a villanous hand, and with an utter contempt of straight lines, and of the rules of spelling ; but, if a reader were disposed to give credence to its statement, and could “screw his courage to the sticking-place,” it was not ill calculated to tempt him. The following were, verbatim et literatim, the contents of this seductive placard :—

“Cum all away to Ingee,  
 Yu’ll find I tel yu tru ;  
 Our captin maid his fortin thare,  
 And went the same as Yu.”

Whether the hero of this memoir was attracted to the East by such prospects as are here displayed is not related ; but, certainly, nowhere could a bold adventurer then find a more favourable scene of action than Hindostan, the petty and quarrelsome princes of which country were always desirous to avail themselves of European skill and valour.

George Thomas was born at Tipperary, in Ireland, about the year 1756. Of his early life nothing is known. His appearance in India, in 1781 or 1782, is the first incident which is recorded of his career. His station was at that time humble ; some accounts represent him as being quarter-master to a man of war, others affirm

that he was a mere common sailor. But, whichever was the case, his situation was not satisfactory to him. He was of an aspiring spirit, and doubtless felt that he was capable of acting in a loftier sphere than it was possible for him to reach in the narrow routine of naval service. It was not without reason that he cherished the consciousness of his powers. By his personal and mental qualities, he was well qualified to make his way through obstacles and dangers. He was of lofty stature, more than six feet in height, was proportionably strong, extremely active, of a sound constitution, and had an expressive and martial countenance. Though his mind had not been cultivated by education, it was acute and vigorous, prompt in emergencies, fertile in resources, and not susceptible of being depressed by disappointments or reverses.

Resolving to offer his talents to some of the native princes, Thomas quitted his ship at Madras, and penetrated into the interior. For some years he was employed among the Polygars of the southern Carnatic ; and is said also to have been a private soldier in the Nizam's army. But it was not for the purpose of vegetating in this obscure rank that he had thrown himself among strangers. He therefore determined to set out in search of a patron, who could better estimate his worth. In this quest he traversed the whole of central and part of Northern India, and, about the year 1787, arrived at Delhi.

In the Dooab, between sixty and seventy miles from Delhi, there was then a small principality, of which Sirdhanna was the capital. It had, several years before, been assigned as a jaghire, by the nabob, to Somroo, a German, whose name is infamously celebrated in the annals of British India, for his massacre of two hundred English prisoners at Patna, in 1763, when he was in the service of Meer Cossim Ali Khan. On the death of this monster, which took place in 1766, the nabob allowed his widow,

the Begum Somroo, to retain the jaghire, on condition of her keeping up three battalions of infantry for the protection of the province.

A commission in the Begum's military force was offered to Thomas, and he accepted it. He had not been long in his new station before she saw his merit, and raised him to an important command. He justified, by his activity and zeal, the preference which she had manifested; he obtained several brilliant successes over the Seiks and other enemies of the Begum, placed her authority on a respectable footing, and augmented her revenue. As a reward, she gave him her adopted daughter to wife, and made him, for some years, her chief adviser and counsellor.

His regard for the interests of the Begum proved the cause of his downfall. She was of lavish habits, and, as these made her expenses exceed her income, he wished to bring about a reform. About her were some French officers, who, although they were useless, were maintained at a heavy cost. These hangers-on he was desirous to have dismissed. Their hatred of him was thus excited; and, while he was absent on an expedition against the Seiks, they took the opportunity of poisoning her mind, by persuading her that his reason for discarding them was, that he looked upon them as obstacles to a plan which he had formed for depriving her of her dominions. The credulous Begum believed them, and Thomas indignantly threw up his command, and retired, in the autumn of 1792, to Anopsheer, one of the frontier stations of the British army.

At Anopsheer Thomas remained for a few months, waiting for overtures from some of the native princes. Early in 1793, his services were sought for by Appakandarow, a Mahratta chieftain, who had been dismissed from Scindia's employment, and against whom, in consequence of this reverse of fortune, several parts of his ter-



ritory had rebelled. Thomas joined Appakandarow with two hundred and fifty well tried cavalry, and was commissioned by him to raise a battalion, consisting of a hundred horse and a thousand foot. For their maintenance the Mahratta transferred to him three districts, which, for a long time past, had been in open and successful rebellion; so that Thomas had to conquer the country by which his troops were to be subsisted.

Before the business of war could be entered upon, political events rendered the presence of Appakandarow and Thomas necessary at Delhi. While they remained at Delhi Thomas increased his force to seven hundred men. But this augmentation of strength brought with it a consequence which might have proved fatal. Having as yet no regular funds to pay them, his undisciplined and predatory recruits broke out into mutiny, and plundered the neighbouring country. This gave rise to an angry altercation between the Mahratta and his auxiliary. The quarrel terminated to the advantage of Thomas, who received a sum of fourteen thousand rupees, and an assignment for the rest of his claims; the latter, however, was never fulfilled.

Matters being arranged at Delhi, Thomas began his march towards the Mewattee district, which contained the towns and villages whence he was to derive the means of subsisting and remunerating his troops. On his way thither he passed through a part of the Begum Somroo's territory, and he did not forget to levy contributions, as a punishment for her caprice and ingratitude. On reaching the town of Tejara, in the centre of the Mewattee districts, he found that the revolted zemindars were prepared for a vigorous opposition. Such was their audacity, that they assailed his camp in the night, and carried off a horse from the very middle of it. The next morning Thomas attacked them, and his centre, headed by himself, was on the point of gaining the victory, when his



right and left wing suddenly gave way, and fled with the utmost precipitation. Their example was contagious; the centre also took flight, and left him with only a handful of infantry and cavalry. By dint of strenuous exertions, he and his scanty party succeeded in extricating a nine-pounder from a water-course in which it had stuck; and from this they kept up such a tremendous fire of grape-shot, that the Mewattees retired to the shelter of the surrounding ravines. Having rallied the fugitives, he again offered battle to his antagonists, but they declined to accept it. Their loss, indeed, had been so heavy that, on the ensuing morning, they submitted to the payment of the accustomed dues, and the restoration of all the plunder which they had made. The submission of Tejara, and the destruction of several villages, extinguished the courage of the remaining revolvers in his district, and they yielded to his authority. He followed up this success by levying contributions on the hostile town of Behadurghur, defeating the zemindars of Mundaka, and carrying off from their town a valuable booty.

No sooner had he returned to Tejara than he was again summoned into action. A letter arrived from Appakandarow, in which that chief stated, that he was detained in the fort of Kotepootly by his mutinous troops; that an intrigue was carrying on to deliver him up to his enemy Gopaul Row; and that, having his family with him, and being distressed for provisions, he should be obliged to throw himself on the mercy of his adversaries, unless he were promptly succoured. A heavy rain was falling, and the day was far gone, when Thomas received the letter, yet he instantly put his men in motion. Though it continued to rain in torrents throughout that night, and the next twenty-four hours, he pursued his way, and encamped under the walls of the fort before daybreak on the third morning. In one important point

the badness of the weather had been favourable to him ; it had prevented any knowledge of his movements from being obtained. He lost not a moment in opening a communication with the chief, and making arrangements for his quitting Kotepootly ; and so secretly did he keep his plans, that the mutineers remained in ignorance upon the subject till he had Appakandarow and his family safe in the midst of his forces. On recovering from their surprise, they pursued the rescuers ; but Thomas displayed so much resolution, that they found it prudent to retreat ; and he conveyed his patron in safety to the fortress of Kanoond.

For this eminent service Appakandarow adopted him as his son, gave him three thousand rupees to purchase an elephant and palanquin befitting his station, directed him to add to his division two hundred horse and as many foot, and made over to him, in perpetuity, the districts of Jiggur, Byree, Mandoté, and Phatoda, which yielded an annual revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand rupees.

Appakandarow now despatched his adopted son to bring into order the remaining districts of the Mewattee country. The presence of an active and intelligent officer was, indeed, indispensably necessary. Gunga Bishen, a principal zemindar, who was of a tribe which could bring fourteen thousand men into the field, had not only rebelled, but had also offered to surrender up the district to Scindia, and had laboured to anger him against the Chief, by stating that the revenue was much larger than Appakandarow had represented it to be to Scindia, who was his lord paramount. Thomas was despatched against this rebel, who, on his treachery being discovered, had fled into the mountains, and shut himself up in a fort, which was difficult of approach. The movements of Thomas were so rapid and secret, that he appeared suddenly before the place, and, by means of a

stratagem, succeeded in making prisoner of Gunga Bishen. But the fort was still held by Gunga's nephew, with a garrison of a thousand men, and an ample supply of ammunition and stores; water alone was scarce, and none was obtainable within a distance of two miles.

To shut out all hope of succour or escape, Thomas established a strict blockade, and constructed a chain of redoubts round the fort. While he was thus engaged, he had a narrow escape for his life. "Having retired to snatch an hour of rest and refreshment from the toils of the preceding day, he was suddenly awakened in the night by the noise and shouts of the enemy. Repairing to an eminence in the neighbourhood, he had the mortification to perceive that his men had given way, and the enemy were become masters of a newly-finished redoubt, together with the arms and ammunition which it contained. To add to his distress, he perceived a party advancing to the place where he stood, unarmed and defenceless (the hurry of his being awoke not giving him time to secure either pistols or fire-arms): fortunately, however, for him, a faithful servant had followed him with his sword, which taking from the man's hand, he prepared for his defence.

"From various quarters spears were thrown, and matchlocks fired at him, but without effect. Perceiving a stand of colours which his own men had left behind, he stooped to pick them up, which the enemy observing, concluded by the motion of his body that he had been wounded; they rushed upon him in numbers, and wounded him in several places. This compelled him to relinquish the colours and attack the enemy, whom he soon obliged to retreat. He then ascended an eminence, in order to discover, if possible, the direction his own troops had taken in their pusillanimous flight, but in vain. Faint from the wounds he had received in the late encounter, he now retired within his trenches, and got them dressed."

This siege was attended with great hardships to the besieging force. As long as the grain continued on the ground, supplies could be obtained from the adjacent country ; but, after the harvest was got in, a scarcity of provisions ensued. The duty was rendered severe by the length of the blockading line, which made it necessary to be perpetually on the alert. The season, too, was so severe that Thomas sold his own horses to procure blankets for his men. There was but one tent in the camp ; it was his own ; and he converted it into a hospital for the sick and wounded. He, nevertheless, persisted in his enterprise, and finally triumphed. Two mines having been sprung with considerable effect, and there being no hope of relief, or means of retreating, the garrison capitulated.

Though Gunga Bishen was overcome, he did not fall unavenged. His representations seem to have produced their intended effect upon Scindia. That prince having appointed a new lieutenant-general of his Hindoostance possessions, in the place of Gopaul Row, Appakandarow visited the camp of the recently arrived commander, in order to pay his respects to him. There he was detained, under pretext that he owed a large arrear of tribute to his paramount lord, and was informed that he must remain a prisoner till the debt was discharged. To raise the money he was compelled to mortgage the most valuable portion of his territory to Bappoo Farnavese, and likewise to engage for the payment of the troops which Bappoo must employ in the collection of the revenue. Among the districts which Appakandarow was compelled to mortgage, were three in the Mewattee country, which had been assigned to Thomas. This was a heavy loss to the brave adventurer ; but he did not repine, or cast blame upon his employer. On the contrary, when, at a subsequent period, he was speaking of this event, he generously said, "I had no cause for complaint when my principal himself was ruined."

The compulsory mortgage of a part of his possessions was not the sole evil which Appakandarow had to endure, in consequence of Scindia's demand upon him. As soon as the zemindars of his remaining domains heard that he was in durance, they broke out into rebellion against his authority. Thomas was now sent, with only eight hundred men, to reduce them to obedience. The service was fraught with difficulty and danger; and his force would have been inadequate to accomplish it, had not his rapidity of movement, and his daring courage, made up for his deficiency of numbers. In a very short time, he captured several of the principal places by assault; his onset being sometimes made by day, and sometimes by night.

Among the forts taken by storm was that of Byree. His situation in that contest was one of extreme peril. "In the fort," says he, "exclusive of the garrison, were three hundred rajepoots and jauts. These had been hired for the express purpose of defending the place, and it was here I was in the most imminent danger of losing the whole of my party. We had stormed the fort, and were beaten back with loss; one of my sirdars was wounded, and from the confusion that occurred, was left behind in the hands of the enemy; the danger was every moment increasing, the town was on fire in several parts, and our retreat nearly cut off by the flames that surrounded us.

"In this situation we had the additional mortification to see the merciless enemy seize on the wounded officer, and, with savage barbarity, precipitate him into the fire. Equally animated as enraged by this spectacle, my troops now rushed forward to the attack, with an ardour that was irresistible. Having gained entire possession of the fort, the soldiers, with clamorous expressions of revenge, insisted on the death of every one of the garrison that remained, and I was not inclined to refuse; but it cost

us dear, the enemy, to a man, making a brave resistance. This contest was continued so long as to afford time to those who had retreated to return; by this means we were again engaged, and at one time almost overpowered; but, receiving a reinforcement of our own party, the enemy, by slow degrees, began again to retreat, which they effected. I pursued with the cavalry: the enemy once more made a stand in the jungles adjoining the town; when, after a second desperate conflict, they gave way on all sides, and most of them were cut to pieces."

It was natural to suppose, that the zeal which Thomas had displayed in the cause of Appakandarow would have made that prince unalterably his friend. The maxim of "Put not thy trust in princes" applies with peculiar force to the princes of oriental climes. The chief wrote to his successful officer, declaring that, in consequence of the dilapidated state of his finances, he could no longer employ him, and he must therefore disband his followers. To this notification Thomas promptly replied that such a measure was out of the question, it being impossible to dismiss his men without the previous payment of their arrears. He then marched in search of his ungrateful master. When they came face to face, Appakandarow changed his tone, and pleaded that Scindia's lieutenant-general considered him as a dangerous person, and had required his dismissal. But, when Thomas had a conference with the lieutenant-general, that officer disclaimed the sentiments which were attributed to him; and, as a proof of his sincerity and respect, offered to give him immediately the command of two thousand men in the service of Scindia. In spite of his disclaimer, it is, nevertheless, probable that he had really said that which was ascribed to him, and that he was impelled to do so by the desire of obtaining for his master a gallant, skilful, and trustworthy officer.



Disgusted as Thomas was at the duplicity of Appakandarow, he considered himself as under obligations to the chief, and therefore could not resolve to abandon him, while his affairs were in their present critical situation. Rebellion was not yet entirely quelled in the country, and to quit him at this moment would, in all probability, consign him to ruin. Appakandarow seems, on second thoughts, to have been of the same opinion, for he condescended to make excuses for his recent conduct. Harmony was apparently restored between them, and Thomas consequently declined to accept the tempting offer which was made to him by the lieutenant of Scindia.

As Thomas was on the point of marching to the districts which required his presence to restore order, he was stopped by a request from Scindia's officer, that he would lend his assistance to reduce a fort which had refused to pay the customary tribute. With the consent of Appakandarow, he complied, and joined his force with that of the Mahratta general. When, however, they came before the place, his troops, who were six months in arrears, refused to fight until their claims were satisfied. In this emergency, he sacrificed his own property to meet their demands, and thus brought them back to their duty. After several sharp skirmishes the siege was commenced. Before the second parallel could be opened, it was necessary to wrest a strong redoubt from the enemy. This work was of such a formidable aspect, that none of the Mahratta leaders could be prevailed upon to undertake the assault. On the following day, however, of his own accord, Thomas, seeing that the enemy were for a moment off their guard, availed himself of this opportunity to storm the redoubt. Well knowing its importance, the besieged made repeated and desperate attempts to regain it, in all of which they failed. The conqueror held his prize tenaciously till his friends reinforced him, and he then fortified it in such a

manner as to render it impregnable. The second parallel was now pushed rapidly forward. Perceiving that further resistance would only lead to destruction, the commandant of the fortress opened a negotiation, and finally agreed to ransom the place by the payment of two hundred thousand rupees.

Having received from the ransom a sum sufficient to cover the expenses he had incurred, Thomas directed his march to his own turbulent districts. Order was soon restored in that quarter by his incessant activity and vigilance. Having accomplished this, he formed his men into a regiment, consisting of two battalions; with one of these he remained stationary at the central post of Jyjur, the other he despatched to collect the revenues of the country.

Tranquillity had hardly been re-established in these districts before he was threatened with hostilities from another quarter. It has, somewhat too strongly, been said, that they who have done injuries never forgive the injured. In many cases, however, the maxim certainly holds good. The Begum Somroo had repaid his services with ingratitude, and she now determined to add a second wrong to the first, by making an attack upon him. To this measure Thomas believed her to have been partly stimulated by one of her officers, named Levasso, who had always been his deadly foe, and whom she had recently married. Her military force consisted of four battalions of infantry, about four hundred cavalry, and twenty pieces of artillery; and with this force she encamped about thirty miles to the south-east of Jyjur, the place at which he resided. To oppose her progress, he had two thousand foot, five hundred irregulars, four hundred horse, and ten pieces of cannon. But dissensions which broke out in her camp averted from him the necessity of risking the chances of war. These dissensions ended in the death of her husband, her own deposi-



tion and imprisonment, and the transfer of the government to Zuffur Yub Khan, a son of the late Somroo by a former wife.

While these events were taking place, Appakandarow had intrigued so successfully that he had brought Bappoo Farnavese and Luckwa, the lieutenant of Scindia, into a state of enmity with each other. The moment he was convinced that Bappoo could expect no help from Luckwa, he determined to rescue the districts which he had been compelled to mortgage; and he accordingly despatched written orders to Thomas, to dismiss the collectors whom Bappoo had appointed, and reinstate his own. Thomas carried these orders into effect; not, however, without a hard struggle, and much loss of life, as Bappoo had an army of three thousand men. In his interview with Appakandarow, after the business was completed, the chief was lavish in his expressions of satisfaction and gratitude, and, as a proof of his sentiments, presented him with an elephant, a palanquin, shawls, and various articles of value.

This favourable aspect of affairs speedily underwent a change. Three days after their meeting, Appakandarow sent to require Thomas to deliver up to him a Brahmin, who had been in the service of Bappoo, and from whom the chief intended, under false pretences, to extort a large sum of money. This man had mainly contributed to bring about the surrender of the fort of Narnoul, and had stipulated that, in return, his life and property should be secured. It was in vain that Thomas urged the terms which he had granted to the Brahmin, and referred to the chief's own instructions, which authorised their being granted. Appakandarow obstinately persisted in his iniquitous demand; Thomas as firmly refused to comply with it; and both parties separated in anger.

“A few days after this altercation, Appa sent a mes-

sage to Mr. Thomas, desiring his attendance in the town. He went thither. On his arrival at the house, he was informed by the servants that Appa was unable to come down. Mr. Thomas, unwilling to give any cause of offence, ordered the soldiers who had accompanied him to remain below; and ascending by himself, was, by a person on whose attachment he could rely, introduced into his apartment: to his no small surprise, that chief appeared in perfect health; but of this Mr. Thomas took no notice. The discourse concerning the Brahmin was renewed; and shortly after, Appa, rising from his seat, told Mr. Thomas he intended taking a slight repast, and would then return. Scarcely had he quitted the room in which they sat, before Mr. Thomas was surprised by the appearance of several armed men. He now began to suspect some treacherous attempt upon his person might be intended; but with that presence of mind which on trying occasions never forsook him, he continued firm on his seat, convinced that if on this occasion he had retired it would have afforded matter of triumph to his enemies.

“In this situation he remained until Appa returned to an adjoining room; from thence he sent Mr. Thomas a written order immediately to deliver up the person in question. Mr. Thomas, perceiving matters were advancing to a crisis, and preferring death to dishonour, rose from his seat, and resolutely told the person who had delivered the order that he would never perform what was required; without further discussion he entered the apartment of Appa, his sword being in his hand, but as yet undrawn; the Mahratta chief, on Mr. Thomas's approach, appeared hesitating, and as if he was uncertain how to act; Mr. Thomas, perceiving his confusion, took this opportunity of paying him the customary compliment, and retiring unmolested, though fully determined to visit him no more.”

Indignant at being thus treated, Thomas, on his return to the camp, despatched a messenger to inform Appakandarow that he would no longer serve one who could be guilty of such dishonourable conduct. His men, too, irritated by the gross insult offered to a leader whom they respected, unanimously declared that they would fight no more for the Mahratta chieftain. This spirited resolution brought Appakandarow to his senses. He hastened to send excuses, and, the next day, visited the camp, gave up the point for which he had contended, and succeeded in making his peace.

Thomas now marched to the Mewattee country, to collect the tribute which was become due. On his arrival, he found the whole of the country in a disturbed state, there being perpetual quarrels between his employer's collector and those who were appointed by the Mahratta commander. By a proper mixture of conciliation and chastisement, he at length restored order. In one instance, he was compelled to storm a fort; and this circumstance led to another dispute with Appakandarow. Among the booty taken were several pieces of cannon. These the chief thought proper to claim; but Thomas strenuously insisted that they were the property of the captors. The contention on this point rose to such a height, that the Mahratta chieftain, or some of his ministers, had recourse to a hazardous and unjustifiable measure. It was now the time of the annual pilgrimage to Hurdwar, which is performed by myriads of devotees from every quarter of Hindostan. Among those who were on their way thither was a large body of Ghosseins. To these men Appakandarow offered a bribe of ten thousand rupees, to attack Thomas by surprise in his camp. Thomas, however, obtained a knowledge of this plan, and did not wait for it to be executed. He fell upon the Ghosseins while they were approaching, routed them with great slaughter, and so completely terrified them, that they

did not think themselves safe from him till they had crossed the Jumna.

This treacherous proceeding naturally called forth the severest language from the person who was intended to have been its victim. "As, however, a Mahratta is seldom at a loss for an excuse, Appa, in answer to these charges, replied, that his own inability to attend to business (being confined to bed) had occasioned those who had undertaken to manage his concerns to act in a manner so unworthy; that a dangerous disorder, with which he had been long afflicted, was growing worse every day; and that he wished much for a personal interview with Mr. Thomas before his death. In this letter Appakandarow farther urged, that the person whom he intended for his successor being young and inexperienced, he wished to avail himself of the benefit of Mr. Thomas's counsel, Appakandarow being, from experience, well convinced no other person would be equally interested with the welfare of his family. Finally, he assured Mr. Thomas, that in the proposed interview he would not only clear himself from the aspersions of treachery, but arrange everything to their mutual satisfaction and advantage."

This conciliating language and invitation considerably embarrassed Thomas as to the manner in which he should act. It was true that the health of the chief was rapidly declining; and it was therefore probable that recently his counsellors might have been more to blame than he was, besides which, it was difficult to refuse a request which was so earnestly urged by so powerful a man; but, on the other hand, if treachery were intended to him, his visit might place his life in jeopardy. While he was doubting and hesitating, he was relieved by the intelligence that a formidable body of Seiks had made an irruption into the Dooab, had cut to pieces some battalions of the Mahratta troops, and were devastating the

whole country in the neighbourhood of Seheraunpore. The province which the Seiks were ravaging did not belong to Appakandarow, but his own dominions bordered upon it, and he had no doubt that they would soon become the theatre of the Seik depredations. He therefore ordered Thomas to march rapidly, with all the force he could muster, and give battle to the spoilers, wherever he might chance to meet them. Thomas promptly obeyed; he crossed the Jumna, to the northward of Delhi, and pushed forward without losing a moment. But the very news of his coming was sufficient to daunt them. They had already felt his prowess in the field, and were not inclined to make a fresh trial of it. They therefore precipitately evacuated the province which they had been overrunning, and made the best of their way back to their own territory.

Their hasty flight, occasioned by the mere terror of his name, proved exceedingly beneficial to Thomas. Luckwa, the commander of the Mahrattas, was so delighted with the effect produced by the subject of this memoir, that he prevailed upon Appakandarow to consent to his general raising a body of troops for the protection of the province of Seheraunpore. Thomas was accordingly authorised to levy, for that purpose, two thousand foot and two hundred horse, with sixteen pieces of artillery; and the districts of Paniput, Soneput, and Kurnaul were assigned to him, for the payment and subsistence of this auxiliary force.

At this period, Thomas was supplicated for assistance by one who certainly had no claim to his commiseration. Since her deposition, the Begum Sumroo had been kept in close imprisonment, and she now implored him to come to her rescue. She was, she said, in hourly dread of being poisoned, or otherwise made away with. She could look for help to him alone, and she was willing to pay any sum of money which the Mahrattas might

demand, on condition that they would reinstate her in her jaghire. Thomas was not deaf to her appeal. By an offer of a hundred and twenty thousand rupees, he induced Bappoo, a Mahratta general, to make a movement upon Sirdhanna, her capital, while he himself, with his whole force, marched towards that place. This combined operation was successful; the son of Sumroo was expelled, and the Begum's authority was fully re-established. This exploit was not accomplished without peril to Thomas, who, having advanced with only a few horse, was, for a moment, in a critical situation among his enemies, from which he was fortunately extricated by the arrival of four hundred of his infantry.

The governor of Samli, a large town in the province of Seheraunpore, having betrayed to the Seiks the defenceless state of the upper provinces, and invited them to undertake the late invasion, Thomas was despatched to punish him. After a fatiguing march of nearly fifty miles in one day, Thomas defeated the governor, and drove him into the town, which he carried, on the same evening, by storm. He then marched to assist Bappoo, who was besieging the strong fortress of Lucknowty. The commandant immediately came to a parley with him, which ended in the surrender of the place. While Thomas was thus occupied, Appakandarow wrote to him, stating that his pangs, from long-continued illness, were become intolerable; that he had lost all hopes of recovery; that he was, therefore, on his way to the Ganges, to terminate his sufferings by a voluntary death; and that he requested Thomas would come and see him once more before the scene was closed for ever. Thomas set out on his journey; but he had not gone far before he received the melancholy tidings that, unable to hold out till he could reach the Ganges, Appakandarow had buried all his sorrows beneath the waters of the Jumna.

Faulty as the deceased chief had been, his death was prejudicial to Thomas. His nephew and successor, Vavon Row, was a vain, inexperienced, and, of course, easily misled young man. The first act of this new ruler was a demand upon Thomas, to give up the districts which had been assigned to him for his services. With this unjust demand Thomas refused to comply ; but, as a testimony of his wish to be on friendly terms with Vavon, he agreed to pay a sum of money, on condition of being left unmolested. Vavon, however, was inflexible ; he had recourse to arms, and began by seizing the village and fort of Khussollee. Thomas marched against him ; but, still hoping that a reconciliation might be effected, he ordered his troops to forbear from hostilities. His moderation was thrown away. The daily insults offered by the enemy's troops drove him at length to attack them. They were utterly routed, and the fugitives took refuge in the fort, which, by means of a few well-directed volleys of red-hot shot, they were compelled to surrender at discretion.

Foiled in his purpose, Vavon expressed a desire to negotiate. The parties were to hold their conference at Kanoond ; but the interview did not take place, for Vavon, who pretended to fear treachery, would not quit the fort, and Thomas, who knew him to be treacherous, was too prudent to enter it.

While they were in this state of mutual repulsion, Thomas received intelligence that the Seiks had invaded his northern districts ; they were equally eager to obtain plunder and to wipe off the disgrace of their recent panic. Leaving behind him a sufficient force to hold Vavon in check, he marched in search of the enemy. He found the invaders near Kurnaul, and attacked them without hesitation. Four sanguinary encounters ensued in rapid succession ; and though he lost five hundred men, the loss of the Seiks amounted to double that number. Finding



that little more than hard blows was likely to be gained by the enterprise, the Seiks concluded a treaty with him, by which they agreed to withdraw their forces into their own dominions. He then hastened to Jyjur, and compelled Vavon Row to raise the siege of that place ; after which he laid under contribution the district of Daderee, which belonged to Cashmiree Ballee, a man whom he knew to have been the prime instigator of all Vavon's unprovoked hostilities.

A misunderstanding which now arose between Thomas and Bappoo, the Mahratta general, and which, in revenge for their defeats, was fostered by the Seiks, led at last to a battle, in which the Mahratta leader was worsted. Thomas afterwards forced the passage of the Jumna, in spite of a strenuous opposition. In his retrograde march he was followed by Bappoo's army, which had been reinforced by the troops of the ingrate Begum Sumroo, and those of the governor of Delhi. Again he gave battle, and was victorious. This success enabled him to reach Paniput without further difficulty. His army was, however, so much weakened, that he was obliged, for the present, to relinquish his outlying posts, and concentrate his strength at Jyjur. Fortunately, he was relieved from all fear of annoyance in another quarter, which had lately demanded much of his attention. He effected a reconciliation with Vavon Row ; and, as a proof that he had dismissed all animosity against him, he reduced to obedience several of that chieftain's refractory zemindars, and chastised a predatory tribe, called the Meenas, which had made an incursion into Vavon's territories.

Hitherto, the districts held by Thomas had been only unstable possessions, granted for military service, and which, as we have seen, were liable to be abruptly resumed, according to the convenience or caprice of the grantor. A tenure so frail, and the dependence which

was connected with it, were by no means agreeable to Thomas. About the middle of the year 1793, he therefore determined to execute the daring scheme which he had much meditated, of creating an independent principality for himself. "The district which he selected for the foundation of his new state was that of Hurrianah, which lies about ninety miles to the north-west of Delhi, and is fertile in grain and pasturage. It had long been a sort of no man's land ; it had no regular government, and its inhabitants were often overrun by their neighbours, and often heavily retaliated upon them. Little could be said in praise of the natives ; they were brave and expert in arms, but cruel, treacherous, and vindictive ; and in their domestic quarrels, did not scruple to kill their antagonists upon the most trivial provocation.

As water is scarce in that part of India during the dry season, Thomas postponed his operations till the setting in of the rains. In the mean while, he reinforced his army, and provided it with everything which could contribute to its success. He began the campaign by attacking the town and fort of Kanhoree, the inhabitants of which were notorious for their depredatory habits. Here were collected together the best and bravest men of Hurrianah. This he soon discovered to his cost. On leading his troops to the assault, he was repulsed with very severe loss. The constant rain prevented him from erecting batteries, and he was obliged to confine himself, for the moment, to a close blockade. The garrison, which was straitened for provisions, made frequent and spirited sallies. In one of these, they were near putting an end to his dreams of greatness. The redoubt which he himself occupied being assailed by them, the greatest part of his men were seized with a panic, and ran away. There remained with him only a few horsemen, and five of the infantry, to whom had been allotted the particular care of his fire-arms, consisting of pistols and blunder-

busses of a large size. With this scanty aid he held the post for a considerable time, in spite of all the enemy's efforts; and, at length, by repeated and well-directed discharges, compelled them to take flight. In the course of a few days, the weather became favourable, and he erected a battery, from which he fired with such effect as to prostrate a large portion of the wall. He now prepared for an assault, but the garrison had lost its spirit, and would not venture to stand an onset; availing itself of the darkness, it abandoned the place.

Though the reduction of Kanhoree had been a matter of difficulty, it amply repaid the labour. Discouraged by the defeat of their choicest warriors, the natives in the south of the province made only a faint resistance, and all that part of the country was soon in his possession. To master the north-western quarter, and extend his authority as far as the river Cauggur, was a more arduous task. It was, nevertheless, finally accomplished. The territory of which he thus became the ruler was of an oval shape, stretching, in various directions, from between thirty and forty miles to between forty and fifty, containing more than two hundred and fifty villages, and yielding a revenue of nearly three hundred thousand rupees, but capable of being more than quadrupled in amount. The districts which he held from the Mah-rattas were about half of this extent and value.

Thomas fixed the seat of his government at Hansi, nearly in the centre of his acquisitions. This town is advantageously situated on a hill, and is plentifully supplied with water, from several wells within the fort. Around it no water is procurable for some miles; so that to form the siege of it is almost impracticable, except during the periodical rains. "Here I established my capital," says Thomas, "rebuilt the walls of the city, long since fallen into decay, and repaired the fortifications. As it had long been deserted, at first I found

difficulty in procuring inhabitants; but by degrees and gentle treatment I collected between five and six thousand persons, to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence.

“I established a mint, and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country. As, from the commencement of my career at Jyjur, I had resolved to establish an independency, I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds, and I now judged that nothing but force of arms could maintain me in my authority. I therefore increased their numbers, cast my own artillery; commenced making muskets, matchlocks, and powder; and, in short, made the best preparations for carrying on an offensive and defensive war; till at length, having gained a capital and a country bordering on the Seik territories, I wished to put myself in a capacity, when a favourable opportunity should offer, of attempting the conquest of the Punjaub, and planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock.”

Wide as the limits of the Punjaub were, they were too scanty to bound the growing ambition of the fortunate adventurer. As a preliminary to the invasion of that country, he resolved upon an expedition of gigantic magnitude. “When fixed in his residence at Hansi (says Captain Franklin), he first conceived, and would, if unforeseen and untoward circumstances had not occurred, have executed, the bold design of extending his conquests to the mouths of the Indus. This was to have been effected by a fleet of boats (constructed from timber procured in the forests near the city of Ferosepoor, on the banks of the Sutledge river) proceeding down that river with his army, and settling the countries he might subdue on his route; a daring enterprise, and conceived in the true spirit of an ancient Roman. On the conclusion of this design, it was his intention to turn his arms against the Punjaub, which he expected to reduce in the course of a couple of years; and which,

considering the wealth he would have acquired, and the resources he possessed, these successes combined would doubtless have contributed to establish his authority on a firm and solid basis."

"Apprehensive, however, of the ultimate success of his arms, when he considered the number and strength of his enemies, Mr. Thomas, about the time he was occupied in the contemplation of the afore-mentioned plan, made an offer of his service to the British government; which, though circumstances of political consideration might not have inclined government to adopt, is nevertheless sufficient to present a correct idea of the enterprising spirit of the man. Having offered to advance and take possession of the Punjaub, and give up his army to the direction and control of the English; to take the country, and, in short, to become an active partisan in their cause; he thus, in a patriotic and truly loyal strain, concludes his remarks on the interesting subject. 'By this plan (says he) I have nothing in view but the welfare of my king and country. It could not be concerted soon enough to be of any use in the approaching conflict (his dispute with the Mahrattas); therefore, it is not to better myself that I have thought of it; I shall be sorry to see my conquests fall to the Mahrattas—I wish to give them to my king, and to serve him the remainder of my days, and this I can only do as a soldier in this part of the world.'"

Though, when he compared his own resources with those of his enemies, Thomas might occasionally feel transient misgivings as to his ultimate triumph, they did not for a moment make him pause in the career upon which he entered. Some of the means which he adopted to attain his purpose displayed humanity as well as policy. Not deeming it sufficient merely to amass the materials for carrying on a war, he endeavoured to win the gratitude and affection of his followers. With this

view he granted pensions to the widows and children, or nearest relations, of the soldiers who fell in his service. The payments were regularly made every six months, and the nearest relative, whether of private or officer, received the half-pay of the rank which was held by the deceased. These pensions amounted yearly to forty thousand rupees. The revenue derived from the Mah-ratta districts was the fund out of which they were paid; the remainder of that revenue was dedicated to the manufacture of cannon and arms, and the purchase of military stores.

Having ascertained, on reviewing his resources, that they were not yet adequate to carry his great plan into execution, Thomas, in order to recruit his treasury, was preparing, early in 1799, for an incursion into the hostile territory of Jypore. While he was thus occupied, he received letters from Vavon Row, who was about to undertake a similar expedition. Luckwa, the commander of all Scindia's forces to the north of the Nerbuddah, had directed him to invade Jypore, for the purpose of exacting tribute, and had promised him a portion of whatever he might collect. Vavon was extremely anxious that Thomas should join him on this occasion; but the latter hung back. Though he had intended to make a rapid foray into Jypore, he doubted the prudence of venturing into the country with a large army; as the numerous cavalry of the Jypore rajah would render it difficult to obtain the necessary supplies of forage and provisions. Besides, he did not believe that Luckwa would keep his word as to rewarding them with a part of the tribute. For these reasons, he laboured to dissuade Vavon from engaging in this enterprise. Vavon, however, was confident of success; and, as a deficiency of means to put his troops in motion was one of the causes assigned by Thomas for his reluctance to act with him, he offered to remove that obstacle, by furnishing him with the money



which was requisite for the purpose. This offer turned the scale in his favour.

The force which Vavon brought into the field consisted of a battalion of infantry, nine hundred cavalry, and six irregulars, with four pieces of artillery ; that of his English ally was twelve hundred infantry, ninety horse, three hundred Rohillas, two hundred men of the Hurrianah district, and fourteen pieces of cannon.

Having united their divisions at Kanoond, the two chiefs entered the Jypore country. The rajah was not yet ready to meet them ; and, consequently, for almost a month, they continued to levy the tribute without interruption. But they soon found that the rajah had delayed his vengeance only to make more sure of it. He got together no less than forty thousand men, chiefly Rajpoots, men always distinguished for their bravery, and with this formidable force he marched against the invaders, in full confidence of exterminating them. The latter were in an unpleasant predicament ; they had not been able to reduce any place from whence a supply of provisions could be drawn, and an army which outnumbered them tenfold was rapidly advancing against them. Vavon, whose rashness had pushed them into the heart of the country, now took fright, declared that resistance was impossible, advised his coadjutor to retreat, and told him that he must rely upon his own exertions for his safety. Thomas, however, by appealing to his fears, his interest, and his vanity, at length prevailed upon the Mahratta chieftain to run the risk of a battle. A retreat, with dispirited troops, in the face of a numerous and excellent cavalry, and without any magazines or posts to fall back upon, would, in fact, have been fraught with as much peril as a battle, without offering any of its possible advantages.

The first thing to be done before coming to blows with the enemy, was to procure a supply of grain for



the troops. To effect this, it was resolved to attack the city of Futtypoor, in the province of Ajmera. After a march of five-and-twenty miles, through a deep sand, which was generally above the ankles of his men, Thomas reached the place, and found that the inhabitants, who had been informed of their approach, were busily engaged in filling up the wells, to deprive his troops of water. Only one well remained open, of which he possessed himself, after a sharp skirmish with four hundred men. As the city was populous, and he was desirous to avoid an unnecessary effusion of blood, he proposed to treat with the inhabitants. Vavon Row, however, demanded such an enormous sum as a ransom, that the negotiation failed, and the town was carried by assault.

Scarcely had they become masters of the place, when intelligence arrived that the rajah was approaching. Thomas immediately covered the front and flanks of his camp by an abattis, composed of large thorn-trees, which grew in the neighbourhood; these were closely interwoven, and fastened together with ropes. To form entrenchments was impossible, the sandy soil being devoid of cohesion. In his rear was Futtypoor, which he fortified as well as the time and means would allow. A large supply of provisions was brought into the camp, and the wells were protected by batteries.

The enemy now came in sight, pitched their camp within three miles of the town, and pushed forward some cavalry and infantry, to clear out the wells in their front. Two days after their arrival, Thomas resolved to make a nocturnal attack upon their grand park of artillery. He marched with two battalions of infantry, his cavalry, and eight pieces of cannon, leaving behind him a battalion, with orders to fall upon the rajah's advanced party. His plan was frustrated by the breaking down of a tumbril, which retarded his progress; so that day had broken before he reached his destination,

and he then saw that the enemy were prepared to receive him. Seven thousand of them advanced against him ; but he assailed them so vigorously, that they were beaten back, and sustained considerable loss. He then filled up the wells, collected the horses and cattle which the fugitives had abandoned, and returned to his position.

The check which the rajah's force had received only stimulated him to revenge it. On the following morning, his whole army was seen advancing to give battle. The little confidence which could be placed in his Mahratta allies, who were terror-struck at sight of the numbers they had to cope with, compelled Thomas to station them in the rear, and to leave a part of his infantry, and four six-pounders, to guard the camp. With the remainder, consisting of no more than two battalions of foot, two hundred Rohillas, his cavalry, and ten pieces of cannon, he prepared to abide the rajah's onset.

The rajah's right wing, composed of the whole of the Rajpoot cavalry, was destined to attack the camp. So assured of success were the Rajpoots, that they laughed to scorn the idea of being for a moment impeded by "a few bushes ;" for such was their contemptuous description of the thorn-tree abattis. Four thousand Rohillas, three thousand Ghosseins, and six thousand irregular infantry, formed the left wing, which, with loud shouts, pushed forward to take possession of the city, the loss of which, by cutting off the supply of water, and also uncovering their rear, would have been of serious consequence to the invaders. The main body consisted of ten battalions of infantry, twenty-two pieces of cannon, and the rajah's body-guard, of sixteen hundred men, armed with matchlocks and sabres. At its head was the rajah's generalissimo.

The sight of the Rajpoot cavalry, advancing in compact order, so intimidated the Mahrattas, who were posted in the rear, that they sent to require a reinforce-

ment ; and, ill as he could spare it, Thomas was obliged to draw a detachment from the camp. He, at the same time, advanced with three guns, and five companies of infantry, to repel the hostile cavalry. By a well-contrived movement, he took possession of a very high sand-bank, in such a position that they were placed between two fires, his own and that of the camp, without being able to attack either his post or his camp. They were about to draw off, when, perceiving that his few cavalry were in an exposed situation, they made a dash at them, and did considerable mischief. They were, however, compelled to retreat by a volley and bayonet-charge from two companies of grenadiers. In the mean while, their first attempt on the city had been repulsed, with much loss on their side. They were now coming on again, reinforced by six pieces of cannon, when Thomas, who had disembarrassed himself of the Rajpoots, attacked them with so much vigour, that he forced them to a hasty retreat. Their main body had by this time become a confused mass. The generalissimo endeavoured to restore it to some order, and retrieve the fortune of the day, by a simultaneous charge upon the corps which Thomas commanded. He was badly seconded by his troops. They wavered, and then came to a stand ; and, at last, on Thomas opening a heavy fire of grape-shot, they began to fly. Thomas prepared to pursue them, and was joined by the Mahratta horse, who were quite ready to offer their services, now that they imagined they had only to kill and plunder. The English chief, who was busy in securing a couple of twenty-four pounders, which had been abandoned by the enemy, allowed them to advance. He soon found reason to repent his having done so. A large body of Rajpoots having come down to rescue the two guns, the cowardly Mahrattas immediately took to flight, broke through his left wing in their blind haste, and were closely followed

up by the Rajpoots, who fell upon the infantry, and made a terrible slaughter in their surprised and disunited ranks. Thomas was not able to rally more than a hundred and fifty of his followers, and with these and one gun, loaded to the muzzle, he waited for the Rajpoots. He reserved his fire till they were within forty yards, and then poured it upon them with tremendous effect. Two more discharges effectually cooled their courage, and drove them from the field. On this trying day, the result of which would have been decisive, but for the cowardice of the Mahrattas, the loss sustained by Thomas, in killed and wounded, was three hundred men ; that of the vanquished exceeded two thousand. A considerable booty, in horses and other valuable effects, fell into the hands of the victors.

The generalissimo now offered to negotiate, but Vavon Row insisted on being paid the expenses of the campaign, as a preliminary to a treaty. This was declined by the other party ; and, as Thomas suspected that the Rajah merely wished to gain time for the junction of reinforcements, he advised an immediate resumption of hostilities. But to this suggestion Vavon refused to assent. An offer of fifty thousand rupees, as the price of peace, was next made by the rajah. Vavon immediately rejected it ; he seemed equally as reluctant to come to terms as he was to fight. The rajah, meanwhile, was strengthened by large levies in his own territory, and by five thousand auxiliaries from the rajah of Bikaner. The difficulty of obtaining forage was becoming insurmountable by the invaders. As the Mahrattas were fit for nothing but pillaging, the labour of foraging fell upon Thomas's troops, who often had to seek for fodder at a distance of twenty miles, and were greatly harassed by the rajah's detached parties. In this posture of affairs, a retreat was absolutely needful. It was not accomplished without several skirmishes, and much suffering. On the

first day, the enemy attacked the retreating army with their whole force, and caused much confusion, till Thomas repulsed them, and restored order. Still they hung on the rear, and annoyed the invaders by desultory charges and showers of rockets. But the want of water was the most distressing circumstance. After a weary march of two days, the troops of the rajah ceased to hang upon their rear, and they completed the remainder of their retrograde movement with less of privation and toil. Thus ended the campaign against Jypore. But, though the army was under the necessity of withdrawing from the country, the invasion effected its purpose. Not deeming it prudent to expose his dominions to a second attack, the rajah offered Vavon Row a sum of money, to purchase peace, and his offer was accepted. Thomas had no share in this money ; but he managed to defray all his expenses, and to satisfy his troops for their arrears, by levying contributions in the Jypore province.

Having recruited his finances, and the ranks of his followers, Thomas resolved to punish the ruler of Bikaner, for the succour which he had afforded to the rajah of Jypore. The country of Bikaner is one of those districts of western India, the soil of which is only a light brown sand, retaining no moisture, and consequently would be uninhabitable for want of water, but for numerous wells, some of which are not less than three hundred feet in depth. He therefore chose the commencement of the rainy season to enter upon his operations, and providently supplied his army with a number of water-bags, that it might not suffer from a want of the needful element. As the rajah of Bikaner was deficient in artillery, and knew that he could not make a stand against his enemy in the field, he divided his infantry among the frontier towns. Jeitpore, garrisoned by three thousand men, was the first place which opposed

the progress of Thomas. It was carried by assault, after a desperate struggle. Its fall spread such terror among the enemy, that he met but with a feeble resistance during the rest of the campaign. The rajah had rendered himself hateful by his extortion and tyranny, and he was soon deserted by all his subjects, with the exception of a few Rajpoots. He was compelled to sue for peace; and his antagonist consented to grant it, on receiving two hundred thousand rupees. A part was paid on the spot; for the remainder, bills were given upon merchants in Jypore. These bills were ultimately dishonoured.

Luckwa having been superseded by Ambajee, as commander of the Mahratta forces north of the Nerbuddah, and thrown into prison, Thomas prepared to recover the districts which that chief had wrested from the deceased Appakandarow. He was, however, prevailed on to desist, on receiving the pergunnah of Badhli, which he united to his other acquisitions. He then led his army northward to besiege Jeind, a town belonging to Baut Sing, who had always been inveterately hostile to him. In an attempt to storm the place he was foiled, with the loss of four hundred men. He then formed a blockade; but, after having maintained it for three months, he was obliged to abandon it, in consequence of the arrival of an overwhelming host of Seiks, one of the most distinguished leaders of which was a sister of Sahib Sing, the rajah of Pattialah. Twice, in the course of his retreat to Hansi, he turned upon and vanquished his pursuers; and they were at length forced to sign a peace, which left each party in its original situation.

Luckwa had by this time escaped from prison, and assembled a large force, in an advantageous position, on the frontier of Oudipoor. As Ambajee was not strong enough to put down the revolter, he offered Thomas a monthly subsidy of fifty thousand rupees for his assistance. Thomas closed with these terms, and led his army



towards Oudipoor. This campaign was rendered painful and unsatisfactory, by the machinations of his enemies, and the treachery and cowardice of those with whom he was allied. M. Perron, a native of France, was now become the European commander of Scindia's troops, and he seems early to have cherished a hatred of the intrepid English adventurer, and determined to accomplish his overthrow on the first favourable opportunity. During Thomas's march towards the frontier, he had twice to quell a mutiny among his troops, which might have been fatal but for his determined courage. In the first instance he contented himself with dismissing the ring-leaders, in the second he was obliged to make a severe example of one of the most criminal. These disagreeable events were speedily followed by a heavy disappointment. Just as he was about to attack Luckwa with advantage, he was deserted by a battalion of his allies. Information was next received that Scindia had pardoned Luckwa, and that hostilities were to be discontinued. Thomas, however, declared, that "being employed by Ambajee for the express purpose of reducing the province of Mewar to his authority, he could consent to no terms in which the evacuation of that country by Luckwa was not a leading article." Negotiations ensued; and, having been gained by bribes, Ambajee's principal officers refused to act against Luckwa, and determined to fall back to the northern frontier. In this retreat, one of Ambajee's battalions was cut to pieces by Luckwa's army. Several minor actions took place, in which Thomas was usually successful; but his force was too much weakened to allow of his striking a decisive blow, and the majority of his allies were more ready to turn their backs than their faces towards the enemy. The soldiers of Ambajee were indeed uniformly unfortunate. In one instance, three battalions of them and a thousand Ghosseins, with six pieces of cannon, were surprised in a redoubt; the



battalions threw down their arms without firing a shot ; the Ghosseins fought bravely, and were all put to the sword. This disaster was followed by extensive desertion. The campaign was terminated by Perron forming a separate and private treaty with Luckwa, and threatening Ambajee with ruin if he refused to withdraw his troops from the province of Mewar. Thomas consequently directed his course towards his own country, and he reached it in safety, in spite of every effort which was made to intercept him by his late confederates and enemies. On his way, he levied contributions to the amount of two hundred thousand rupees. While he was absent, the district of Jyjur, and some of his other possessions, had been invaded by M. Perron. It was now deemed prudent to restore them ; and, as Thomas had reasons for not coming to a rupture with the Mahrattas, he prudently kept silence on the subject of their perfidious aggression.

The next campaign was opened by an incursion into the Punjaub, to punish the rajah of Pattialah, for having committed depredations in some of the districts belonging to Thomas, while the latter was absent in the preceding year. The rajah, however, was not disposed at present to run the risk of a contest ; he preferred ceding certain villages, and paying a sum of money, as a compensation for the mischief which he had done. The rajah of Bikaneer was the next object of attack. The English chieftain's cause of complaint against him was, that the rajah had fraudulently given him false bills on the merchants of Jypore. The opportunity for assailing him was a favourable one. He had recently obtained various advantages over the singular tribe called the Batties, and had taken and fortified Batnier, their capital, in which he had placed a large garrison. The frequent sallies and predatory excursions of this garrison, a considerable part of it being cavalry, proved such a thorn in

the side of the Batties, that they entertained thoughts of emigrating from their country altogether. When, however, Thomas appeared on the frontier of Bikaner, the chiefs of the Batties began to hope that such an extreme measure as that of emigration might be avoided. They accordingly offered him forty thousand rupees, to recover the town, and relieve them from their irksome situation. Thomas accepted their offer, and formed the siege of Batnier. He had effected a breach, and was about to storm the place, when the defenders thought proper to capitulate. He immediately restored his conquest to its original owners. Several other towns were subsequently taken, and various actions were fought, in which he was triumphant. These successes were dearly purchased, for his ranks were alarmingly thinned by his losses, and still more by the climate, which was exceedingly insalubrious. His situation was soon rendered more critical, by one of the most powerful of the Battie chiefs taking up arms against him. He baffled all the attempts of this new enemy ; but, as nothing more was to be gained, and something might be lost, by remaining in the country, he resolved to withdraw from it. In his way homeward, he captured and destroyed several towns which belonged to the Seiks.

On arriving in his own dominions, he found that it was necessary to restore order there, before he could prudently turn his attention to distant objects. Large arrears being due to him from his northern districts, he marched to enforce the payment of them. "In his route he punished a numerous and daring banditti, who had frequently annoyed him by their predatory attacks, and who, having been joined by numbers of the peasantry, who were in considerable force at the village of Seefana, now confident in their numbers, issued forth from their stronghold to give battle to Mr. Thomas on the plain. But their temerity proved their destruction ; for his

troops, after a desperate conflict, not only completely defeated the enemy by driving them off the plain, but followed so close at their heels as to enter the town along with the fugitives, where they killed and wounded upwards of seven hundred men. His own loss on this occasion was considerable ; but the capture of this place struck such terror throughout the country, that the remainder submitted without a struggle." Having collected the arrears, and levied heavy contributions on the districts of his neighbouring enemies, he returned in triumph to Hansi.

M. Perron was now busily intriguing to accomplish the destruction of the ruler of Hansi. At this period, "he despatched letters to Mr. Thomas, which he pretended to have received from the Paishwa, containing orders enjoining him to assist Luckwa, who was declared to be the protector of the family of the deceased Scindia, and directed to remain in the service of his widow. These letters Mr. Thomas knew to be forged, and was moreover well aware that Luckwa was at this time, as he had ever been, his declared and inveterate enemy, and on several occasions had endeavoured to overthrow his authority, by promising grants of his country in the Paishwa's name to other people." This stratagem was a clumsy one, as Thomas not only knew the letters to be forged, but knew, also, that Luckwa was once more a proscribed fugitive, and that the veracious M. Perron was but just returned from a fruitless pursuit of him. Had he unwarily made a movement in Luckwa's favour, it would have afforded a pretext for himself being attacked by the Mahrattas.

It was probably in consequence of machinations from the same quarter, that the territory possessed by Thomas was in a state of great disturbance. He now received the unwelcome tidings, that several of his districts, particularly those of Bulhalli, Sorani, Jumalpoore, and

Bhuwaul, were in actual rebellion, and had plundered of a large sum of money, and other valuable effects, the merchants who resorted to Hansi. As it was in the rainy season that the revolt broke out, it was necessary to put it down with all possible despatch, that the cultivation of the land might not be prevented. His first movement was made against Bulhalli. That town was garrisoned by three thousand men, of known courage, who were well armed, but had only a scanty stock of provisions. The latter circumstance, and the certainty that he must sustain much loss in making an assault, induced him to adopt the system of blockade. He therefore encircled the place by a chain of redoubts, well fortified, and supplied with artillery, in front of which was a continuous ditch, of the depth of twelve feet. The garrison made repeated sallies, which were always fruitless; the sallying parties being unable to penetrate over the ditch, and suffering terribly from the fire of the batteries, which they could neither answer nor avoid. Thirst was speedily added to the other evils which the besieged had to endure; for Thomas contrived to draw off the water from a neighbouring reservoir, leaving them no other resource than the bitter fluid in their wells, which was not slow in producing disease. Their neighbours of the town of Bhowanee several times ineffectually tried to throw in succours; and for this act of hostility Thomas retaliated, by making with his cavalry an inroad into their district, in which many of them were slain, and three thousand head of cattle were carried off. Worn out by famine and sickness, the garrison, which had lost two-thirds of its original number, at length consented to capitulate, and was allowed to depart, on paying thirty thousand rupees, and giving up the fort with all the property which it contained. This success was decisive as to the suppression of the rebellion.

Having put an end to the disturbances in his own country, and provided the requisite stores and artillery for a campaign, Thomas resumed his plans against the Seiks. The rajah of Pattialah, one of his bitterest enemies, was the first to feel his resentment. That chief was then besieging in her fort his own sister, whom, on a former occasion, we have seen leading into the field a band of Seiks against the English chieftain. But she had offended her brother by consenting to a treaty with Thomas, and he had become her inveterate foe. Thomas marched to relieve her, and his movement had the desired effect. As soon as the rajah heard of his adversary's approach, he raised the siege, and retired within the fortifications of Sonaum. Thomas was about to attack him there, when he was prevented by the rajah receiving a powerful reinforcement, led by Tarah Sing, his son-in-law. He therefore bent his course towards Bellud, a town with a numerous garrison, walls nine feet thick, and a ditch twenty feet deep. It was carried by assault; five hundred of its defenders were slain, and a heavy ransom was imposed upon the vanquished. To punish Tarah Sing for having thwarted his projects, Thomas bent his way to the large and populous town of Bhaut, which belonged to that chief, and was garrisoned by three thousand men. The town and the adjacent plain were commanded by a fort, with four bastions, bristling with cannon; the walls of this fort were twelve feet in thickness, and thirty in height. Two divisions, the one led by Thomas himself, the other by a gallant officer of the name of Hopkins, penetrated into the town, after a severe conflict, in which Hopkins was severely wounded. In the struggle the place was set on fire. A tremendous cannonade was all the while kept up from the fort. At this moment a body of hostile cavalry made its appearance on the outside of the town. This circumstance, the excessive heat of the flames, and the

continual volleys from the fort, staggered the assailants, and they seemed disposed to retreat. Thomas, however, reanimated their courage, by opportunely bringing up a six-pounder close to the gate of the fort, and almost demolishing the gate by repeated discharges. Seeing that a way was now opened for the entrance of their foes, the garrison gave up the contest, and ransomed their lives by the payment of fifty thousand rupees. The capture of Bhaut induced Tarah Sing to change sides; he became the ally of his opponent, agreed to pay him a sum of money, and sent a body of troops to join him, under the command of his nephew.

Anticipating the worst consequences if Thomas were not stopped in his career, several of the Seik chiefs now determined to form a general confederacy of their countrymen against him. Kurrum Sing, the ruler of Shahabad, and the rajah of Pattialah, were the first to unite their forces. The rajah gave his daughter in marriage to the son of Kurrum Sing; and, in return, his army was reinforced by five thousand men. By means of his spies Thomas was informed of all the schemes of his enemies; but he felt no dread of their threatened league, he being convinced that, even should they get together a numerous army, its movements would be rendered ineffectual by the discordant views and interests of its many leaders.

So little did Thomas fear his opponents, that he prepared to penetrate through their territories as far as the banks of the Sutledge. Extending along the southern bank of that river, there was a small independent state, the chief of which, Roy Kellaun by name, had died some time before this period, leaving his possessions to his son, Roy Elias. As Elias was quite a youth, the government was carried on by the Rannee, his mother. Since the death of her husband, she had already twice suffered much from Seik invasions; and, at this moment,

she was almost sinking under a third attack, which was headed by an artful impostor, who had acquired great influence among the Seiks, by pretending to the gift of prophecy, and falsely tracing his lineage from Naneck, their venerated founder and lawgiver. He had nearly made himself master of her country, and was besieging Loodheana. In this dilemma, the Rannee despatched a confidential servant, to solicit aid from Thomas; offering him a hundred thousand rupees for present assistance, and half that sum yearly, if he would guarantee her son from molestation. The messenger was soon followed, on the same errand, by the young rajah himself. Thomas had a spice of chivalrous feeling in his character; he was moved by the danger of the friendless princess, and the tender years and fallen condition of her son, and he resolved to succour them, though, by doing so, he would interrupt the prosecution of the plans which he had formed.

Hearing of the negotiation between the Rannee and the English chief, the besotted impostor sent him a letter, exaggerating his own force, declaring that he was on his march to attack him, and advising him, if he wished for quarter, to send an envoy to his camp. To this insolent gasconade Thomas replied, that "had he feared the power of the Seiks, he would not have penetrated thus far into the Punjaub; that he was accustomed to receive, and not to send envoys; and that if the impostor wished to live upon amicable terms, he must not only pay a sum of money, as others had been compelled to do, but likewise immediately evacuate the territories which he had so unjustly usurped from the infant rajah.

Reinforced by troops from Pattialah and other quarters, and burning with rage, the impostor advanced towards his antagonist. But his courage evaporated as soon as he heard that Thomas was marching to attack him; he turned his back; and so greatly was the speed of himself



and his followers quickened by their fears, that they evacuated all their posts faster than their pursuers could move onward to seize them. Thomas, however, kept closely upon the heels of his flying foes, and in one instance so nearly came up with them, that he found the impostor's bed, palankeen, tent, and baggage, which had just been abandoned. The character of the impostor was destroyed by this dastardly flight, and he was thenceforth disabled from exciting any disturbance. The Rannee and her son were reinstated in their rights; the most active of the rebels were seized; and in a short time the rajah's authority was completely re-established.

At the earnest entreaties of the Rannee and her son, Thomas remained for a while on their frontier to protect them; but, at length, his ammunition beginning to fail, he found it necessary to commence his march towards Hansi. For some time before his departure, the combined forces of several of the Seik chiefs had also been carrying on a desultory warfare against him, and striving to cut off his supplies. They now harassed him on his march, but without inflicting any serious injury, and he, in return, destroyed their villages as he passed along. It was, indeed, with satisfaction that he saw himself followed by their whole army, as the country of his youthful ally was thus freed, for the present, from their depredations. When he approached his own country, he resumed offensive warfare. He stormed the important fort of Kanhori, putting its defenders to the sword; and, as it was advantageously situated for a place of arms on his frontier, he repaired the fortifications, and stationed in it a numerous garrison. Terrified by the fate of Kanhori, Retora, another strong frontier town, threw open its gates when he appeared before it. The Seiks now drew off their army, and the same step was taken by Bappoo, a Mahratta general, who, by order of M. Perron, had invaded some of Thomas's districts.—

Thomas now levied contributions on his enemies, and attempted to storm the fort of Sefceday ; but he was repulsed with great loss. The enemy, however, abandoned the fort on the following day, and escaped into a neighbouring forest.

Either tired of playing a losing game, or, more probably, wishing to gain time to recover their strength, and quell some disturbances in their own districts, the Seiks now sent envoys to propose a peace. Thomas, who knew that M. Perron was taking the field to support them, readily consented to negotiate. The terms were highly favourable to him. It was agreed, that the Seiks should pay him one hundred and thirty-five thousand rupees, and relinquish all claim to the country of Roy Elias ; that certain districts should be ceded to him ; and that the rajah of Pattialah should be reconciled to his sister, indemnify her for her confiscated property, and, finally, keep in constant pay two battalions of infantry, which were to be stationed for the defence of the Punjaub frontier, as a mutual safeguard to either party.

“Thus ended,” says Thomas, “a campaign of seven months, in which I had been more successful than I could possibly have expected when I first took the field, with a force consisting of five thousand men and thirty-six pieces of cannon. I lost in killed, wounded, and disabled, nearly one-third of my force ; but the enemy lost five thousand persons of all descriptions. I realised nearly two hundred thousand rupees, exclusive of the pay of my army, and was to receive an additional one hundred thousand for the hostages which were delivered up. I explored the country, formed alliances, and, in short, was dictator in all the countries belonging to the Seiks south of the river Sutledge.”

Thomas had now reached the summit of his greatness, and was rapidly verging towards its decline. The year

1801 was destined to witness the subversion of that power which he had so indefatigably laboured to establish. He was pressed between two states, each of which had an interest in his destruction, and regarded him with a bitter hatred. The Seiks had already felt the stunning weight of his blows, and had cause enough to fear that they would fall heavier in future. The Mahrattas could not see, without anger and alarm, an independent principality founded by a man who had talents and courage capable of thwarting their projects, and who, perhaps, upon some critical occasion, might throw his sword into the scale, and give it a decisive preponderance against them. There was, however, this difference between the Seiks and the Mahrattas, that the former were desirous to annihilate him, while the latter would, for the present, have tolerated his existence, provided he would consent to become an instrument in their hands.

For wishing to obtain the assistance of so able a leader as Thomas, the Mahratta chief Scindia had, in fact, a sufficient reason, he being then engaged in a doubtful contest with Jesswunt Rao Holkar, his ancient foe. That, after he had turned the English chieftain's services to account, and no longer stood in need of them, he would have joined in bringing about his ruin, cannot for a moment be doubted—for treachery and ingratitude seem to form a part of the system of policy which is pursued by most of the princes of Asia. At present he eagerly sought for his friendship. He repeatedly sent letters to Thomas, importuning him to act, in conjunction with M. Perron, against those whom he described as their common enemies.

In answer to Scindia's solicitations, Thomas represented, that M. Perron and himself being the subjects of two countries which were at war with each other, no concert or cordiality could possibly exist between them; that he had a firm conviction that, as a Frenchman,

imbued with national enmity against him, M. Perron would always place his actions in the most unfavourable light ; and that a principle of honour forbade him from serving under the orders of a native of France ; but that if Scindia really wished to employ him for the good of the state, or his own benefit, he might bestow on him a separate command, under the control of a Mahratta general. “Should you,” said he, “think proper to appoint me to the management of operations, either offensive or defensive, in any part of the Deccan, Hindoostan, or Punjaub, I am ready and willing to undertake the charge, so soon as the necessary arrangements for the payment of my troops can be completed.”

It was doubtless at the suggestion of M. Perron, who had acquired great influence over him, that Scindia declined to accede to the request made by Thomas. The ground upon which he refused was, that by his compliance he would be establishing a prejudicial precedent. Perron himself, in his master's name, next desired to have an interview with the English chief. His desire was granted, and Behadur Ghur was appointed as the place of meeting. Already suspicious of M. Perron, his suspicions were strengthened by learning that the French general had lately put to death a Seik chief, of whose person he had possessed himself by treacherous means. To frustrate any similar machination against himself, he therefore wisely took with him three hundred cavalry, and two of his best battalions. Yet he was not wholly without hopes that his negotiation might have a favourable result, as Holkar had recently gained some advantages over Scindia. This illusion was quickly dispelled. In the second day's conference, a demand was abruptly made, that he should resign the district of Jyjur to the Mahrattas, receiving monthly, instead of it, fifty thousand rupees for the support of his troops, and that he should thenceforth be considered as the immediate ser-

vant of Scindia. Thomas saw through this scheme at the first glance. The intention was either to draw from him a refusal, or, in case of his compliance, to employ him against Holkar; after which, if that chief were vanquished, the man who had aided to vanquish him might be deprived of the monthly subsidy, and compelled to accept whatever terms the Mahrattas should think proper to impose. Indignant at being thus treated, he gave a peremptory dissent to the proposal, broke off the negotiation on the spot, and took his departure from Behadur Ghur.

It is probable that Scindia was originally sincere in his attempt to obtain the services of Thomas, and that he was diverted from his purpose by the French general, who feared a rival, and therefore persuaded his master that it was better to crush the British chief than to employ him. The proposal made by M. Perron was evidently intended to provoke a negative answer, and he had prepared everything for commencing operations upon that answer being given. It was, indeed, of paramount importance to act promptly against Thomas, as it was to be feared that, irritated by the conduct of Scindia and Perron, he would ally himself with Holkar. Perron was accordingly in a condition to take the field without a moment's delay. He was at the head of ten battalions of infantry, six thousand horse, and a body of Rohillas, and had sixty pieces of artillery; and, if circumstances should render it necessary, he could double his numbers. The Seiks were also about to send a numerous army to act in conjunction with him. But by far the most potent auxiliary of the Mahratta leaders was the spirit of revolt and treachery which, not unsuccessfully, they secretly laboured to excite among the subjects and soldiers of their antagonist.

To meet this formidable array, Thomas could put in motion only six thousand infantry, a thousand cavalry,

fifteen hundred Rohillas, and fifty pieces of cannon: about two thousand more men formed the garrisons of his forts. Yet, so confident was he in his good fortune, and the facility with which he was accustomed to find resources, that, previously to the commencement of the campaign, he declared, that, if his pecuniary means did not fail, he had no doubt whatever of making head, with his present army, against the whole of the native princes of Hindostan.

The moment the negotiation was at an end, Perron commenced his operations, by marching against Jyjur, of which, it being unfortified, he took possession without encountering any resistance. About seven miles from Jyjur was a fort, built by Thomas, for the purpose of overawing the surrounding district. He gave it the name of George Ghur, and it was now garrisoned by eight hundred men. Hoping to reduce it before it could be succoured, La Fontaine, one of Perron's officers, ventured to make an assault. But he had been too sanguine in his calculations; the garrison gave him such a warm reception that he was obliged to retreat with serious loss. The fort was therefore regularly invested by Captain Smith, who was serving under Perron.

Thomas, meanwhile, immediately on quitting Behadur Ghur, had hastened to Hansi to take the necessary measures for carrying on the war. Having completed his ammunition and other stores, and made arrangements for the safety of his capital, he was about to fall upon a body of Mahrattas, commanded by an Englishman, of the name of Lewis; but his purpose was changed by the arrival of intelligence that George Ghur was invested. As the presence of the enemy in that quarter interrupted the collection of the revenue, he determined to proceed thither and relieve the fort. Leaving a body of Rohillas to protect Hansi, he advanced rapidly against Captain Smith, who, hearing of his approach, withdrew the guns

from the batteries, and struck his camp. Sending forward his second regiment to cut off Smith's retreat, Thomas pursued him with his remaining battalion. The second regiment, however, wandered from its assigned road, and thus failed to effect its intended purpose. It then moved to join Thomas, who was pressing upon the Mahratta rear; but the men were so fatigued, that they came straggling up in small detached parties. About seventy of them having incautiously entered a field of high standing corn, Smith suddenly fell upon them with one of his battalions, and made himself master of four of their guns, which they had not had time to unlimber. Thomas instantly hurried to their assistance, charged the enemy sword in hand, and a desperate conflict ensued. The battle ended in the total discomfiture of the Mahrattas, who lost seven hundred men, and the greatest part of their ammunition and baggage. Nothing but the exhausted state of Thomas's troops saved the routed Mahrattas from instant destruction.

Smith took refuge at Jyjur, whither he was followed by Thomas. The latter, on the next morning, was preparing to complete his success, when he learned that the division under Lewis was approaching against him in the opposite direction. Many of his men being dispersed in search of plunder, and the whole suffering greatly from fatigue, he declined an engagement with the enemy's fresh troops, and returned to George Ghur. He was not allowed much time for repose or consideration. Scarcely had he encamped before he was informed that Perron's army had reached Byree, within six miles of him. Smith's corps also made a forward movement, and took up a station within cannon-shot to the eastward of Thomas's position, while the force under Lewis simultaneously occupied a post to the south-west. The enemy was accompanied by a powerful train of artillery. To oppose this formidable combination, Thomas had only



fifty pieces of cannon, and four thousand men, of whom five hundred were cavalry. This scanty force he was obliged to dispose in such a manner as to make head against his assailants in three directions; a task of no small difficulty. Availing himself of some advantages which the ground afforded, he, however, contrived to present on each side a respectable front to his enemies. At four o'clock on the next afternoon, the battle was begun by a heavy cannonade from both armies. Confiding in their superior numbers, the Mahrattas were the first to advance; Lewis with his division rushed upon Thomas's right wing, while an enormous body of horse attacked the centre. Lewis's troops were received with a heavy fire of round and grape shot, which threw them into confusion; and they would have been irretrievably broken had not Thomas's centre at this moment given way before the Mahratta horse, and spread their panic to the battalions of the right wing. The enemy were, however, brought to a stand by an admirable bayonet-charge, which Thomas directed to be made by Hopkins and Birch, two of his best officers. The battle was continued with varying fortune for some hours; the Mahrattas being now driven back, and manifesting a disposition to retreat, and now returning to the combat, on their deriving fresh courage from the sight of the ravages which their artillery was making in the ranks of their opponents. But had Thomas been able to bring up a reserve, he would undoubtedly have triumphed. This he could not do, a portion of his force being employed to hold in check a hostile division, which threatened his rear. Night put an end to the struggle, without a decisive advantage having been won by either party. Thomas had, indeed, maintained his position, and, in so far, may be regarded as the victor. Nor did the Mahrattas think proper to renew their efforts to drive him from it. On the next morning, after a brief and

distant cannonade, they left him master of the field of battle.

In this rude encounter, the Mahrattas lost two thousand men; seven hundred fell on the side of Thomas, among whom was the gallant Hopkins, who was mortally wounded. The destruction of artillery was extraordinary; the Mahrattas having thirty pieces disabled, and their adversary twenty-seven. This arose partly from shot dismounting them, and partly from the breaking of the axle-trees; the battle-field was a deep heavy sand, into which the cannon sank, and, the recoil being thus prevented, their axles were fractured by the shock of the discharge.

In the situation in which Thomas then stood, an indecisive barren victory was little better than a defeat. He might say, with Pyrrhus, "Another such a victory, and we are ruined." His diminutive army could ill bear a loss which would scarcely be felt by his enemies, who were daily receiving reinforcements. Swarms of Seiks and Mahratta chieftains brought their contingents to Perron's camp; so that, in a short time, he found himself at the head of thirty thousand men, with a hundred and ten pieces of artillery. Thomas, on the contrary, was unassisted; several chiefs had, in truth, promised to make common cause with him, but their courage failed when they heard of the formidable host which was arrayed for his destruction.

Still hoping that, if there seemed a prospect of his holding out, some of his allies might yet join him, and knowing that a hasty retreat would certainly dishearten and alienate them, Thomas determined to retain his present position till the latest possible moment. He therefore fixed his camp on strong high ground, flanked by the fort of George Ghur, and provided for its safety by batteries, and an abattis of thorn-trees, similar to that which he had constructed when he was beset in the

Jypoor territory. He possessed a stock of provisions sufficient for a month's consumption; without which he must perforce have immediately retired, the neighbouring pesantry being so intimidated by Perron's army, that they ceased to furnish the customary supplies.

Thomas would gladly have seen his camp attacked by Perron; as he had no doubt whatever that he could foil him, and might, perhaps, gain such a marked advantage as would break up the league which had been formed against him. But the minor attempts made by Perron did not encourage him to venture upon a general assault; they rather counselled caution. One of his divisions had been driven from an advanced work which it had thrown up; his detachments of infantry were daily worsted in skirmishes; and his cavalry, in striving to annoy the enemy's foragers, were routed by Thomas's less numerous parties.

What he could not accomplish by the sword, M. Perron now set about achieving by means of a weapon which was easier and safer to wield: gold would, he thought, prove a more speedy and effectual weapon than steel, and he did not use it sparingly. In some instances, he possessed a double advantage in offering his bribes: the families of many of Thomas's officers resided within Perron's districts, and the dread of vengeance thus came in aid of the pecuniary temptation. Among the officers who stood in this predicament were Shah Tab Khawn, collector of revenues for the British chief, and governor of George Ghur, and Khirrate Khawn, the colonel of his first matchlock regiment. These men had both experienced the greatest liberality and kindness from Thomas, yet they consented to betray him. The first fruits of treason which Shah Tab offered to his corrupter, were the burning of some stacks of forage, and the wasting of the grain, which were under his care in the fort. He and Khirrate Khawn, his copartner in treachery, also

laboured diligently to poison the mind of the troops, by constantly descanting on the peril to which they were exposed, and the impossibility of ever extricating themselves from it, except by going over to the enemy. This was followed by the deserting of several officers, whose families were within the grasp of M. Perron. All this plotting against the British chief was carried on in such profound secrecy, that as yet he had no suspicion of it. His situation, meanwhile, was hourly growing worse. His ammunition was failing, and could not be recruited; his cattle were either killed or disabled; the grain and forage were almost exhausted; a very small portion of wheat was left, and that he humanely appropriated to the use of the sick and wounded.

Thus encompassed round with difficulties and dangers, Thomas resolved to break through the Mahratta posts, and force his way to Hansi, where he hoped that he might make an effectual stand. But no sooner were his intentions known, than his people began to pack up their baggage, and openly quit the camp. Information was soon brought to him that the enemy had been warned of his purpose, and were under arms to oppose him. He then assembled his officers in council, who unanimously gave it as their opinion that unconditional surrender was their sole resource. It was in vain that he dwelt upon the practicability of reaching Hansi; they were deaf to his arguments. Every hour now disclosed more and more of the treachery which had been organised for his ruin. A body of Rohillas, who guarded the wells which supplied the camp with water, deserted to Perron; and when Thomas appointed others to take their place, he found that the spirit of defection had spread throughout the Mussulman troops, with the single exception of the cavalry. The whole of the men on the outposts next abandoned him; and, at the same moment, he saw that the last stack of his forage was in flames. It had

been fired at a preconcerted signal between the traitors in his own camp and their French seducer. Close on the heels of this followed another sinister event ; the evacuation of the fort by Shah Tab Khawn, to escort whom to their camp a party of the Mahrattas had approached the walls. To regarrison the fort was impossible, as the matchlock men were deserting in all directions ; a few officers of the regiment being the only persons who remained.

The sole reliance of Thomas was now on the remnant of the regiment which had been commanded by the gallant Hopkins. They were scarcely more than two hundred in number, and " these," says he, " were the only men that stood true to my interests." Still, he resolved not to yield, but to make the best of his way to Hansi, and protract the struggle to the last extremity. About nine in the evening, he set forth, at the head of his little band. Unfortunately, soon after they began their march, they fell in with a division of the enemy, by which they were vigorously attacked. Disheartened and outnumbered, his men were speedily overpowered ; and, in company with a few followers, he was compelled to fly for his life. Luckily for him, he was mounted on a favourite Persian horse, of a very superior breed, and the highest spirit. Had he not been so well mounted, his escape would have been impracticable. Hansi is not more than sixty miles, by the straight road, from George Ghur ; but, in order to avoid meeting with the frequent detachments of the Mahrattas, he was under the necessity of travelling double that distance. Pushing on without intermission, he performed the hundred and twenty miles within twenty-four hours, and reached Hansi in safety.

After his arrival at Hansi, he lost not a moment in preparing for an obstinate resistance. In the fort there were only two pieces of cannon fit for service ; but the dilatory march of the pursuing Mahrattas allowed him

time to cast eight more. The custody of the fort he committed to the Rajpoots, who, with that high sense of honour which characterises them above all the Indian races, still adhered to his falling fortunes. War had diminished their number to three hundred men. He himself took up his station in the fort, and was careful to keep a strict watch during the night. The nine hundred other troops, which still professed obedience to him, were employed in the defence of the city and the surrounding outposts.

Even now, had his supplies been abundant, and all his followers as true to him as the Rajpoots, he would, probably, have baffled the motley host which advanced against him. That army at length appeared before Hansi, seized the wells in the neighbourhood, and commenced the siege of the town. Its arrival was the signal for renewed treachery. The outposts were immediately delivered up to the besiegers, by the troops who were stationed in them. The city and fort might, nevertheless, have held out against such unscientific assailants, had not some Rohillas, part of the garrison of the former, invited the enemy to make an attack. The Mahrattas pressed on to the assault, and succeeded in entering the town. Thrice they were driven back with loss, by Thomas and his few faithful adherents; but numbers finally prevailed, and Thomas was compelled to retire into the fort.

Animated by this success, the victors hastened to erect their batteries, and wrest from him his last asylum. Seven hundred men were all that Thomas could collect around him; and it was soon rendered manifest how little reliance was to be placed upon the largest part of these. Provisions grew scarce, and the Mahomedan troops became clamorous for their pay. As Thomas could not satisfy their demands, they opened a correspondence with Perron, to whom they made an offer

to join his army, on condition of his paying their arrears, and advancing a sum of money as a reward for their treachery.

To this proposal it is probable that Perron would readily have agreed, had he not feared that, with the remaining Rajpoots, whose valour was well known, Thomas might still defend himself with such obstinacy as to make the fort a costly purchase to the besiegers. Perhaps, too, he might feel some commiseration for a gallant foe, who was no longer likely to rival him. Certain it is, that he gave Thomas notice of the meditated perfidy, and advised him to be on his guard. Convinced that it was impossible to protract the contest, Thomas at length consented to treat. The terms which he required were granted. He preserved the whole of his property, received fifty thousand rupees for resigning the fort, and was allowed an escort of a battalion of sepoys, to conduct him in safety to the nearest post on the British frontier.

Thus terminated the daring enterprise of George Thomas, after he had held for nearly four years the rank of an independent prince. About the middle of January 1802, he arrived in the British territory. For some time he was engaged in collecting the wreck of his fortune, with which he purposed to retire to his native land, and spend the rest of his days in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity. But he did not live to carry his purpose into effect. While on his way to Calcutta, he was taken ill, near the military cantonment of Burham-pore, and died there on the 22d of August, 1802. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of that place.

Much valuable information, with respect to Western India, and the army of the native powers, was given to the governor-general by Thomas. He had looked with an observant eye upon the provinces which he had visited;



and, as he spoke, wrote, and read, with uncommon precision and fluency, the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, he was able to acquire a perfect insight into all that related to the financial and military resources of the country. "His knowledge of the spirit and character of the different tribes and nations that compose the interior of the vast peninsula of India (says Captain Franklin) was various, extensive, and correct; and no man perhaps ever more thoroughly studied, or more properly appreciated, the Indian character at large. In his manners he was gentle and inoffensive, and possessed a natural politeness, and evinced a disposition to please, superior to most men. He was equally a loyal subject to his king, as a well-wisher to the prosperity and permanence of the British empire in the East. He was open, generous, charitable, and humane; and his behaviour towards the families of those persons who fell in his service, evinces a benevolence of heart, and a philanthropy of spirit, highly honourable to his character\*. But with these good qualities, the impartiality of history demands that we should state his errors, and endeavour to discover some shades in a character otherwise splendid. A quickness of temper, liable to frequent agitations and the ebullitions of hasty wrath, not unfrequently rendered his appearance ferocious; yet this only occurred in instances where the conviviality of his temper obscured his reason; and for this on conviction no man was ever readier to make every acknowledgment and reparation in his power."

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\* One instance of his generosity will show his humane and grateful feelings. When the gallant Hopkins died, he left a sister, who, by the death of her father also, was become an orphan: Though his pecuniary resources were, at that moment, in a very shattered state, Thomas sent her a present of two thousand rupees (£250), with a promise of more, in case that sum should be insufficient for the supply of her wants.

## THE LIFE OF THOMAS PLATTER\*.

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THOMAS PLATTER, whose name is derived from his ancestors having inhabited a house on the flat (platte) summit of a rock, was born at the village of Grenchen, in the district of Visp, in the canton of St. Gall. "I came (says he) into the world on the Shrove Tuesday of the year 1499, just as they were coming together for mass. From this circumstance my friends derived the confident hope that I should become a priest, for at that time that sort of superstition was still everywhere prevalent." In his country it was the custom to feed children with nothing but milk till they were four or five years old; and as, from the beginning, his mother was unable to nurse him, he was fed with cow's milk through a small horn. His father had been ruined by usurers, and he died of the plague, far away from home, when Thomas was so young that he did not remember ever to have seen him. Soon after his father's decease, his widow took unto herself a second husband. The children were already all separated from her, having been compelled to go to service as soon as they could do anything for a living; and Thomas, who was the youngest, was now charitably taken by some of his aunts on the father's side. Writing in his seventy-third year, he says, "I can still well remember that I was with one whose name was Margaret. She carried me to a house that was called 'In der Wilde,' near Grenchen; there was also

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\* The particulars of this sketch are derived from "The Autobiography of Thomas Platter," a work which I recommend to my readers. There is a quaint simplicity in its antique style, which is extremely pleasing. The volume is well printed, prettily embellished, neatly bound, and very cheap.

one of my aunts ; she wrapped me up in a truss of straw which was accidentally in the room, and laid me on the table, and went to the other women. Once in the night, after my aunts had laid me down, they went to the mass at Candlemas time. Then I got up and had run through the snow in winter, naked, to a house. When they came back, and did not find me, they were in great distress, but found me at last in that house between two men, who were warming me, for I was frozen in the snow. Afterwards, when I was also for a while with the same aunts, 'In der Wilde,' my eldest brother arrived from the Savoy war, and brought me a little wooden horse, which I drew along by a thread before the door. I still remember well that I really thought the little horse could walk, and can therefore well explain to myself how the little children often think that their dolls, and what they have, are alive. My brother also strode over me with one leg, as I perfectly well remember, and said, 'Oho, Tommy ! now you will never grow any more.'

"When I was about three years old, Cardinal Matthew Schinner passed through the country to hold a visitation, and confirm everywhere, as is the custom in the Catholic Church, and came also to Grenchen. At this time there was a priest in Grenchen, whose name was Anthony Platter ; he was a relation of mine ; to him they brought me, that he should act as godfather at my confirmation. When, however, the cardinal had dined, and was gone again into the church to confirm, I do not know what my uncle had to do ; I ran without his knowledge into the church, that I might be confirmed, and that my godfather might give me a crown-piece, as it is the custom to give the children something. The cardinal sat in an arm-chair, waiting till they brought him the children. I still recollect very well that I ran up to him. As my godfather

was not with me, he spoke to me: 'What do you want, my child?' I said, 'I should like to be confirmed.' Then he said, smiling, 'What is your name?' I answered, 'My name is Master Thomas.' Then he laughed, murmured something with his hand laid on my head, and gave me a gentle slap on the cheek. At this moment Mr. Anthony came, and excused himself by saying that I had run away without his knowledge. Then the cardinal related to him what I had said, and said to that gentleman, 'Certainly that child will become something wonderful, probably a priest.' And because I was born just as they were ringing for mass, many people supposed that I should become a priest; on which account also they sent me to school earlier than usual."

The portion of learning which the poor child acquired at school must have been infinitely small; for he was only about six years old, when he was sent to the husband of his mother's sister, a farmer, who employed him in keeping goats. This was hard service for little Thomas. With a shepherd's basket on his back, containing his pittance of cheese and rye-bread, he was sent to lead the goats "up the high and frightful mountains." Very often he stuck in the snow, from which he extricated himself with great difficulty, leaving his shoes behind, and walking home barefoot and shivering. Even the getting the goats out of the stable was a dangerous operation. There were eighty of them; and if, when he opened the door, he chanced not to step out of the way expeditiously, the refractory animals knocked him down on his face, and trampled over his arms, head, and back. But if he was lucky enough to avoid being trampled under foot, he was still open to another misfortune. His troublesome charge was too numerous for him to control. "When I drove them over the bridge," says he, "then the foremost ran past me into the corn-field; and when I drove them out, then the others ran

in. Then I used to cry and lament, for I knew well that in the evening I should be beaten. When, however, other goatherds came to me from other farmers, they helped me; particularly one, called Thomas of Leidenbach. He had pity on me, and showed me much kindness." When Thomas of Leidenbach and his companions had assisted him, they all sat down and ate their supper together.

Many were the narrow escapes which the boy had, while engaged in his hazardous vocation. On one occasion, his comrades were shooting at a mark for a trial of skill. The spot where they were thus amusing themselves was a flat piece of ground on the top of a rock. Thomas was standing behind one who was going to shoot, and he stepped back, to avoid being struck by the marksman's arm. In doing this, he receded too far, and tumbled over the rock; "upon which," says he, "the shepherds all cried out, 'Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!' till I was out of sight; for I had fallen under the rock, so that they could not see me; and they fully believed that I was killed. I however soon got up again, and climbed up to the side of the rock to them. If they wept before for grief, they now wept for joy. Six weeks after, a goat belonging to one of them fell down at the same spot, and was killed! So carefully had God watched over me!"

His next adventure, which occurred about half a year afterwards, was still more perilous; it shall be told in his own words:—"I led my goats early in the morning before the other shepherds, for I was the nearest, over a point of rock, called White Point; when my goats turned to the right over a piece of rock that was a good foot wide, but below which there was, in a frightful abyss more than a thousand fathoms deep, nothing but rocks. From the ledge of the rock one goat went up after the other, over a rock where they had scarcely

room to put their feet on the little roots of grass which had grown on the rock. As soon as they were up, I wished to get after them. When, however, I had drawn myself up by the grass about a step, I could get no farther; neither did I dare to step upon the rock again, much less to jump backwards, for I was afraid if I jumped backwards that I should jump too far, and so fall over the dreadful precipice. I remained therefore a good while in this position, and waited for the help of God, for I could not help myself; except that I held myself with both hands by a little tuft of grass, and supported myself by turns by my great toes on another tuft of grass. In this perplexity I suffered extreme anxiety; for I was afraid that the great vultures, that flew in the air about me, would carry me away, as sometimes does happen in the Alps, that they take away children and lambs\*. Whilst I stood there, and the wind blew about my garment behind—for I had no trousers on—my comrade Thomas perceived me from a distance, but did not know what it was. When he saw my coat fluttering in the wind, he supposed that it was a bird. When, however, he recognised me, he was so terrified that he became quite pale, and called to me, ‘Now, Tommy, stand still!’ Then he hurried upon the ledge of rock, took me in his arms, and carried me down again to where we could get after the goats another way. Some years after, when I came home from the schools in distant lands, when my companion heard of it he came to me, and reminded me how he had rescued me from death (as indeed is true, for which I give the

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\* The bird to which Platter alludes is the Bearded Eagle, which is known in Switzerland by the name of the *Lammer-Geyer*, or *Lamb Vulture*. The name is sometimes given by them to other birds of prey of a large size. The *Lammer Geyer* is a formidable creature. Some of them measure more than seven feet from the beak to the tip of the tail, and eight feet and a half between the tips of the wings.—D.

glory to God). He said to me, that when I became a priest I should remember him, and pray to God for him."

Notwithstanding these misadventures, it must not be supposed that our friend Thomas was a thoughtless, reckless boy. On the contrary, his master owned, long afterwards, that, young and small as he was, he had never had a better little servant. The boy was, however, not suffered to remain with him. When he was eight years old, one of his aunts, to whom, on account of his being the youngest child, his deceased father had especially recommended him, chanced to hear of the dangers which he had undergone, and was assured also that, one day or another, he would certainly be killed by a fall. Her humane feelings were awakened, and she instantly removed him to his native village, where she placed him with a rich old farmer, whose name was Hans im Boden.

The situation of "Master Thomas" does not appear to have been greatly improved by this well-intended change. He continued to be a goatherd, and to wander among rocks and precipices. His fare was still coarse, but, such as it was, it was not stinted; it consisted of a breakfast of rye soup, which was eaten before daybreak; the customary cheese and rye bread for dinner; and cheese milk at night. In summer his bed was hay, in winter a straw mattress, full of all sorts of vermin. "Such," says he, "are the resting-places of the poor little shepherds, who serve the farmers in their wildernesses."

In his daily wanderings he endured great thirst; he either went without shoes for the most part in summer, or wore wooden ones; and seldom had whole toes, but often great bruises, and many bad falls. Even at home he had his mischances; for he was very near terminating his existence by falling into a caldron of hot milk, which was on the fire. He escaped at the expense of a terrible fright, much pain, and several deep scars, which



he continued to bear during the rest of his life. But his out-of-door perils were most frequent. In one instance; he had entered a deep fissure, to search for crystals. While he was there, he perceived a stone, "as large as an oven," breaking away from the side. As there was not time to get away, he threw himself flat upon his face. The stone fell a depth of several fathoms, to a spot above where he was lying, and then bounded over him. At another time, he was talking with a goatherd of his own age in a wood, and, child-like, they were wishing they could fly, that they might get across the mountain, and visit the countries beyond their own canton. While they were expressing this wish, a frightfully large Lammer-Geyer darted down upon them. "Then we both began to scream, and to defend ourselves with our shepherd's crooks, and to cross ourselves, till the bird flew away; then we said to one another, 'We have done wrong in wishing to be able to fly; God did not create us for flying, but for walking.'"

It is impossible to imagine a more dreary and alarming situation for a child, who was under nine years of age, than that in which he was placed on another occasion. He has described it with an affecting simplicity. "It once happened that I and a little girl (who also minded her father's goats) were playing by an artificial channel, whereby the water was conducted down the mountain to the grounds, and had forgotten ourselves in play. We had made little meadows, and watered them as children do. In the mean while, the goats had gone up the mountain, we knew not whither. Then I left my little coat lying there, and ascended the mountain up to the very top: the little girl, however, went home without the goats. I, on the contrary, as a poor servant, would not venture to go home unless I had the goats. Up very high I saw a kid that was just like one of my young goats, and this I followed at a distance till the sun went

down. When I looked back to the village, and saw that at the houses it was quite night, I began to descend again ; but it was soon quite dark. In the mean time, I climbed from one tree to another, and held myself by the loose roots from which the earth had fallen off. When, however, it became quite dark, I would not venture myself any farther, but held myself by my left hand on a root ; with the other I scratched the earth loose under the trees and roots, to hollow out a place to lie in, and listened how the lumps of earth rolled down into the abyss. Thereupon I forced myself into the opening which was made between the earth and roots, in order to lie firmly, and not to fall down in my sleep. I had nothing on except a little shirt, neither shoes nor hat ; for the little coat, in my anxiety at having lost the goats, I had left by the watercourse. As I lay under the tree, the ravens became aware that I was there, and made a noise on the tree ; so that I was in great terror, being afraid that a bear was at hand. However, I crossed myself and fell asleep, and slept till the morning, when the sun shone over all the mountains. When however I awoke, and saw where I lay, I do not know that I was ever more frightened in my life ; for had I in the night gone four yards deeper, I must have fallen down a frightfully steep precipice many thousand feet deep. I was in great trouble too about the mode of getting away from thence. I drew myself from one root to another, till I again got to the place from whence I could run down the mountain to the houses. When I was just out of the wood, near the farms, the little maid met me with the goats, which she was driving out again ; for they had run home of themselves the night before, and the people in whose service I was were very much frightened, on account of my not having come home with the goats. They believed that I had fallen and killed myself, and asked my aunt and the people in that house in which

I was born, (for that stood next to the house in which I served,) whether they knew anything of me, for that I had not come home with the goats. From that time on, they would not allow me to mind goats any more, because they had to endure so much anxiety on my account."

The occupation of Master Thomas as a cowherd being gone, he was made the keeper of animals less aspiring and erratic than goats are. He became cowkeeper to a fiery, passionate man, to whom one of his aunts was married. In that capacity, however, he did not long remain. Frances, another of his aunts, began to be anxious that he "should learn the writings," for such was the phrase in which a wish to send a boy to school was then expressed. There was, she thought, an opportunity of acquiring knowledge without cost; his uncle Anthony being a priest and schoolmaster at the village of Gasse. The farmer, who had either no great reverence for learning, or wished to depreciate the boy's abilities that he might retain his services, strenuously opposed this measure. He declared that the boy would learn absolutely nothing; and he clenched this assertion by laying the forefinger of his right hand into the palm of his left, and saying "the urchin will learn just as much as I can drive my finger through." Frances did not consider this to be a conclusive argument, and she answered it quite as well as it deserved, by exclaiming, "Oh! who knows? God has not refused him his gifts; he may yet become a pious priest." In this belief, she adhered tenaciously to her purpose, and, when he was nine and a half years old, took the boy to be instructed by his uncle.

This metamorphosis, of a cowherd into a schoolboy, was anything but agreeable or advantageous to Thomas. "Then it was," says he, "that my sufferings really began, for the gentleman was a very passionate man, but I a little awkward peasant-boy. He beat me barba-

rously ; often took me by the ears and dragged me from the ground. I screamed like a goat that had a knife sticking into it, so that often the neighbours came screaming in to him to know whether he would kill me out and out." Anthony Platter was, indeed, one of those men who seem to have assumed the office of pedagogue for no other reason than that they may indulge their love of tyrannising. Had the priest stored the boy's mind while he lacerated his body, it would have been some compensation for the cruelty with which he treated him ; but this he did not do ; he was either ignorant or negligent, probably the former. All that Thomas learned from him, he pithily describes as being "sheer nothing ;" it consisted in being able to sing the "Salve" a little, and to wander through the village with his school-fellows singing before the houses for eggs, for the benefit of their preceptor. The boon which Anthony conferred on his nephew was of less worth than the bishop's blessing in the fable ; the blessing having at least not the disadvantage of being accompanied by blows.

The boy did not stay long with his brutal and incompetent relative. A circumstance occurred which drew him from the narrow circle in which he had hitherto lived, brought him acquainted with many men and many lands, and enabled him, though in a desultory manner, to obtain the rudiments of learning. In those days, when educational institutions were to be found in very few places, it was the custom for young persons, who wished for instruction, to rove from country to country, "after renowned teachers." They were usually denominated Scholastics or Travelling Scholars. As they were mostly poor, they procured the means of living on their journeys by appeals to charitable feelings, and, occasionally by fraudulent pretences and thieving. In all that related to food, they had very crooked notions as to the rights of

property. The system of subordination which was established among them bore a strong resemblance to that of fagging, which, even in this enlightened age, disgraces our public schools. The oldest of these itinerant seekers after knowledge were styled Bacchants, and were, in fact, maintained by the younger boys, who begged, lied, and stole for them, and who were called a-b-c sharpshooters—sharpshooting being their slang term for stealing. The Bacchants led, as may be supposed, a wild and dissolute life; and many of them seem to have possessed as little gratitude as principle, and to have exercised a most oppressive sway over the poor boys from whose exertions they derived their subsistence.

While Thomas was lamenting his woeful condition, a cousin of his, whose name was Paul Summermatter, came home from Germany, where he had been studying in the schools of Ulm and Munich. “My friends,” says he, “had told him of me, and he promised them that he would take me with him, and in Germany take me to school. As soon as I heard this I fell on my knees, and besought God Almighty to help me away from the priest, who taught me sheer nothing, but on the contrary beat me unmercifully.” It was agreed that when Paul was disposed to recommence his wanderings, Thomas should accompany him as his sharp-shooter or fag.

Paul was quickly on the move again, and Thomas joined him, at Stalden, bringing with him a golden florin, given to him by an uncle, which “he carried in his hand to Stalden, and on the way often looked at it, to see whether he had it.” This he gave to his Bacchant. They set out on their peregrination; Thomas begging as they proceeded, in which he had excellent success, as his youth, simplicity, and particularly his St. Gall dialect, induced people to be liberal in their almsgiving. Never before having been beyond the valley in which he was born, almost everything that Thomas

saw excited his astonishment. A white delft stove, from two of the tiles of which the rays of the moon were reflected, he mistook for a large calf, the tiles appearing to be its eyes. There were no geese in his native place ; and when those birds now ran hissing at him, he ran crying away, thinking it was the devil who wanted to devour him ; and at Lucerne he was struck with wonder by the red-tiled roofs of the houses. They halted at Zurich, to wait for some companions, who wished to go with them to Meissen, in Saxony. While they were staying there, a cruel and mean trick was played upon the little sharp-shooter, by a brute of the name of Carle. He offered to give the boy a Zurich sixer, or sixpence, if he would allow him to strike a single blow on the bare back. Having got him down, he beat him "very sorely," and then borrowed the sixpence, under pretence of wanting it to pay his reckoning, but never returned it. "Thus," says Thomas, "were my innocency and inexperience abused."

After having stayed some weeks at Zurich, the scholastics set off for Meissen. There were eight or nine of them, of whom three were fags ; Thomas was the youngest and smallest of them. He soon discovered that his new situation was no sinecure ; and that the old priest Anthony was not the only person who took a pleasure in tormenting. He had not been used to long journeys ; he had no stockings, and very bad shoes ; and when he lagged from fatigue, his cousin Paul beat him on his bare legs with a stick or a rod. On the road, Thomas was placed in jeopardy. He had heard some of the Bacchantes say that, in Meissen and Silesia, fags might steal geese, ducks, or other provisions, unpunished, provided they could keep out of the clutches of the owner. "In my simplicity I believed everything," says he, "for I knew nothing of the commandments of God, and had had no experience of the world." Seeing therefore

a flock of geese one day, with the goose-herd at a distance from them, he asked his brother fags whether they were yet in Meissen, and being answered in the affirmative, he forthwith proceeded to knock down one of the geese with stones, after which he hid it under his coat, leaving the legs dangling down. He was hotly pursued by the goose-herd and the peasants, was compelled to drop the spoil, and with difficulty made his escape. Unconscious of having done wrong, he attributed his bad luck solely to his not having blessed himself that day; he having been taught at home that it was a ceremony which, as duly as the morning came, he must remember to perform.

A quarrel having arisen among them, in consequence of the overbearing conduct of some of the Bacchantes, Paul and his fag, with other of their companions, resolved to run away, and go through Dresden to Breslau. The country people on their road seem to have had no great predilection for travelling students. The travellers fared badly, both as to subsistence and lodging; their food, for several days together, was either raw onions and salt, or roasted acorns, crab-apples, and wild pears; they slept in the open air, for no one would give them a bed; and now and then, the dogs were set upon them. When, however, they reached Breslau, the scene totally changed. That city must have been the paradise of the scholastics. Supplies were so plentiful that even the fags could eat to repletion. Thomas, whose quests were very successful, because the citizens were partial to the Swiss, often in one evening carried home five or six loads of provisions to the school where he and his comrades lived. There were seven parishes in the city, each of which had a school; and if the fags of one parish dared to venture within the bounds of another, they were expelled with sticks and stones by their jealous neighbours. For the travelling scholars there was a separate



hospital and physicians, and a liberal allowance was paid weekly from the town-house, for each sick individual.

The people of Breslau must certainly have had an inexhaustible fund of charity ; for there is said to have been, at that period, several thousand Bacchants and fags in the place, all of whom subsisted upon alms. Their charity was also extremely misused, some of the Bacchants having been there twenty, thirty, or more years, feeding upon the collections which were made by their fags. Yet, notwithstanding all that was done for them, the condition of the students was disgustingly sordid. "Through the winter," says Platter, "the fags lay upon the floor in the school ; but the Bacchants in small chambers, of which there were at St. Elizabeth's several hundreds. But in summer, when it was hot, we lay in the churchyard ; collected together grass, such as is spread in summer on Sunday in the gentlemen's streets before the doors, and lay in it, like pigs in the straw. When, however, it rained, we ran into the school ; and when there was thunder, we sang the whole night, with the Subcantor, responsories and other sacred music. Now and then after supper, in summer, we went into the beer-houses to beg for beer. Then the drunken Polish peasants used to give us so much beer, that I often could not find my way to the school again, though only a stone's throw from it ! In short, here there was plenty to eat, but there was not much of study ; and of true piety no one had an idea."

There could, indeed, have been little that deserved the name of study in the schools of Breslau. The Greek language was as yet wholly unknown in the country. In the great school of St. Elizabeth, and doubtless the other schools were in the same case, there was no one who was master of a printed book, except the Preceptor ; and a copy of Terence was all that he possessed. As to oral instruction, there were nine Bachelors of Arts at

St. Elizabeth, who all read their lectures at the same hour, and in the same room; a happy arrangement, which must have produced a jumble of sounds and ideas, perfectly unrivalled, except by the first outbreak of the confusion of tongues at Babel, or that dissonant medley of musical airs which is known by the name of a Dutch concert. It may reasonably be doubted whether such husks and chaff of learning as could be gleaned at these schools were not dearly purchased, by plunging the students into the wandering, pilfering, mendicant, and dissolute habits which Platter describes.

During his long residence at Breslau, Platter was thrice in one winter so dangerously ill, that he was obliged to be carried to the hospital. The beer, which was so profusely bestowed by the Polish peasants, had perhaps some share in producing these illnesses. Yet his manners and his conduct must have generally been good, or a gentleman of the city would not have offered to adopt him as his son. This offer Paul, who held himself responsible for the boy's return to St. Gall, would not permit him to accept; but whenever Master Thomas came before the house of that gentleman, he was not allowed to go empty away.

Tired, it seems, of their long abode at Breslau, eight of them, among whom were Paul and Thomas, set off for Dresden. Hunger pinched them sorely by the way. To supply their wants, they had recourse to "sharp-shooting;" one going one way to steal a goose, another in an opposite direction to collect carrots, turnips, and onions; and the fags entering the towns to beg bread and salt. They sat themselves down by a well at night, and lighted a fire to cook their food; but they were speedily put to the rout by the shots which the angry country people aimed at them. They then removed to the bank of a rivulet, under shelter of a ridge, and roasted two geese upon a wooden spit. In the night they heard a

noise which somewhat alarmed them. On examination, they found that it proceeded from the leaping of fish in a weir, from which the water had been let off the day before. This afforded a seasonable supply; they filled a shirt with the fish, carried it along on a stick, and gave a part of the spoil to the peasants, to induce them to dress the remainder.

Living in this gipsy-like manner they passed from Dresden to Nuremberg, and thence to Munich. "At the latter place," says Thomas, "Paul and I found lodging with a soap-boiler of the name of Hans Schräll, who was a Master of Arts of Vienna, but an enemy to the clerical state. Him I helped to make soap, rather more than I went to school; and travelled about with him to the villages to buy in ashes. At last Paul determined to pay a visit to our home, for we had not been at home during five years. Accordingly we went home to St. Gall. There my friends were not able to understand me, and said, 'Our Tommy speaks so profoundly that no one can understand him.' For being young, I had learned something of the language of every place where I had been."

The wandering course of life was speedily resumed. His cousin Paul took him and another boy, named Hildebrand Kälbermatter, as his fags, and journeyed towards Ulm. The customary resources of begging and pilfering were again resorted to. One trick appears to have been a permanent and gainful source of supply. A piece of cloth had been given to Hildebrand to make him a little coat, but Paul turned it to better account. Thomas, as the most experienced and winning beggar, was sent about with it, to collect money for making it up into a coat; and he was so successful, that the cloth visited Ulm, Munich, and other places, and served for two or three years as an incentive to charity. Poor Thomas, all the while, acquired no learning, not so much even as to read, and

suffered very much from want of food. Every morsel that he begged he was obliged, under pain of severe chastisement, to bring to the selfish and insolent Bacchants (for Paul had taken a comrade); and, though they had more bread than they could eat, they would give him only the outside of it, after it had grown mouldy. So hungry was he, that he devoured the smallest crumbs he could shake out of the bags, and robbed the dogs in the streets of their half-gnawed bones. In the winter, cold was added to his miseries, he being compelled to go about in the dark till midnight, to sing for alms. While he was in this pitiful state, the kind-hearted widow of a saddler at Ulm took compassion on him; she often gave him a basin-full of soup and vegetables, and wrapped up his frost-nipped feet in a piece of fur, which she had laid behind the oven, to be ready for warming them when he came.

The tyranny of the Bacchants at length brought about the deliverance of Master Thomas. While he was at Munich, having no lodging, he and two of his fellow-slaves were going to the corn-market, to sleep on the sacks there. They were seen by a butcher's widow, who, hearing that they were Swiss, for which people she had a great liking, she took them to her house, fed them well, and gave them shelter for the night. In the morning, Thomas had the good luck to be chosen to stay with her. He helped her in her household and field occupations; not forgetting, however, to wait upon his cousin. Not liking to see him thus tied down, the widow advised him to plead illness. Paul soon found out that this excuse was a feigned one, and threatened to "trample him under foot some day." Terrified at this threat, the youth ran away. The fugitive crossed the Iser, sat down on the side of a hill, and wept bitterly on contemplating his forlorn condition. A waggoner gave him a lift in his waggon, as far as the Saltzburg-road,

where Thomas rested for the night. It was a hoar frost when he rose in the morning, and he had "no shoes, only torn socks; no cap, and a jacket without folds." His intention was to find a passage-boat at Passau, from which place he purposed to proceed to Vienna; but at Passau they would not take him in. His only resource now was to return to Switzerland, a step which he had, in the first instance, resolved not to take, in the fear that Paul would follow him thither. Having asked there which was his nearest road to Switzerland, he was told that it lay through Munich; on which he observed that he would rather go miles round, than pass through Munich. He was then recommended to go to Freysing, where there was a high-school or university. He did so, and found several of his countrymen there. From Freysing, however, after having rested a few days, when he was informed that Paul was come with a halbert, in search of him, he took flight instantly, and never halted till he found shelter at Ulm, with the kind widow who had formerly wrapped up his feet in warm fur.

The persecutions of Thomas Platter were not yet at an end. He had enjoyed plenty and tranquillity for several weeks at Ulm, when he was informed that Paul was there looking for him. The worthy Bacchant had lived upon the youth's exertions for several years, and naturally seemed him too valuable to be lost without making an effort to regain him. He had therefore thought it worth his while to make a journey of about ninety miles, from Ulm to Munich, in order to get him back. It was nearly night when Thomas received this bad news; but, though it grieved him to the heart to leave the benevolent widow, who had "taken care of him like a mother," he ran out of the town without a moment's delay, and proceeded to Constance, and thence to Zurich. At the latter place, he offered his services to some Bacchants, his fellow-countrymen of St. Gall,

on condition that they would teach him ; the service was accepted, the instruction was forgotten to be given. Still anxious to recover him, Paul sent his fag Hildebrand from Munich, with a gracious promise of " pardon " if the fugitive would return. Thomas was grown too wary to trust himself again in such hands, and he consequently declined the proffered pardon.

Platter was next persuaded to accompany one Benetz to Strasburg. In that city they found a multitude of poor scholars and not one good school ; and therefore they journeyed to Schlestadt. Benetz, who, like Platter, was born in the district of Visp, seems to have been a cowardly and mean-spirited fellow. Having, on the road to Schlestadt, been told that there were no rich persons there, he began to cry bitterly, and when his companion was made exceedingly ill by eating too many green nuts, he cried again. The cause of his grief was the same in both cases ; he feared that he should not be able to live upon Platter's labours. Yet he had plenty of money in his pocket, and his comrade had not a halfpenny. Bacchantes were, apparently, all cast in the same mould.

The preceptor of the school of Schlestadt was John Sapidus, a man of such eminence that at one time he had nine hundred scholars, many of whom became celebrated men. His first greeting to Platter and his companion was, " If you intend to study properly you need not give me anything ; but if not, you must pay me, or I will take your coat off your back." Platter was conscious of his ignorance, and anxious to learn. He was now in his eighteenth year\*, and knew nothing ; he could not

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\* The autobiography of Platter was written from memory in his 73d year, and is very deficient in dates. He states that he went to school with Sapidus at the age of eighteen, in the same year that the diet was held at Worms. This must be a mistake, as that diet was held in 1521, when he was two-and-twenty. The diet of Worms, in 1508, is of too early a date. It is probable that he meant the diet of Mentz, which was held in 1517.



even read the Latin grammar of Donatus, which was then the standard grammar of the schools. He staid from autumn till Whitsuntide under the tuition of Sapidus, and made some progress. Among other things, he got by rote the whole grammar of Donatus, a circumstance which stood him afterwards in good stead, though at that time he would, he owns, have been unable to decline a noun of the first declension. The great influx of scholars at length rendered it difficult for him to procure alms for the maintenance of himself and his comrade, and they removed to Soleure, where there was a tolerable school. Platter then returned home, and was taught a "little writing, and other things," by a village priest.

"In the following spring," says Platter, "I left the country again with two brothers. When we took leave of our mother she cried and said, 'God have mercy upon me, that now I must see three sons go into misery.' Excepting that time I never saw my mother cry, for she was a courageous, stout-hearted woman, but rather rough. When her third husband died, whom she had married in my absence, she remained a widow, and did all work, like a man, in order that she might be better able to bring up her youngest children. Hewing wood, hay-making, threshing, and other work which belongs more to men than women, was not too much for her; she had also buried three of her children herself, who had died in a time of very great pestilence; for in time of pestilence it costs a great deal to get persons buried by the grave-diggers. Towards us, her first children, she was very harsh, for which reason we seldom entered the house. Once when I came home to her again, after an absence of five years, in which I had travelled much about in far distant lands, the first word she said to me was, 'Has the devil carried you here once more?' I answered, 'The devil has not carried me, but my feet ;



however, I will not long be a burden to you.' Then she said, 'You are not a burden to me; but it grieves me that you go strolling backwards and forwards in this manner, and without doubt learn nothing at all. If you learned to work, as your late father also did, that would be better; you will never be a priest; I am not so lucky as to be the mother of a priest.' So I remained with her two or three days. Otherwise she was a respectable, honest, and pious woman, as was admitted by every body." In two particulars, one of fact, the other of prediction, his mother spoke truly: he had then learned nothing, and she failed in having the luck to be the mother of a priest.

Accustomed so long only to the plains of Germany, Platter had lost his early mountain habits, and was thrice in considerable danger, from attempting to glide down the snow-covered slopes. This time he confined his peregrinations within the limits of some of the Swiss Cantons. He appears to have been thoroughly tired of a mendicant existence, and was earnest in his desire to study; perceiving, as he declares, that it was high time. Leaving his two brothers at Entlibuch, he went on to Zurich. There he was fortunate enough to meet with a tutor who was able to give instruction, and of such temper and manners as were calculated to make learning a pleasure. He was told, on his arrival, that a teacher would come from Einsiedeln, a learned and faithful man, but extremely old. "So I made (says he) a seat for myself in a corner not far from the teacher's seat, and said to myself, In this corner you will study or die." When he came for the first time into the school, he said, "This is a nice school, but methinks there are stupid boys; still we shall see; only be industrious."

This venerable teacher was named Myconius. Under his care, Platter made a rapid progress in Latin, and soon became a favourite with him. Myconius was not one of

those preceptors who are satisfied that their pupils should learn by rote ; he was determined that what he taught should be understood, and he often used to question Thomas so strictly, that the youth's shirt was wet with perspiration through fear, and his eyes grew dim. But, though strict, the tutor was kind ; he never gave Thomas a blow but once, and then it was rather a tap on the cheek with his left hand than a blow ; and when he had been somewhat hard upon him, he would take him to his own house, and give him a meal. He took great pleasure in hearing the youth relate his adventures in Germany, and made him his Custos, or school servant, which was productive of some little emolument.

The warm affection which was growing up between the preceptor and the pupil was soon strengthened by a community of religion. The principles of the Reformation had extended their influence into Switzerland, and Myconius had embraced them, though, for a while, he forbore to profess them openly. Platter also became a convert, principally from hearing the sermons of Zuinglius. He exultingly relates that, at a later period, Zuinglius and Myconius were accustomed to entrust him with letters to the lovers of truth in the allied districts, and that he joyfully ventured limbs and life to spread the true doctrine, and several times barely escaped. The change was, indeed, looked upon in so heinous a light by his fellow-countrymen, that, when he visited his native place, no one would ask him to dinner.

Platter returned to Zurich, unshaken in his protestantism, and resolute to acquire learning. He had much to struggle with ; many days he had not a mouthful of bread ; nevertheless he steadily persevered. In the few intervals of study, he earned a trifle, or sometimes a meal, by taking messages, carrying wood, or doing some other work, of which many a student would be ashamed. In Latin he was now tolerably well grounded ; but he

was ambitious of mastering likewise the Greek and Hebrew languages, which Myconius himself was incompetent to teach. In this design he persisted with unconquerable patience, and at the peril of undermining his health. He stinted himself of his nightly rest, "grievously struggling against sleep," and taking cold water, raw turnips, or sand into his mouth, that the grating of his teeth might awake him. It would have been impossible to endure all this had he been obliged to contend against hunger also; but that he was relieved from, by acting as tutor to the sons of a gentleman at Zurich, which secured to him a dinner every day. His comforts were also increased, soon after, as well as his means, by his being taken into the family of Myconius. There he met with Buchman, better known by the name of Bibliander, celebrated for his skill in languages, particularly of Hebrew, of which he wrote a grammar. He instructed Platter in Hebrew, and the youth availed himself of this opportunity to make a transcript of the grammar. To this treasure he subsequently added a Hebrew bible, which he purchased for a crown (no trifling sum in those days, and for a poor scholar); the money was the remnant of a small legacy which he had recently received. With respect to the study of Greek, Thomas diligently applied himself to Homer and Lucian, of which two authors he chanced to have translations.

Platter speedily turned to account his acquisitions in the Hebrew tongue. This he was the more solicitous to do, because he feared that he might be burthensome to his friend Myconius. Many of the country pastors were eager to become acquainted with the Old Testament in its original language, and three of them applied to him for assistance; among them was one who was eighty years of age. In their families he resided for more than a year, and "had plenty to eat and drink." Having taught them all he knew, he returned to Zurich, and

prudently resolved to learn some trade, by which he might earn his bread in case of need. There was then at Zurich one Rudolph Collin, a very learned young man, who had taken to the business of rope-making. Platter sought to learn from him the rope-maker's art ; but Collin objected that he had no hemp. This objection Platter removed by purchasing a hundred-weight of the material ; he was enabled to do so by means of the legacy to which I have just alluded. As long as the hemp lasted, he strove by day to learn his trade ; and, at night, when his master was asleep, he stole out of bed, struck a light, and pored over the pages of Homer.

This imperfect apprenticeship having terminated with the working out of the hundred-weight of hemp, he set off for Basle, to look for employment. He found a master there, Hans Staheli by name, who had the unenviable reputation of being "the rudest master on the whole length of the Rhine," for which reason journeymen were backward in offering their services to him. He quickly discovered that Platter was a very unskilful hand, and he began, as was his custom, "to fight and curse." Platter, however, contrived to pacify the boisterous fellow by mild words, and by offering to write for him ; there being no one in the house who could write. "Thus," says Thomas, "he allowed himself to be persuaded to keep me, and gave me twopence a week wages. For that I bought myself candles, by which I studied at night, although I was obliged to work in the evening till the trumpet was sounded, and get up again in the morning at the sound of the trumpet. Yet I was willing to bear that, if I could only stay and learn the trade." Yet, all this while, he was badly and scantily fed, and in winter he suffered extremely from cold. So well did he follow up his trade, that, in the course of half a year he became perfect, and could act as foreman. That his ardour for learning was not

diminished by his manual toil, one circumstance will abundantly prove. Cratander, the printer, gave him, as they came from the press, the sheets of an edition of Plautus which he was printing. Each of these sheets, as it came to hand, he stuck upright into a little forked stick, that was split at the other end, and the fork he fixed into the hemp before him, and thus he read the sheet as he went backward and forward, while he was twisting the rope.

Some students, with whom Platter had by this time made acquaintance, often pressed him to give up rope-making, and promised to recommend him to Erasmus, who was then an inhabitant of Basle. "But it was all of no use," says he, "although Erasmus himself came to me once, as I was helping to make a great rope on the Peter's-place." His refusal to be connected with so eminent a man as Erasmus, we may trace, perhaps, to his having, as we have seen, become a zealous partisan of the doctrines of the Reformation. The interview between them probably took place not long before 1529, in which year Erasmus removed to Friburg.

Among those with whom Platter contracted an intimacy was John Herbst, which name, according to a fashion of the times, its owner Grecized into Oporinus. He is still remembered as an erudite man, and a celebrated printer. Oporinus was desirous to learn Hebrew; but Platter excused himself, on the ground of scanty knowledge and want of time. His friend, however, persevered; and Platter, being obliged to yield, contrived to obtain an hour's time each day, by working cheaper for his master. Doubtless with a view to serve his tutor, Oporinus had, unknown to him, stuck upon the church-door a notice that, at such an hour, lectures were to be given in the elements of the Hebrew language. So that when Platter, still wearing his rope-maker's little apron, came to the appointed place, he found there eighteen

learned gentlemen, and was so much abashed that he "wished directly to run away." He was at length persuaded to commence his lecture. He appears to have continued his course of lectures with good success; though not much to the improvement of his raiment, the marvellous shabbiness of which excited much astonishment in a French gentleman, whom the queen of Navarre had sent to Basle to learn Hebrew. This gentleman offered to write to the queen, who, he said, would make him a great man, if he would go to France; but the lecturer preferred poverty in his native land, to riches in another, where his safety might be endangered by the religious principles which he professed.

At the time when the peace, or rather truce, was concluded, in 1529, between Zurich and the five cantons, we find Platter domesticated again with his old tutor and friend, Myconius. A great change was now brought about in his condition of life; a change calculated to render him still more steady and careful. Myconius and his wife strongly recommended that he should marry their housekeeper Anne, and cease from his wanderings; promising that he should be their heir, if he would carry their suggestion into effect. Platter consented; and after having, with his bride, visited some of their relations, he settled at Visp, in his native canton. He had but a slender stock of money to begin housekeeping with, and was not overburdened with household furniture; but he had the good luck to get, rent-free, an empty house, in which a bed had been left. As it was not wanted by the owner, the new-married couple were allowed the use of the bed. "It was almost the best house in the village," says Platter, "with nice windows that had panes." There he opened a school, and also carried on the business of rope-making. In winter he had about thirty scholars; in summer scarcely six. Though the money he received was of trifling amount,



the deficiency was made up by presents ; some of which were from his numerous relatives. "One brought me eggs, another cheese, or a ball of butter. Also others, whose children came to me to school, brought the like ; some a quarter of a sheep : those who were at home in the village gave milk, vegetables, jugs of wine ; so that seldom a day passed in which something was not given to us. At times we have reckoned at night, that in one day eight or nine different presents had been sent us." Some addition was made to this, by retailing wine to the villagers, and furnishing the boys with apples ; so that, as Platter declares, he did very well, had no want, and had never been so well off.

In this obscure but not uncomfortable retreat Platter was not destined to remain. Religious dissention was becoming every day more violent in the canton of St. Gall ; and, besides, his conscience pricked him, for outwardly conforming with ceremonies and doctrines which he had learned to regard as idolatrous. He therefore made a journey to Zurich, to consult with Myconius ; and was advised by him to quit Visp, more especially as there was a prospect of his being able to return to Basle. In his way back, with a scholar, they were caught on the Grimsel mountain, by snow, rain, and intense cold ; they were almost frozen, and it was not without much difficulty that he saved the boy from perishing.

Having been informed of Platter's intention to leave the canton, the bishop sent his cousin, to tell him that, if he would come to Sion, he should be appointed schoolmaster of the whole country, with a liberal salary. Platter, however, could not be lured by this tempting offer ; he probably suspected the bishop's intentions, as much as his own were suspected by the bishop. It must excite a smile, to see a man, who was at least thirty years of age, and a fair scholar, pleading youth and want of learning. "I thanked his grace," says he, "but begged



several years' more leave of absence, for that I was still young and unlearned, and should like to study more. Then he threatened me with his finger, and said, 'O Platter! you would be old and clever enough, but you have something else in your mind; but when we shall call upon you at some future time you will be more ready to serve your native country than a foreign land.'

Platter had already sent forward his books to Basle, by the way of Berne; he himself intended to proceed thither by Zurich, that he might confer with Myconius. Small was the portion of money which they had to carry them through the journey. The child's godmother had given it a double ducat, as a parting gift, and their friends had bestowed upon them from twelve to fifteen pieces of coin. The household furniture which they took with them must have been less in proportion than the stock of cash, for Platter carried it, and also the baby, which was suspended in the cradle from a hook on his back. A scholar went with them, who helped to carry the mother's bundle, and she "followed after, as a calf the cow." In this simile Platter seems at fault; it would have been more germane to the matter, had he said, as the cow follows the calf—a sight which has been witnessed by every one who has seen a calf taken away from its evidently afflicted mother.

At Basle, Oporinus, his late pupil in the Hebrew language, had now the direction of the gymnasium. On Platter reaching that city, he was, "through the intercession of pious people," appointed assistant to Oporinus, with a salary, which, though not large, was larger than had been given to any predecessor. There is something extremely pleasing in the contented mind which he displays, and in his manner of describing his domestic concerns, and the affectionate contention between him and his wife Anne, as to which of them had most need to

drink. Platter seems to have been more fortunate than his friend Oporinus, who was cursed with the possession of an intolerable shrew. Oporinus, however, had the wisdom to make the best of a bad bargain; and used jocosely to say, that this second Xantippe had taught him to philosophise. But we must return to his assistant. "Of this," says Platter, "I had to pay ten pounds house rent; and at that time too everything was dear; for a quarter of corn cost six pounds, and a quart of wine eight rapps. The scarcity, however, did not last long. I went to the market and bought a little cask of wine; I think it was an aulm, which I carried home upon my shoulder. During the drinking of this wine, my wife and I had considerable disputes; for we had no drinking vessel but an anker. As soon as we went into the cellar with the anker, immediately there was a quarrel. I said, 'Do you drink; you have to nurse.' My wife said, 'Drink you; you have to study, and to work yourself to death in the school.' Afterwards a good friend bought us a glass, in shape something like a boot; with that we went into the cellar when we had bathed. This glass held rather more than the anker. The cask lasted long; and when it was out we bought another. I went into the hospital, and bought a little kettle and a tub, both of which had holes. Just so I bought a chair, and a tolerably good bed, for five pounds. We had not much superfluous furniture; but, God be praised, poor as we were from the beginning, yet I cannot remember that we ever had a meal without bread and wine." Here is a lesson for the Sybarites, who, amidst delicacies, and wines, and music, and odours, and all that can charm the senses, have the base ingratitude to murmur, because a rose-leaf chances to be crumpled under them. Yet Platter had a still worse evil than poverty to contend with—that of ill health. He studied hard, rose early, and went to rest late, and the consequence was a dis-

tressing headach and dizziness ; so that he was frequently obliged to hold by the benches, to save himself from falling. After having suffered much, and tried many remedies in vain, he was at last cured by Epiphanius, a physician who came from Venice.\*

The next character in which Platter appears, though only transiently, is one which is not often assumed by men of erudition. The religious war between Zurich and the five Cantons brought him into the field. In 1529, he had gone out, as armour-bearer to his then master ; but the conclusion of a peace prevented hostilities. When the war broke out again, in 1531, he was at Zurich, apparently on a visit to Myconius. On the tidings being received, that the Zurichers had been defeated at Cappel, and Zuinglius slain, Platter was one of those who marched out of the town, in the hope of arresting the enemy. He owns that, after having proceeded to some distance, the sight became so dreadful, that he thought to himself, ‘better for you to have stayed at home’ ; “for many came who had only one hand ; others held their head with both hands, grievously wounded and bloody ; others suffering still more dreadfully, and men who lighted them along, for it was dark.”

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\* Moreri states, that Epiphanius promised not only to cure Platter, but also teach him the medical art, if Platter and his wife would attend him as servants ; that Platter accepted the offer, and went with his family to Porentrui ; and that Epiphanius dying soon after of the plague, his book of recipes came into Platter’s possession. Speaking of the recovery of Platter’s health, under the doctor’s care, he says, “The cure was speedy and complete ; the remedies consisted only of going to bed early, sleeping soundly, and eating a hearty breakfast of good soup.” In his autobiography, Platter mentions none of these circumstances ; though the last of them seems to be alluded to in his remark, that the doctor cured him “in a very simple manner.” The omission of these particulars affords no proof that Moreri’s assertions are incorrect, as the autobiography evidently consists of but imperfect recollections, with many considerable intervals between the periods to which they relate.—D.

He caught courage, however, from the valiant demeanour and language of others, and resolved to submit to his "inevitable fate," and make a vigorous use of his halberd and sword. His laudable resolve was not put to the proof. No enemy being visible, the ranks were allowed to disband themselves; "and I was no less glad," says he, "than many another whom I knew, and who used to walk about very haughtily in Zurich, but then trembled like an aspen leaf."

Grief for the death of Zuinglius, and dread of persecution from the victorious Catholics, induced Myconius to wish to remove from Zurich. At the battle of Cappel, Bodanus the pastor of St. Alban's, in Basle, was among the slain. Platter, who had returned to Basle, mentioned his friend to the civic authorities of that city, and they despatched him to Zurich, to fetch Myconius, that he might fill the pulpit which Bodanus had left vacant. The new preacher was so much approved of by his hearers, that he was, shortly after, elected to fill the office of Antistes, or chief pastor, which had only been provisionally held, by a substitute, since the death of the celebrated Hausschein, who bears the Grecized name of *Æcolampadius*.

At the same time that Myconius became chief pastor, Platter was appointed to the Greek professorship, and Oporinus to that of poetry. The Greek grammar of Ceporin, and the dialogues of Lucian, formed the basis of Platter's lectures. He was subsequently prevailed upon to act as corrector of the press to Dr. Heerwag, an occupation which he does not seem to have remembered with much pleasure in after years. "This business," says he, "I attended to for four years, with much trouble and labour; for there never was a burden taken off my shoulders but another was laid on its place." This employment, however, opened the way to a kindred one, which eventually proved beneficial to him.

While he was engaged in these avocations, he was offered the chief teachership of the Canton of St. Gall. One Herbert, however, contrived to hurry to Sion, and fraudulently obtained the situation. On this occasion, Platter visited his native place ; and, had he pleased, he might have ousted his dishonest rival ; but it is evident that, from the first, he intended to decline the bishop's offer. In fact, with his principles, he could not honourably have accepted it. After an absence of nine weeks, during which he traversed a considerable part of Switzerland, he resumed his duties at Basle.

Though Platter was not over fond of correcting proofs, he appears to have contracted a predilection for the typographical art. It seems to have been in 1539 that he first adopted the profession of a printer. In that year, Platter, Dr. Oporinus, and two other persons, joined to purchase the printing establishment which had been carried on by Cratander. How long this partnership continued is not recorded ; but it was, probably, for some years. It appears to have been broken up at last by embarrassments, arising from the high interest which was paid upon a borrowed capital. Platter himself speaks feelingly, with respect to the sorrow and trouble which he encountered, particularly on account of the debts he contracted. While the partners were labouring under these difficulties, both Platter and Oporinus were put to the alternative of giving up either printing or their professorships. They chose to do the latter ; they being so deeply engaged in the trade that they could not abandon it without a heavy loss.

Platter, when he went on with the printing business on his own account, is said, by Moreri, to have combined with it the trade of a bookseller. At the outset, he had a hard struggle to keep his ground. "The children were," he says, "often obliged to fold paper till their little fingers bled." But the result of his persevering

industry soon became apparent. He could gain two hundred florins a year, and improve his printing-office and household furniture. Having once penetrated through the obstacles which bar the road to fortune, his progress became every year more rapid. Having acquired a competency, he was beginning to think of retiring from trade ; and, while he was meditating upon this step, he was tempted by an offer of being made rector of the High School, with a liberal salary. This offer he accepted, and he thenceforth devoted himself to his earliest and favourite pursuit ; from which, indeed, as having been a classical printer, he can scarcely be said ever to have really deviated.

In his seventy-third year (1573), Platter thus summed up his gains. He might well contemplate with pride the fruits of his honourable exertions. " However mean my beginning, and however full of danger my life has been," says he, " I have notwithstanding, as you see, arrived at a tolerably comfortable position ; for although I had as good as nothing of private property, and my wife possessed nothing, still in time we have arrived at this point, that I, by great application to business, have acquired, in the town of Basle, four houses, with tolerable furniture ; also through the blessing of God, possess an estate with house and farm, besides the official residence at the school, whilst at first I had not a hut in Basle, to afford me refuge. And notwithstanding my mean descent, yet God has granted me the honour of having been now thirty-and-one years professor in the head school next the university, in the far-famed city of Basle, and of having instructed the child of many an honourable man, of whom many have been doctors, or otherwise learned men : several, and indeed not a few, of the nobility, who now possess and rule over land and people, and others who sit on the judgment-seat, and in the council. Also, at all times, I have had many board-



ers, both of noblemen and other people of consequence, who speak well of me, and show me all manner of kindness; so that the worshipful town of Zurich and other places have sent me presents of their wine of honour."

Platter lived for nine years after writing his autobiography. In 1572, he married a second wife, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. His family, at least by the mother's side, seems to have been remarkable for having children in old age. His grandfather, John Summermatter, who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-six, married a woman of thirty when he was in his hundredth year, and had sons and daughters by her. When Platter attained his seventy-ninth year, his eyesight and hearing began to fail, and he was permitted to retire from his office upon a pension. He died on the 26th of January, 1582. "My dear father died happily," says his affectionate son, Felix, "Almighty God grant that he may rise again joyfully at the coming of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

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I will add, from various sources, a few particulars relative to some of the descendants of Thomas Platter, who distinguished themselves in various ways, but particularly as professors of the healing art. Felix, one of his sons, was born in 1536, began the study of medicine at an early age, and pursued it with so much success, that he obtained his doctor's degree, when he was only twenty years of age. After having perfected his knowledge at Montpelier, and travelled through France and part of Germany, he returned to Basle, where, in 1557, he was appointed city-physician, and, in 1560, professor of medicine. These offices he held, with still increasing reputation, for no less than fifty-four years. The fame of his talents drew to him, from foreign countries, a throng of pupils, and applications for assistance. Among



those by whom he was consulted were Catherine, sister of Henry IV. of France, and the princes of Saxony, Brandenburg, Lorraine, Würtemberg, and Baden.—Many tempting offers were made to him by various high personages, to draw him into their service ; but he preferred continuing among his fellow-citizens, by whom he was justly admired and beloved. His skill was exerted with signal benefit to his country, during the pestilence, which desolated a part of Switzerland, in the years 1564 and 1610. He was an excellent mechanician, a consummate anatomist, and had a profound knowledge of music. Botany was also among his studies, and he established at Basle a botanical garden, which he gave up to the use of his pupils. He formed, too, a magnificent cabinet of natural history, which the family continued to preserve till the decease of the last descendant. He married young, and was happy in his marriage, but left no children. Felix Platter died in 1614. Of his literary productions the principal are, a work on the Anatomy of the Human Body, with plates ; the Practice of Medicine, in three volumes ; Observations, in three books ; and a copious autobiography, which still remains in manuscript.

His brother Thomas, whom he brought up, and always considered as his son, was born in 1574, and was in his childhood when their father died. After having acquired a profound knowledge of the curative art, he devoted to natural history every moment that he could spare from the exercise of his profession. In 1614, he was elected professor of anatomy and botany to the Academy of Basle, and in 1625, he became professor of practical medicine. He published an edition of his brother's Practice of Medicine, with additions and corrections, and, among other things, wrote a journal, which has not yet been printed, of his travels ; which is described as a curious work, full of designs, maps, and plans, drawn by his own hand. He died in 1628. It has been said,

that old men's children are of weakly constitutions; and the remark seems to receive some confirmation from the case of Thomas Platter, junior, who was one of the issue of his father's second marriage. Felix has recorded of him, that, though he himself was the oldest by thirty-nine years, his brother was grey the soonest, and was always mistaken for the elder brother, by those who did not know them.

His son Felix, so named from his uncle, was born in 1605, and followed in the footsteps of his uncle and father. Having obtained the degree of doctor of philosophy, he chose the profession of a physician. In the course of his studies, he visited the most celebrated universities of England, France, and Holland. On his return to Basle, in 1629, he took the medical degree of doctor. In the following year, however, he accepted the professorship of logic, and, three years afterwards, that of natural philosophy. But no long time elapsed before he resigned the professorial chair, and gave himself up entirely to the practice of his favourite art. In 1656, he was nominated principal physician of the city of Basle, and in 1664 became a senator. Felix Platter allowed but rarely of bleeding, and always prescribed the simplest remedies; a mode of practice which by no means tended to render him popular among the surgeons and apothecaries. He died in 1671. He is the author of a *Century of Medical Questions*, and of a great number of *Theses*.

Felix had two sons. The eldest, who bore the same Christian name as his father, was born in 1645, and began by studying medicine, in which science he took a doctor's degree. He, however, abandoned physic for arms, and died in the French service, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The youngest son Thomas, the last of his race, died at Basle in 1711, after having, for forty years, been a successful physician.

## LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL TORDENSKIOLD.

IN the naval annals of Denmark, the name of Tordenskiold holds a similar place to that which is held in British history by the names of Nelson, Cochrane, and Napier. It is an appellation distinctive of the daring bravery and maritime skill of the man on whom it was bestowed. The real name of the person who bore it was Peter Wessel. He was born in October, 1691, at Drontheim, in Norway. He was at first an apprentice to a baker, or, according to others, to a tailor; but loathing his occupation he contrived to escape from his degrading bonds, and to accompany some of the king's suite to Copenhagen. There, for a while, he is said to have been in the service of Dr. Peter, the king's chaplain. His disposition, which was inclined to roving, soon rendered this monotonous existence as irksome to him as his former pursuits had been, and he determined to become a seaman. After having learned the rudiments of navigation at the naval school of the Danish capital, he made three voyages to the East Indies, as a common sailor. In this humble capacity, he acquired, by his various good qualities, the respect of his superiors. He displayed eminent nautical talents, and undaunted courage, an ardent desire of distinguishing himself, and an utter abhorrence of those debaucheries which too often cast a dark shade over the maritime character. His bravery was well seconded by a robust constitution, which enabled him to bear, uninjured, all the toils and privations to which mariners are exposed. He seems to have been proof alike against a tropical sun and a boreal frost.

His merits were rewarded, after his third voyage, by

his being admitted, as a cadet, into the royal navy, and his subsequent promotion was rapid. Circumstances soon occurred which opened a field for his exploits. The fatal battle of Pultava having shaken to its basis the power of the Swedes, the king of Denmark declared war against Sweden; he had ceased to dread the re-appearance of a Swedish army in Zealand, for his terrible adversary, Charles the Twelfth, was become a fugitive in a distant foreign land. It was early in this contest that Wessel first held a separate command. In 1711, he was commissioned to a small vessel, with which he was directed to harass and alarm the Swedish coast. Next year he was raised to a first lieutenancy, and appointed to a frigate. In this service he rendered himself remarkable for his zeal and enterprise. Wherever there was a prospect of benefiting his country, or gaining fame, there Wessel was sure to be found.

While he was cruising, in 1714, under Dutch colours, an incident occurred which manifested at once his intrepidity and his chivalric disposition. He fell in with a Swedish frigate, of greatly superior force, which had hoisted the English flag. The Swedish commander hailed, and ordered him to "bring to"; but, instead of obeying, Wessel answered with a broadside. A furious contest took place, which was suspended by the night, and renewed on the return of day. At length he was informed that there was only powder enough left for four broadsides. He immediately sent off a boat, under a flag of truce, with the following message to his opponent: "I was ready to board you, that I might come to close quarters with such a gallant fellow as you are; but the sea is so rough that I cannot effect my purpose. I can fire but four broadsides; lend me some powder, and we will begin again. If you will not grant my request, give me your word that you will continue about here, and I will go to procure ammunition." To this the

Swede replied, "I have not more powder than I want for my own use ; but I invite the gallant Wessel to come on board, for we wish to drink his health." The invitation was accepted, and the two captains pledged each other in a bumper. On taking leave Wessel exclaimed, "Salute your bonny lasses at Gottenburgh for me ;" to which his antagonist responded, "Yes, and do you do the same, on my part, to yours at Copenhagen." The vessels then parted. These circumstances becoming known, Wessel was ordered to the Danish capital. His conduct was there investigated by a court of inquiry, and a favourable verdict was the result.

In a few months after this event, Wessel received a captain's commission. Before he joined his ship, he presented to the king a memorial, in which he engaged to sweep the north seas, if five frigates were placed under his command. The king, who thought well of the measure, referred the memorial to the board of admiralty. The board, however, looked upon the scheme, or rather its author, with an evil eye. It replied, "Your majesty has already loaded with favours this young officer, who is only twenty-three years of age. To promote him in 1712, fifty-one first and second lieutenants were passed over ; to make him a captain, he was put over the heads of nine older first lieutenants. What more does he want ? To be commander-in-chief ?" In consequence of this opposition the project was abandoned.

In the Lowendahl, an eighteen-gun corvette, Wessel bore a part in the action which took place, on the 24th of April 1715, between the Danish fleet, under admiral Gabel, and the Swedish, under count Wachtmeister. Inferior in number, the Swedes, after an obstinate combat of several hours, endeavoured to make their escape towards the Belt ; but, finding that their retreat in that direction was impracticable, they bent their course towards the coast of Holstein. There, resolving at least to

deprive the Danes of the trophies of their victory, the Swede ran his vessels ashore, and prepared to land his seamen, and set the ships on fire. But Wessel, who had been despatched to keep them in view during the darkness, sent the count word, that, as they were stranded on the Danish coast, the laws of war forbade their commander to burn them, and that if he ventured to do so, not one of his men should have quarter. This threat was backed by the appearance of Danish troops from all the neighbouring towns, and by the approach of the Danish squadron. Wachtmeister, therefore, gave up his sword to Wessel, and the conquerors took possession of four sail of the line and two frigates.

Ever active, Wessel immediately got afloat the *White Eagle*, one of the captured frigates, mounting thirty guns. He was sent home in her to announce the victory; the admiral remaining behind to get off the rest of the prizes. On his arrival, he was received with the loudest acclamations from an assembled multitude. The command of the frigate was conferred on him by the king, as the reward of his exertions.

Wessel hastened back to the Danish fleet, which was in the neighbourhood of Stralsund, and began to act with his accustomed vigour. One of his first exploits was the capture of a boat, which had been sent out by a Swedish man-of-war to procure a supply of water, which he carried off under the very guns of the Swede. In the sanguinary but undecisive engagement, on the eighth of August 1715, his naval reputation acquired fresh lustre. On the night after the battle, he fell in with a Swedish convoy, escorted by a man-of-war and a frigate, and he contrived to make himself master of a richly laden vessel, almost within cannon-shot of the escort. He followed this up, by making numerous prizes during his cruise, one of which contained six thousand muskets.

In one instance, his daring drew censure upon him



from his admiral. He had received orders not to combat against a superior force; yet, hurried away by his ardour, he ventured upon a conflict with a Swedish ship of the line and a frigate. He baffled their efforts to take him; but his loss in men was great, and his vessel was so shattered, that she was obliged to be sent to Copenhagen for repairs. While he was staying in the Danish capital, a curious incident is said to have occurred. His crew loudly manifested their discontent, at what they deemed his rashness; and some of them refused to perform their duty, declaring that he sacrificed them to gratify his insatiate love of glory. The mutiny was, however, suppressed.

Having refitted his ship, Wessel rejoined the fleet, which was covering the siege of Stralsund. As it was conjectured that Charles the Twelfth would shortly attempt to escape from the beleaguered city, which could not much longer hold out, Wessel was directed to take the command of a squadron of four frigates, including his own, to block up the point at which it was supposed the monarch would endeavour to effect his purpose. To his infinite mortification, the Danish captain was disappointed. The foul weather and the floating ice prevented the three frigates from reaching him; and the Swedish hero arrived in safety at Ystedt. To a spirit like Wessel's the capture of several rich vessels must have been a very insufficient indemnification for the loss of the kingly prize.

On the surrender of Stralsund, the Danish sovereign made his entry into the place. Wessel was honoured with an audience by his royal master, who presented to him a snuff-box set with diamonds. While he was offering the contents of the box to some officers of rank whom he had taken on board, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the box slipped from his hand and fell into the sea. It was mid-December, and fields of ice were floating



round the ship, but he unhesitatingly jumped into the water, and dived after the valued gift. The lookers-on were astounded by his disappearance, and no one expected to behold him again ; he, however, speedily rose unhurt, but the royal present, for which he had rashly risked his life, was irrecoverable.

For this loss Wessel was soon amply indemnified. Mad as, under such circumstances, was the diving to recover the box, the king could not but be gratified that his present was held in such high estimation. In a second interview with Wessel, he said to him, " I ennoble you, confer on you the name of Tordenskiold (Thundershield), and grant you a coat-of-arms suitable to the honourable name which you have so well earned. You are the thunder which crushes the Swedes, and the shield which covers the navy of my kingdom." Tordenskiold returned to Copenhagen with the monarch, who also appointed him his adjutant-general, and inspector of the Danish fleets.

In the following year, 1716, he was sent with four frigates and three smaller vessels to reinforce Vice-Admiral Gabel on the coast of Norway. On his way he captured three Swedish vessels. This was only the prelude to a service of greater importance. There was at that moment lying in the harbour of Dynekil, not far north of Stromstad, a Swedish flotilla, consisting of thirteen galleys and eight transports, laden with cannon, mortars, shells, and powder, for the projected siege of Fredrikshald. Tordenskiold, like Nelson, could never pass an enemy who came across his path, and did not shrink from taking a heavy responsibility upon his own shoulders. Caring little for the want of orders, and knowing that the capture or destruction of this armament was of the greatest consequence, he determined to attack it. Two of the largest Swedish galleys were moored to defend the entrance of the harbour, which was also flanked by a six-gun battery on shore. Torden-

skiold assailed them on the 7th of July, with the utmost vigour. After a sharp contest, which lasted from noon till towards evening, the two galleys were sunk, and the battery was silenced. The Dane then penetrated into the harbour, and was speedily in possession of the rest of the flotilla. This enterprise effectually frustrated, for that year, the siege of Fredrikshald. Tordenskiold was formally reprimanded for having gone beyond his instructions; and then rewarded for his bravery, by the rank of commodore, and by the gift of the blue riband and medal, which had been awarded only to three admirals in the course of the war. For the remainder of the year, he continued to harass the Swedes incessantly, and to inflict heavy losses upon them. In November, he was despatched with succours to Norway, and suffered greatly from storms during his voyage.

In 1717, though his valour shone as conspicuously as ever, Fortune was less favourable to Tordenskiold than she had hitherto been. In the spring of that year, he put to sea with a squadron, for the purpose of watching Gottenburg, in the harbour of which place were four Swedish sail-of-the-line, ten frigates, and several galleys. With his wonted daring, he formed the project of burning the enemy's ships in the port. On the night of the 14th of May, favoured by the darkness and the wind, he, with two prames and eight galleys, succeeded in passing the fort and the blockhouse unperceived. But just at the moment when he was exulting in the hope of a triumph, the wind sank into a dead calm, and no further progress could be made. The Swedes are likewise said to have been forewarned of his intention, and had taken measures to render his plan abortive. Their ships were moored as close to the batteries as possible; they were protected by a boom, composed of large masts; and on the shore was posted a division of three thousand men, commanded by the Prince of Hesse. Notwithstanding

the various formidable obstacles which stood in his way, Tordenskiold could not bring himself to submit to an immediate retreat. He opened a hot cannonade upon the enemy, which was still more hotly returned by them. It was not until two of his galleys were sunk, a prame was with difficulty kept from sinking, and all the rest were much shattered, that he would issue orders to retire from the contest. No attempt was made by the victors to prevent the disabled ships from being towed off. The loss of men on both sides was considerable. His next great undertaking was more sanguinary, and not more successful. Intending to destroy the Swedish batteries at Stromstad, near the Norwegian frontier, he came before that place, on the 29th of July, with a flotilla, consisting of three men-of-war, four frigates, two prames, and eight galleys. "He began, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to cannonade those batteries with so much fury (says the Danish account), that he three times drove away the enemy who guarded them. But they returned still to resume their post, notwithstanding the terrible slaughter which our cannon made of them ; so that the field was covered with the heads, arms, legs, &c. which our guns separated from the bodies. But when at last the commodore, having cleared the way, attempted to land nineteen hundred of his men, the enemy saluted him with such a shower of musket-bullets from the crevices of the rocks, where they had placed themselves in covert, that it was impossible to go ashore with life. Two galleys suffered very much, and were very near lost, having, besides being much damaged by the enemy's cannon, run upon a sand, but were at last afloat again, and towed off. The prame, named Noah's Ark, bore the fire of three batteries, by which she was damaged, but is refitted. The ships *Laland*, *Thun*, and *Jutburg* had the same fate. But we had the good fortune to bring all the ships off when we retired." The Danes

estimated their loss at only one hundred and four killed, and two hundred and forty-eight wounded, among whom were several officers ; but other statements raise it to double that number. Tordenskiold himself is said, by some writers, to have been dangerously hurt.

Either, as some assert, in consequence of this enterprise having, like that of Dynekil, been undertaken without orders, or, as others more probably affirm, because, not agreeing with the Danish generals in Norway, he desired to be recalled, Tordenskiold returned to Copenhagen. There appears, indeed, to be reason for believing, that the generals displayed more prudence than was agreeable to his fiery nature. That no disapprobation of his conduct was officially, or at least publicly, expressed by the king or the admiralty is certain. His passage to the Danish capital was made in a small vessel, mounted with only four guns, and manned by twenty men. On the Swedish coast he fell in with an enemy's ship, carrying eight guns and sixty men, and an action ensued. Great as was the disparity of force, Tordenskiold defended himself with his wonted valour. After a hard struggle, in which the Dane slew the Swedish captain with his own hand, his opponent was glad to seek for safety in flight. During this unequal contest, Tordenskiold received a wound in his side.

Little was done by sea in the year 1718. Tordenskiold again commanded the squadron on the coast of Norway. It was perhaps during this campaign that an incident occurred, which proves the respect entertained for him by an enemy of a kindred spirit. A vessel in which were all his equipments and savings was wrecked on the Swedish coast. On learning this circumstance, Charles XII. informed him, that, as a testimony of esteem for his valour, all his property should be restored. But the death of the monarch prevented the restitution from being effected. The king of Denmark, however, indem-

nified the brave commodore, by giving him a vessel which had been captured from the Swedes. In December, Tordenskiold returned to Copenhagen, with the important intelligence that Charles XII. had fallen before the fortress of Fredrikshald; he was rewarded for his welcome tidings by the rank of rear-admiral.

In 1719, Tordenskiold was once more placed in command of the squadron destined to act on the sea-board of Norway, and the western coast of Sweden; and being enabled to carry on offensive operations, he gave free scope to his adventurous disposition. In April, he put to sea with part of his force, the whole not being ready; and his first measure was to blockade the harbour of Gottenburg. The Swedes made an attempt to compel him to raise it; but they were repulsed. He next bombarded the fort of Elfsborg, at the mouth of the Gota, with the intention, perhaps, of ascending the river, in case of his reducing the fort. In this, however, he failed, the bombardment having produced but little effect upon the works of Elfsborg.

Orders were now sent to him by the Danish monarch to attack the fortress of Marstrand, which is situated a few miles north of the Gota, on a small island at the entrance of the Hakefiord. Adjoining the town, and commanding it, is the citadel of Carlsten. Previous to commencing his attack, he is said to have visited the town in the disguise of a fisherman, and taken note of all its vulnerable points. He appeared before the town with his fleet on the 24th of July, and began by landing six hundred men on the island of Koo, which lies opposite to Marstrand. By this step he precluded the garrison from receiving succour or retreating. A Swedish flotilla, consisting of seventeen sail, was then in the harbour. On the day after his arrival, Tordenskiold bombarded and cannonaded the flotilla with such vigour that he forced his way into the port. The enemy then abandoned

their vessels, having first burnt or sunk some of them. Their retreat was, however, so precipitate that they could not destroy the whole ; several fell into the power of the victors, among which were a forty-four-gun frigate, two sixteen-gun sloops, and a prame.

The panic of the Swedes was so great that they abandoned the town of Marstrand, and retired into the citadel of Carlsten. Here they might have defended themselves for some time, could their governor, Colonel Dankwert, have mustered up sufficient courage. But he soon found a reason or a pretext for capitulating. On the second day of the siege, a bomb having fallen into and blown up a powder-magazine, he entered into a parley, which ended in his consenting to surrender. Five hours were allowed him for evacuating the fort. Either from carelessness or some lingering idea that he ought not so readily to succumb, he allowed the stipulated time to go by without performing his agreement. Tordenskiöld was not to be trifled with ; and he took a step which undoubtedly bordered upon rashness. By a narrow postern gate he contrived to make his way into the fortress, accompanied only by a handful of men, proceeded to the house of Dankwert, and demanded, in a menacing voice, why the Swede had not kept his word. Overawed by his resolute opponent, the governor submitted, and delivered up the citadel. This dastardly conduct naturally excited a suspicion in the Swedish government that he had been guilty of treachery ; and accordingly, on his arrival in Sweden, he was loaded with irons, and committed to jail to be tried for his life. Such was the rage of the populace against him, that as he passed through the streets, on his way to the prison, the crowd, and even the women, pelted him with stones in such a manner, that the guards could scarcely succeed in saving his life. The result of his trial I have not been able to discover.



While the vanquished governor was thus exposed to the violence of popular odium, and the danger of having his existence ignominiously terminated, the victor was being loaded with honours by the gratitude of his sovereign. Tordenskiold was raised to the rank of vice-admiral, appointed chamberlain to the king, endowed with a large estate, and presented, by the king himself, with a massy gold medal, struck to commemorate the conquest, and the portrait of the monarch, set in diamonds. There were only three other superior officers who were allowed to wear a similar portrait, as a memorial of their services. Nor was this all; he was soon after nominated a member of the Board of Admiralty; and, in his presence, the name of the *Marstrand* was given by the Danish monarch to a ship of the line, at the moment when it was launched.

In war defeat not unfrequently treads close upon the footsteps of victory. Such Tordenskiold found to be the case; not, however, by any fault of his own. Animated to new exertions by his recent triumph at *Marstrand*, he resumed his project of taking *Elfsborg*, and forcing his way up the river *Gota* to *Gottenburg*. In this enterprise he was to be seconded by six thousand land forces. On the twenty-eighth of July, he landed six or seven hundred men on a small island, near *Elfsborg*, who constructed several gun and mortar batteries. The bombardment was commenced from sixty-four mortars on the afternoon of the first of September, while a powerful fire of artillery was simultaneously kept up against the enemy's fortifications. An event which took place on the next day seemed to omen success. A powder magazine in *Elfsborg* was blown up by a shell, and caused much damage and confusion. Tordenskiold sent in a summons; but the governor was a man of courage, and he replied, that he had still ammunition enough left to baffle the designs of the besiegers. He likewise sank old



ships, and occupied various advantageous posts, to bar the passage up the river. He at the same time received reinforcements from Gottenburg, which took up a position behind the island of Hissinger, and erected batteries, from which they severely galled the Danish fleet. Tordenskiold, nevertheless, maintained for two days a heavy cannonade and bombardment, in the hope that some favourable circumstance might occur. Finding at length that the promised troops did not arrive to his assistance, and that his strength alone was inadequate to the reduction of the fortress, he discontinued the siege, and retired to Marstrand, not wholly without loss, but assuredly without disgrace.

It was not long before Tordenskiold found an opportunity to take his revenge for being thus foiled. On the eighth of November he carried, by an unexpected attack, two batteries at the mouth of the Gota, spiked the cannon, penetrated into the river, burnt a part of the vessels which were lying there, and carried off the rest. With this achievement ended, in a manner worthy of him, the naval career of this intrepid commander. Under the mediation of England, the courts of Copenhagen and Stockholm had for some time been negotiating ; and a suspension of arms for six months was finally agreed upon, which, as it happened, was to commence on the very day upon which his final exploit was accomplished by the Danish admiral.

A spirit like Tordenskiold's could not accommodate itself to a monotonous life. Having no longer the power to gratify his love of warlike scenes, he resolved to find excitement by travelling through Germany, France, and Italy. The king was averse from this plan of wandering, and strove to retain him at court. "I might," said he, "command you to stay with me, but I will only say, that it will give me extreme pain to see you depart." Tordenskiold, however, was immoveable ; and at last, by

dint of constant importunity; he extorted from the monarch the permission which he sought. He set out on his journey, but he was near being turned back at the outset of it by a singular and almost ludicrous incident. It is well known that, in all countries, the great majority of sailors have minds deeply tinged with superstition, and, under that influence, are apt to display "fears of the brave, and follies of the wise." Tordenskiold appears to have had his full share of this weakness. On his way to Hamburgh he visited the Duke of Holstein at Augustenborg. While he was there he had a dream, which exceedingly alarmed him, as being ominous of coming evil. He told it to the duke, who seeing the profound impression which it had made upon him, and knowing how reluctantly the king had permitted him to depart, availed himself of the circumstance to persuade the vice-admiral to go back to Copenhagen, and thus avert the peril which impended over travelling. Tordenskiold approved of the duke's arguments, and seemed quite resolved to retrace his steps; but on the following morning an event occurred which induced him to change his mind. While he was out a-hunting with the prince, his horse plunged with him from a bridge; the horse was killed, the rider remained unhurt. This was enough for Tordenskiold; he concluded that the threatened danger had passed over, that the spell was broken, and he persisted in proceeding onward.

At Hamburgh he spent five weeks, during which time he could not quit his abode without being followed by a crowd, eager to gaze upon the man who had gained such a high reputation at so early an age. From Hamburgh he proceeded to Hanover, in order to be introduced to George I. before that monarch returned to his British dominions. His reception there was of the most flattering kind; the king, who had only three days to remain in Hanover, invited him to the royal table for the whole

of them, seated him by his own side, and listened with pleasure to the Danish hero's narration of his numerous exploits.

But the hour was at hand when plaudits and honours and fame were to be nothing to Tordenskiold ; the darkness of death was even now gathering around him. He was doomed to fall, and not in the cause of his country, amidst the spirit-stirring din of battle, but in an inglorious combat, and by an inglorious foe. These were the circumstances. Tordenskiold was accompanied by the son of a rich merchant of Copenhagen. At Hamburgh the youth fell, by mere chance, into the company of a set of gamblers, who, after having stripped him of all his ready cash, obliged him to give a bill to a large amount upon his father. One of the gamesters was a Swedish colonel named Stahl. After George I. had quitted Hanover, the Danish admiral was dining at the house of one of the Hanoverian ministers, and happened to learn that Stahl was one of the guests. Looking at that officer, he said, that the king of England had done well in arresting men who had cheated at play. Then raising his voice, " It would," said he, " be an excellent thing if the same step were everywhere taken against such despicable wretches, no matter what their rank might be. There are some of them at Hamburgh ; and I am astonished that the magistrates do not arrest and turn them out of the city, after having bestowed a hearty cudgelling upon their backs." That there might be no possibility of mistaking the person to whom he alluded, he added some particulars which could apply to the colonel alone. Stahl demanded an explanation ; but the reply of the Dane was so unsatisfactory, that the colonel burst into a passion, and exclaimed that no one but a rascally sailor could be capable of such behaviour. This speech roused the wrath of Tordenskiold ; he rushed furiously, cane in hand, upon his opponent, pursued him into the

court-yard, snatched from the colonel the sword which he had drawn, and ended it by breaking it in pieces over his head.\*

A challenge was instantly given by Stahl, and accepted by his gallant adversary. The meeting took place on the 20th of November, 1720, a few miles from Hanover. Circumstances seem to authorise a belief that treachery was used against Tordenskiold. A Hanoverian colonel volunteered to be his second ; and he positively assured him that Stahl would never make his appearance on the

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\* One contemporary chronicler gives a version of the story which is less disgraceful to Stahl. "That admiral" (Tordenskiold), says the writer, "being at Hanover some time before the king's departure, was invited to dinner at the Baron de Gortz', where a Swedish colonel called Stahl was also invited, and several other persons of distinction. The conversation was very general, and amongst other things they talked of the misfortunes occasioned by excessive gaming, and of the resolutions taken by the kings of Great Britain and Prussia to repress the same, which was the more necessary because a gang of gamblers was come to Hamburgh, whereby several young gentlemen had been ruined. Admiral Tordenskiold spoke of these gamblers with all the contempt that a cheating crew can deserve, and Colonel Stahl, who it seems is very much addicted to gaming, taking some exception thereat, pretended that the charge was too general, and that some gamblers were as honest as any others, and ought to be considered as fair adventurers. This occasioned some warm words between him and the Danish admiral, and when they retired from the Baron de Gortz' they endeavoured to fight, but were prevented. They met the next day at some leagues from Hanover, and fought ; and the Sieur Tordenskiold was run through the body, and instantly died on the spot. Colonel Stahl retired to Hamburgh, having received but a little scratch on his face. The King of Denmark has appeared very much concerned for the loss of that brave commander ; and after having ordered his body to be brought to Copenhagen, in order to be buried with the decency and respect due to his character, he has ordered a complaint to be made against Colonel Stahl at the court of Sweden, in order to have him punished ; but this fact having been committed in foreign countries, and proceeding from a private quarrel, in which the King of Denmark was not concerned, it is very likely this affair will not be prosecuted any further."

ground, for that he had already set off for Hamburgh. Tordenskiold took with him only a dress sword, and went to the spot in a post-chaise, accompanied by his servant; the second rode on horseback. When they reached the ground, Stahl was there, effectively armed. Seeing the disparity between the swords of the combatants, Tordenskiold's servant offered his own to his master; but the rash Dane rejected it, and rushed to the encounter. At the second pass Stahl beat down the feeble weapon of his antagonist, who, at the same instant, was run through the body. Tordenskiold fell, and almost instantly expired in the arms of his servant, who was left alone with him; Stahl and both of the seconds having instantly disappeared. At the time of his death he was only in his thirtieth year. His remains were conveyed to Denmark, and magnificently interred.

Tordenskiold's skill in forming a plan was equalled only by his valour in executing it. Like Nelson, he saw at a glance the proper point of attack, and, like him, he provided against all possible contingencies. Though he was not of more than the middle stature, his personal strength was surprisingly great, and his activity not less so, and in giving orders his sonorous voice made itself heard amidst the roar of the cannon. It must be owned that, occasionally, his courage was not enough under the control of prudence; but this was a fault on the right side, and time would have amended it. In private life, he was worthy of esteem; his charity was so extensive, that he gave pensions to no fewer than fifty widows, and educated many orphans, who must have been cast friendless on the world had they not become objects of his bounty. Denmark may, indeed, justly boast of having given birth to a man so talented, so brave, so munificent, as her lamented Tordenskiold.

THE LIFE OF JOHN PRIDEAUX.

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At a small distance to the right of the road from Ashburton to Plymouth, and about a mile from the picturesque scenery of Ivy Bridge, stands the little village of Stowford. In this village John Prideaux was born, on the 17th of December, 1578. His ancestors had, for nearly three centuries, held some land there, upon lease, and were placed above want. His father, however, had such a large family,—seven sons and five daughters,—that he wanted the means to give them more than the first rudiments of education. John, who was the fourth son, was merely taught to read and write. The difficulty of finding occupations for so numerous an offspring was scarcely less than that of educating them. It happened that John was gifted with an excellent voice; and a circumstance now occurred which excited a hope that his voice might be turned to account. The parish-clerk of Ugborough, a village about five miles from Stowford, had died, and his office was yet vacant. Young as he was, John Prideaux became a candidate. But unluckily, or rather luckily, there was an obstacle, in the way of his obtaining this much-desired preferment. A rival had already canvassed the parish, and met with considerable success. The parishioners, nevertheless, determined to give both parties at least the show of a fair trial. It was accordingly arranged, that one of the competitors should give out the psalms in the morning, and the other in the afternoon, and that the place should be given to the candidate who was most approved of by the congregation. To the great grief of Prideaux, the verdict of the good people of Ugborough was unfavourable to him. Had it been otherwise, he would probably

have vegetated in his Devonshire seclusion till the close of his existence. In later days, he used to say, "If I could have been parish-clerk of Ugborough, I never should have been bishop of Worcester."

For his defeat at Ugborough, Prideaux was soon amply compensated by an act of benevolence, which put him in the way to fortune and reputation. There was in his parish a kind-hearted lady, the mother of Sir Edward Fowell, who was moved by the sorrow which he felt at his disappointment, and took the most effectual step to console him. "God might," she prophetically said, "design him for greater things, and therefore he ought not to lament having failed in his recent attempt." But she did not confine her comforting exertions to barren words; seeing that he was anxious to acquire learning, she maintained him at school till he had gained some knowledge of Latin, and perhaps of some other branches of those studies which he might intend to pursue. The portals of science being thrown open to him, it is improbable to suppose that he would not resolve to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the temple.

Having made himself master of all that could be learned in a country school, Prideaux determined to perfect his learning at an English university. Accordingly, quitting parents, relatives, friends, and the scenes of his childhood, and having no one to whom, at the end of his travel, he could look for patronage, he set out for Oxford. The long journey itself, on foot, and through rugged by-ways, at the latter part of the sixteenth century, might well have daunted one who was little more than a boy, had he not possessed a spirit beyond his years. Even nearly two centuries later, the roads in many portions of the west of England were in such a state, that a gentleman, who was examined before a committee of the House of Commons as to the condition of them, pithily replied, they "were so deep that it had been seri-



ously debated, whether it would not be less expensive to convert them into canals than to repair them." Prideaux must therefore have had a wearisome peregrination. That he fared poorly and endured much, there can be no doubt ; that his attire was coarse and scanty, is known. He appears, however, to have reached Oxford without any serious misadventure.

Exeter College was the college at Oxford which was most frequented by gentlemen from the county of Devon. It was consequently natural that Prideaux should apply there. That his manners were calculated to inspire a prejudice in his favour, we may conclude from the interest which was taken in him by his patroness at Stowford. This, and his being a native of Devonshire, probably facilitated his admission into Exeter College. His situation at first was but an humble one ; he being employed as an assistant in the kitchen and in other menial offices. At that period he could not, at the most, have been more than sixteen or seventeen years of age.

The servile toil in which he was engaged did not depress the mind of Prideaux ; he had too sound an intellect to consider as disgraceful a situation in which he was earning honest bread and mental improvement ; and his amiable disposition conciliated for him the good will of the members of the College, and the perseverance, and obvious effect, with which he devoted every leisure moment to study, induced them to forward his pursuits. At length, in 1596, he was admitted a poor scholar of Exeter College, and was placed under the tuition of Mr. William Helme, a bachelor of divinity, who was an able scholar.

The youth now applied himself with increased enthusiasm to the attainment of his great object. The cultivation of his talents was much favoured by two circumstances : his strength of constitution qualified him to labour long, without sustaining injury, and the tena-

city of his memory retained, and enabled him at will to bring into play, the whole of the knowledge which he acquired. For the skill and subtlety which he displayed in argumentative contentions, he is said to have been eminently distinguished.

Ability like his, seconded by a resolute will, could not fail to make a rapid progress. In January, 1599, less than three years after his admission as a student at the university, he took the degree of bachelor of arts, and, in 1602, was elected a probationer fellow of his college. In the following year he obtained his master's degree, and soon after he entered into holy orders. To the study of divinity he paid the most unremitting attention; and his reputation for being thoroughly grounded in it was universally acknowledged. In enumerating the various claims of Prideaux to public esteem, Anthony à Wood declares him to have been "a plentiful fountain of all sorts of learning, an excellent linguist, a person of a prodigious memory, and so profound a divine that he was called '*Columnæ fidei orthodoxæ, ingens scholæ et academix oraculum.*'" His bachelor's degree in divinity was taken in 1611; his master's degree in the following year.

On the death of Dr. Thomas Holland, in 1612, Prideaux was elected rector of Exeter College; little more than sixteen years after he entered its walls as an humble assistant in the kitchen. By his temper, as well as his learning, Prideaux was admirably calculated to be the head of a scholastic institution. Gentle in his manners, and mild in his language, he was the friend instead of the terror of those who were under his care. He did his utmost to call the latent powers of his pupils into action, and if fear or imperfect knowledge of the subject caused them to hesitate, he would help them out, and in such a manner as to prevent their deficiency from being obvious to those around them. It is no wonder there-

fore that students from distant lands flocked to Exeter college. "In the rectorship of his college," says Wood, "he carried himself so winning and pleasing by his gentle government and fatherly instruction, that it flourished more than any house in the university with scholars, as well of great as of mean birth; so also with many foreigners that came purposely to sit at his feet to gain instruction."

On the promotion of Dr. Robert Abbot to the bishopric of Salisbury, in 1615, Prideaux succeeded him as regius professor of divinity in the university of Oxford; to which office are annexed a canonry of Christ Church, and the rectory of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire. In the professional chair he was a strenuous assailant of the doctrines of Arminius and Socinus, which were at that time gaining ground. His lectures were remarkable for vigour and perspicuity. Prince, in his account of the Worthies of Devon, quaintly characterises the style of Prideaux as being "manly for the strength, maidenly for the modesty, and elegant for the phrase thereof." It was also said of him, that "the heroic spirit of Jewel, Rainolds, and Hooper, as though they were united in him, seemed once more to triumph, and to threaten the hierarchy of Babylon with a fatal blow."

Prideaux held the professorship of divinity for seven-and-twenty years, in the course of which period he five times filled the dignified office of vice-chancellor. He was also domestic chaplain to prince Henry, son of James I., and subsequently to James himself, and to Charles I. Yet in the midst of preferments and honours, Prideaux preserved a kindliness and humility which command admiration. He never for a moment forgot what he had been. To the poor he was uniformly compassionate; to his parents and relatives affectionate and beneficent. The latter he delighted to visit unexpectedly, and to gratify and assist by his bounty. In one of his

visits to Devonshire, as he passed through the parish of Ugborough, the bell was tolling. On being told that it was for the funeral of an old woman who had been his godmother, he suspended his journey, accompanied the body to the grave, and delivered a suitable discourse upon the occasion. A monument erected by him in the parish church of Harford, where his father and mother were interred, attests his duteous love to them; they are represented with their twelve children around them, John Prideaux being distinguished from the rest by his scarlet robe. Prideaux was not one of those who mistake gloom for godliness. Though unfeignedly pious, he was of a cheerful disposition, and loved wit, but it was that wit only which amuses without wounding, for of bitter and violent language in conversation he had a laudable dislike. To occasional bodily exercise he was a decided friend, as being necessary to preserve the health of sedentary persons, and he himself took great pleasure in the practice of archery, a manly sport, which contributes to strengthen the muscles and expand the chest.

The merit of Prideaux at length raised him to one of the highest ecclesiastical dignities. On the second of November, 1641, he was nominated bishop of Worcester, and was consecrated on the nineteenth of December; he succeeded bishop Thornborough, who had held the see for a quarter of a century. The station to which he was elevated was beset with perils, and it may be doubted whether anything but a sense of duty could have induced him to accept it. Pride had certainly no share in his consenting to take upon himself so heavy a responsibility; for, as a perpetual remembrancer of his humble origin, the coarse attire in which he walked from Stowford to Oxford was hung up, in his wardrobe, by the side of his episcopal robes. Neither was it love of power; for he had never been solicitous to grasp at power, nor ever abused that portion of it which he possessed. It is

therefore probable, that a conscientious feeling alone prevented him from declining an office which was unfortunately become an object of abhorrence to myriads of his fellow-subjects. Prideaux had, indeed, "fallen upon evil days and evil tongues" for bishops. Had Charles I. always chosen such men to wear it, the mitre might still have been respected; but the tyranny of Laud, and the slavish doctrines taught by many of the prelates, had ulcerated the minds of the people, and made them loathe all by whom the mitre was worn. Only eight days after the consecration of Prideaux, nearly one-half of the English bishops were guilty of an act which, under all the circumstances, would seem to have been prompted by insanity, or by passion bordering on insanity. Misled by the intriguing archbishop of York, eleven prelates signed with him that extraordinary protest, by which they took upon themselves to nullify all proceedings that might take place in parliament during their absence. This was the last drop which made the cup of public indignation run over. To this justly obnoxious paper the name of Prideaux was not affixed; he either disapproved of the measure, or thought that it would be unseemly to thrust himself forward in such a manner at the very outset of his episcopal career; the former is the most likely to have been his reason for holding back. The protest bears the signatures of only the spiritual lords of York, Durham, Norwich, Gloucester, Lichfield and Coventry, St. Asaph, Bath and Wells, Oxford, Hereford, Ely, Peterborough, and Llandaff\*.

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\* The names of these prelates were, *York*, John Williams; *Durham*, Thomas Morton; *Norwich*, Joseph Hall; *Gloucester*, Godfred Goodman (he died a Catholic in 1655); *Lichfield and Coventry*, Robert Wright; *St. Asaph*, John Owen; *Bath and Wells*, William Peers; *Oxford*, Robert Skinner; *Hereford*, George Cooke; *Ely*, Matthew Wren; *Peterborough*, John Towers; *Llandaff*, Morgan Owen.

Far from adding to the comfort or fortune of Prideaux, the see of Worcester proved to be fatal to both. The storm that might have passed over the comparatively humble rector of Exeter College laid the bishop of Worcester prostrate. Though in most respects of a mild and moderate character, Prideaux seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the principle of the divine right of kings. His mistaken belief led him to manifest his loyalty to Charles the First in a manner which savoured more of zeal than of discretion or justice. Arming himself with the thunders of the church, he excommunicated all the persons of his diocese who took up arms against the sovereign. Such conduct was not likely to go unpunished. His enemies avenged themselves with arms more formidable than those which he wielded. He was plundered, expelled, laid under sequestration, and at last reduced to such straits that he was fain to sell his valuable library, and some fragments of property, to provide for the wants of his family. "Having first by indefatigable studies digested his library into his mind," says Wood, "he was after forced again to devour all his books with his teeth, turning them by a miraculous faith and patience into bread for himself and his children." The bishop himself, however, who appears never to have lost his equanimity, has stated his own case with less quaintness and more pleasantry. Being questioned about his health, he replied, "Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach, for I have eaten that little plate which the sequestrators left me ; I have eaten a great library of excellent books ; I have eaten a great deal of linen, much of my brass, some of my pewter, and now I am come to eat iron, and what will come next I know not." It is probable that he regretted his penury less on his own account, than because it prevented him from being present at the conferences on behalf of the king ; a gratification which he could not enjoy for want of the means of travel.

Prideaux had the grief of surviving the monarch to whom he was so much attached. He died of a fever at Bredon in Worcestershire, on the twentieth of July 1650, at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Henry Sutton. All that, as he himself says, he could leave to his offspring, was "pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers." Though his latter years were overclouded by misfortune, he did not pass to the grave uncelebrated. Various tributes were paid to his memory in the learned languages; and Cleveland, the devoted poet of royalty, sang, in English, and in a strain of lofty eulogium, his talents and virtues.

Prideaux was twice married. His first wife was Mary, the daughter of that Dr. Taylor who, under the reign of the brutal Mary, manifested his firm attachment to the Protestant faith, by yielding up himself to the flames in Smithfield. By her he had five sons and two daughters.

Three of the sons died at an early age; his eldest son William, a colonel in the service of Charles the First, was slain at the battle of Marston Moor; Matthias, the second son, was a master of arts at Oxford, and a captain in the royal army, and died of the small-pox in 1646, at the age of twenty-four. The loss of these two sons must have been a severe blow to their aged, impoverished, and persecuted father. Of his two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth, the first was united to Dr. William Hodges, archdeacon of Worcester and rector of Ripple, the second to Dr. Sutton, the rector of Bredon. His second wife, who survived him many years, was Mary, a daughter of Sir Thomas Reynel, of West Ogwell, in Devonshire.

With the exception of some sermons, and one or two other productions, the works of Prideaux are all in the Latin language, and are dedicated to grammar, logic, theology, and controversy.



THE LIFE OF JAMES LACKINGTON.

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JAMES LACKINGTON, a man who, from a very humble station, rose to be the proprietor of the largest bookselling establishment in the metropolis, was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the last day of August, 1736. He was descended from a good family, originally seated at a place of the same name in the county, and his grandfather was a farmer possessed of property. The property could not, however, have been large enough to secure an independence for his son George, or even to qualify him for one of the liberal professions; had it been so, he would hardly have bound him apprentice to a shoemaker. It was his intention to set his son up in business at the expiration of his apprenticeship, but the youth gave such heavy offence to him, by marrying a poor woman, of a mean family, that he was allowed to remain a journeyman for a long period. At length, vanquished by the merit of his daughter-in-law, the parent relented, and George was settled as a master. Far from proving a blessing, this amendment in his circumstances proved a curse; finding himself a little at ease, he gave way to those propensities which poverty had repressed, became a confirmed drunkard, and, in the natural course of things, was finally reduced to the state of one of the poorest and most worthless of journeymen. Inebriety shortened his days, and he died unlamented in the prime of life.

The humble female, by marrying with whom George had excited the wrath of his father, was an exemplary character; far too good for the brute to whom she was bound. Had it not been for her exertions, her tenderness, her uncomplaining patience, her offspring must have starved, or been inmates of a workhouse. "Never,"

says her son, "did I know or hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did, to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, it would not gain credit. I shall only observe that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four; even when very near her time, sometimes, at one hour, she was seen walking backwards and forwards by her spinning-wheel, and her midwife sent for the next. Whenever she was asked to drink a half-pint of ale, at any shop where she had been laying out a trifling sum, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to drink it. Out of love to her family she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted; her food was chiefly broth, (little better than water and oatmeal,) turnips, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, &c.; her children fared something better, but not much, as you may well suppose."

As long as his mother could afford the weekly twopence, James was sent to school. Though, to the manifold wonder of various ancient dames, he could repeat, by rote, several chapters of the New Testament, the amount of what he learned must have been as scanty as the sum bestowed upon its acquirement; for he very soon forgot it, after he was called home to act the part of nurse to several of his brothers and sisters. The words of the Testament, like those of Gonzalo to Alonso, were, no doubt, crammed into his ear, "against the stomach of his sense," in order to impress the hearers with a lofty idea of the teacher's capacity for instructing. The spirits of the boy were not depressed by his occupation of dry-nurse and his want of knowledge: "It very early," says he, "became my chief delight to excel in all kinds of boyish mischiefs; and I soon arrived to be the captain and leader of all the boys in the neighbourhood. So that if any old woman's lantern was kicked out of her

hand, or drawn up a sign-post, or if anything was fastened to her tail, or if her door was nailed up, I was sure to be accused as the author, whether I really were so or not." James, with all his mischievous tricks, had one merit, that of not being a coward. He had the courage, one dark night, to venture near and examine a terrific object, which some sagacious rustics had mistaken for an apparition, but which he discovered to be only a tree, so lopped that it bore a strong resemblance to a gigantic human form. For this effort of resolution he was highly lauded ; and he remarks, that the honour which he gained by it had an influence upon him ever after, as he could not remember having, in any instance, felt a dread of spectral appearances, though he did not wholly disbelieve in them.

Young Lackington did not expend all his leisure moments in breaking old women's lanterns and nailing up their doors ; he was sometimes more properly and profitably occupied. When he was about ten years of age, his attention was attracted by a man who cried apples through the town, and he watched the man's mode of proceeding till he began to imagine that he could himself manage such a business much better. This idea he communicated to a baker, who immediately adopted it, and took the projector to live with him. James was so successful that he drove the original pieman out of the field ; and his master owned that, by means of the boy's exertions, he had been extricated from some embarrassments under which he had been labouring. Such, indeed, was James's reputation as a persuasive hawker, that, for several years after he had quitted the baker, he used to be employed for a few market-days at Christmas as a vendor of almanacs.

When he had been with the baker more than twelve months, the fear of being punished for one of his unlucky freaks induced him to give up pie-selling, and return to

his home. As his father could not maintain him in idleness, he resolved to teach him his own trade. "I continued with him for several years," says he, "working when he worked; and while he was keeping Saint Monday, I was with boys of my own age, fighting, cudgel-playing, wrestling, &c. &c." This kind of life, ill calculated for forming habits of thrift and regularity, he continued to live till he was between fourteen and fifteen, when he and his father went to work for a man of the name of Bowden, at Taunton. Bowden was so much pleased with James, that he offered to take him as an apprentice, and provide him with everything, without requiring a premium. This offer was too advantageous to be rejected, and accordingly the boy was bound for seven years.

Bowden was a worthy man, who stuck closely to his shop during six days of the week; went with his family punctually twice on a Sunday to an Anabaptist meeting; made his sons read a few chapters in the Bible on that day; allowed them and the apprentice a walk for an hour or two, and then went early to bed. As both master and mistress were of kind dispositions, and the two sons were good-natured industrious youths, the situation of James was by no means uncomfortable. Of food for the mind he could, in truth, obtain but little: as his employer's whole library consisted only of "a school-size Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Foot's tract on Baptism, Culpepper's Herbal, the History of the Gentle Craft, an old imperfect volume of Receipts in Physic, Surgery, &c., and the Ready Reckoner." And, moreover, had the books been ever so numerous, and fraught with all the wisdom of bygone ages, he could have derived no benefit from them, he having wholly forgotten how to read.

For the first twelve or fifteen months of his apprenticeship, his love of knowledge appears to have lain dor-

mant. At the end of that period it was awakened by an event which happened in the family, and somewhat disturbed its quietude. The eldest son George, a stripling of seventeen, was converted by one of John Wesley's itinerant preachers; and had no sooner, as he thought, secured his own salvation, than, with all the presumption of an ignorant youth, he set to work to convince those about him that they were in a state of utter religious blindness, and in imminent danger of perdition. His mother would often sit for hours, with the Bible in her lap, and quote passages from it to controvert his arguments. But, unfortunately, the good lady was such an indifferent orator and logician, that her son's flow of words, however devoid they might be of meaning, was more than a match for her. These frequent controversies inspired James with a desire to have the power of knowing "who was right and who was wrong." To acquire that power, he must be able to read; and he therefore applied himself to learning. "I knew most of the letters," says he, "and a few easy words, and I set about learning with all my might. My mistress would sometimes instruct me; and having three-halfpence a-week allowed me by my mother, this money I gave to John, (my master's youngest son,) and for every three-halfpence he taught me to spell one hour. This was done in the dark, as we were not allowed a candle after we went up-stairs to bed. I soon made a little progress in reading."

The conversion of George Bowden was followed by that of his brother John, and lastly, by that of James Lackington. The latter continued for many years to be zealous, even to fanaticism, in the profession of methodistical tenets. "Children of the devil" was the decorous term by which he described his master and mistress; nor did he scruple broadly to hint to them that eternal torments would be their future portion. It is no wonder

that the patience of his mistress was not proof against the rude attacks which he made upon it, and that "she wisely thought a good stick was the best way of arguing with such an ignorant infatuated boy; and had often recourse to it."

One circumstance which he relates strongly marks the perverse and dangerous enthusiasm which inspired him. "Hitherto I had not," says he, "frequented the methodist meeting by the consent or knowledge of my master and mistress; nor had my zeal been so great as to make me openly violate their commands. But as my zeal increased much faster than my knowledge, I soon disregarded their orders, and without hesitation ran away to hear a methodistical sermon as often as I could find an opportunity. One Sunday morning at eight o'clock my mistress seeing her sons set off, and learning that they were gone to a methodist meeting, determined to prevent me from doing the same by locking the door, which she accordingly did; on which, in a superstitious mood, I opened the bible for direction what to do, (ignorant methodists often practise the same superstitious method,) and the first words I read were these, 'He has given his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.' This was enough for me; so, without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pair of stairs to my own room, and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress. I got up immediately, and ran about two or three hundred yards towards the meeting-house; but, alas! I could run no farther, my feet and ancles were most intolerably bruised, so that I was obliged to be carried back and put to bed; and it was more than a month before I recovered the use of my limbs." The reflection which he made upon his mishap was impious, not to say blasphemous. Instead of censuring and bewailing his own folly, and being thankful that his neck was not broken,

“I was ignorant enough,” says he, “to think that the Lord had not used me well, and resolved not to put so much trust in him for the future!”

In the fourth year of Lackington's apprenticeship his master died; but, having been bound to the wife as well as to the husband, his servitude was not discontinued. When, however, he reached his twenty-first year, an election of two members took place for the borough of Taunton. As he had the right of voting, and as every vote was of consequence in a fiercely disputed contest, the six or seven months which he had yet to serve were purchased from his mistress by some friends of two of the candidates. And now it speedily became obvious upon what a sandy foundation his religious principles were raised. Courted and treated by the rival parties, he became addicted in such a degree to drunkenness and debauchery that, for several months, most of his spare hours were devoted to his degrading pursuits. Even while he was being righteous overmuch, he had indulged his amorous propensities freely; but he was now grown so completely “a rake,” that, though the wedding ring was bought, and he was to have been united in a few days to Nancy Smith, who afterwards became his wife, the marriage was now put off on account of his dissipated character. “I had nearly sank for ever,” says he, “into meanness, obscurity, and vice; for when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink in at free cost; and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash.”

His morality seems to have remained for some time in a very defective state. Resolving to seek for work at Bristol, he bade farewell to Taunton. He was accompanied by a female companion, “a fair tempter,” whose entreaties to take her he “could not resist”; but from whom, nevertheless, he contrived to disentangle himself before he came to his journey's end. He left with her,



however, nearly all the money which he possessed, and did not neglect to make subsequent inquiries about her, that he might render assistance, in case of her having fallen into want and distress. His honourable solicitude respecting her proved to be quite unnecessary ; the lady's purpose in fastening upon him having only been to reach Bristol at the expense of her companion.

At Bristol, by lodging in the same house, Lackington became very intimate with a Mr. John Jones, who was also a brother of the last and awl. The habits of the quondam methodist were still tinged with libertinism. "We kept ourselves neatly dressed," says he, "and in general worked hard, spending our money chiefly in the company of women." While he was at Bristol he was attacked by the mania of rhyming, and composed several songs. One of these lyrics was sold for a guinea ; others were given to the printers ; and, when their author heard them carolled in the streets by the ballad-singers, he was as proud as though he had produced an opera. As James could not write, his friend Jones was his amanuensis on these occasions. Both the friends were anxious to gain knowledge ; but so little were they acquainted with literature that they knew not what books to ask for, and were ashamed of betraying their ignorance by entering the booksellers' shops. "One day, as my friend Jones and I," says Lackington, "were strolling about the fair that is held in and near St. James's church-yard, we saw a stall of books, and in looking over the title-pages, I met with Hobbes's Translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. I had somehow or other heard that Homer was a great poet, but unfortunately I had never heard of Pope's translation of him, so we very eagerly purchased that by Hobbes. At this stall I also purchased Walker's poetical paraphrase of Epictetus's Morals, and home we went, perfectly well pleased with our bargains. We that evening began with Hobbes's Homer, but found it

very difficult for us to read, owing to the obscurity of the translation, which, together with the indifferent language, and want of poetical merit in the translator, somewhat disappointed us; however, we had from time to time many a hard puzzling hour with him. But as to Walker's Epictetus, although that had not much poetical merit, yet it was very easy to be read, and as easily understood. The principles of the Stoics charmed me so much, that I made the book my companion wherever I went, and read it over and over in raptures, thinking that my mind was secured against all the smiles or frowns of fortune." To his philosophical library, he soon after added Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, Plutarch's Morals, Seneca's Morals, the Morals of Confucius, and a few more of a similar class. He declares that they made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and that he derived greater benefit from them than from all the other books that he ever perused. To increase his literary store, he began to live on bread and tea, and for a long time they were his sole nourishment.

As his taste grew more refined, Lackington began to be disgusted with wasting, or rather murdering, his time in vulgar dissipation. While he was in this mood, he one evening went to hear Wesley preach in Broadmead. "Happening," says he, "to have no other pursuit or hobbyhorse, there was a kind of vacuity in my mind; in this state I was very susceptible of any impressions, so that when I came to hear Mr. Wesley, my old fanatical notions returned full upon me, and I was once more carried away by the tide of enthusiasm." Had he been led humbly and devoutly to meditate on the great truths of religion, all would have been well; but he gave free scope to his ill-regulated feelings, and became inflated with spiritual pride. He confesses the natural result to have been that "he was at once metamorphosed into a dull, moping, praying, psalm-singing fanatic, continually

reprehending all about him for their harmless mirth and gaiety." Jones at first was angry with him, but at last became a convert; and his conversion was followed by that of his brother and sister, and several shopmates. Lackington was the oracle of this little band. "The better to guard my pupils from what I called false doctrines, I used often to engage them," says he, "in various controversies, in which I sometimes took one side of the question, sometimes the other, in order to make them well versed in controversy, and acquainted with the strength of their adversaries. So that I was, by turns, a Calvinist, an Arminian, an Arian, a Socinian, a Deist, and even an Atheist. And after they had said all they could to confute me, I would point out where they had failed, and added such arguments as I was master of; and in general we were all satisfied." Than the farrago and jumble of reasons, or assertions, which he, illiterate as he was, must have adduced, it is impossible to conceive anything better calculated to confuse and mislead his auditory. This presumptuous leading of the blind by the blind must have placed them in no small danger of falling into the ditch together.

Yet the change which was brought about in Lackington and his friends was not wholly without benefit. It diverted them from licentious pursuits, and made them stick to their lasts, that they might have more money to purchase books. It likewise gave them a habit of reading, which they carried to such an extreme, that they allowed themselves only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four; and for some months together were never all in bed at the same time. One of them sat up to work till the moment when the others were to rise, and when all were up, James and his friend took it by turns to read to the rest. The books which they bought with their savings were not, indeed, of a kind to delight general readers, for they consisted almost wholly of sectarian

and controversial theology ; but there were among them some of a more attractive class, such as Gay's Fables, and the Paradise Lost.

Lackington now began to be desirous of changing the scene ; and, at Whitsuntide 1769, he persuaded his friend Jones to accompany him into the west of England. Jones, however, had so tempting an offer of work made to him at Bridgewater, that his friend advised him to accept it. Lackington proceeded westward to Exeter, whence he was soon lured by an invitation from a master at Kingsbridge. He became much attached to his new employer, who never treated him as a journeyman, but always made him his companion. To this man, whose name was Taylor, he was indebted for the suggestion of learning to write. Lackington acted upon this suggestion, and by taking up pieces of paper that had writing upon them, and imitating the letters as well as he could, he in about two months was able to correspond with his friends, in a hand which, though it was not remarkable for beauty, had the merit of being easily legible. At Kingsbridge he spent thirteen pleasant months, and materially improved his health ; but the dread of backsliding induced him at length to quit it. " I began," says he, " to keep a deal of company, in which I gave a loose to my natural gaiety of disposition, much more than was consistent with the grave sedate ideas which I had formed of a religious character." Those who smile at his fears and scruples, must at least respect him for their conscientiousness. After quitting Kingsbridge, he worked his way back to Bridgewater. Jones had returned to Bristol. As soon, however, as he heard that his friend was at Bridgewater, he and his brother sent him an invitation to come and live with them ; and as James did not immediately comply, they both went to Bridgewater, and declared that they would not return to Bristol without him. They prevailed, and he accompanied them to Bristol.

A great change, and for the better, shortly after took place in Lackington's mode of living. He was still attached to Nancy Smith, the young woman whom his riotous excesses at Taunton had prevented from marrying him, and her affection also remained unshaken, in spite of the shock which it had received. The correspondence was now renewed between them. He told her honestly, that his fondness for books, his travelling from place to place, and his disregard of money, had hindered him from saving anything, and that while he continued in a single unsettled state he was not likely to save; and he therefore pressed her to come to Bristol and be married. She might well have been excused for declining to become a wife under such unpromising circumstances; but, with the confiding and disinterested spirit of a woman who truly loves, she gave her consent, and they were united in 1770.

A humble furnished lodging, at half-a-crown a week, received the penniless couple—for penniless they literally were: their whole stock of cash, on the morning after their marriage, consisted of only one halfpenny. But they had food in the cupboard for a day or two, hands to earn more, and hope and affection to cheer them and lighten their toil. Lackington's gains were at first very moderate; he had taken to working upon stuff instead of leather; and as he was a new hand in this branch of the trade, he was obliged to take unusual care to produce perfect work. His wife, meanwhile, was learning to bind shoes; but she had been unaccustomed to the needle, and her task was slowly performed. To add to their difficulties, Jones, who was displeased that they had ceased to reside with his family, thought proper to manifest his displeasure, by claiming forty shillings, which he said his friend had owed him for two years. Though he did not admit the justice of the claim, Lackington contrived to pay him in the course of two months;

not, however, without being subjected to great privations. "During nearly the whole of this time," says he, "it was extremely severe weather, and yet we made four shillings and sixpence per week pay for the whole of what we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor, (the pure element excepted,) and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread ; at other times we fried some wheat, which when boiled in water made a tolerable substitute for coffee ; and as to animal food we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of."

While Poverty was thus domineering inside of the door, was it true, as the old adage asserts, that Love flew out of the window ? Did the new-married pair increase their miseries by despondency and contention ? Lackington himself shall answer. "During the whole of this time," says he, "we never once wished for anything that we had not got, but were quite contented ; and, with a good grace, in reality made a virtue of necessity." Happy are they who have learned that, (as Campbell nobly expresses it,) "*to bear is to conquer* our fate," and who, therefore, instead of wasting their strength in repining and melancholy foreboding, wisely reserve it to struggle against the troubles which surround them. A transient grief is the tribute which all must pay to nature ; but the prolonged indulgence of sorrow is something worse than folly.

The patience of Lackington and his partner were soon tried by a heavier evil than scanty fare. Both of them were taken ill ; he recovered in a few days, but she was stretched on a bed of sickness for nearly six months. She had been used to pure air and constant exercise, and she sank under the baleful influence of a sedentary life and the noisome vapours of a close and crowded neighbourhood. Not being able to pay a nurse, much of his time was occupied in attendance upon the

sufferer. His earnings were necessarily diminished ; and of the sum thus lessened, a considerable part was spent in medicines, and in procuring for her such trifles as she could eat and drink. There were many days on which he himself lived upon water-gruel alone. This caused him “ not the least uneasiness ;” but his feelings were sorely harassed by the groans which were wrung from his wife, by the distracting pangs that incessantly racked her head. At length, though she continued sickly, she was somewhat relieved from her torture. He then took her to Taunton, for change of air ; returning to Bristol when her health seemed to be improved. In the course of little more than two years and a half, these journeys to and from Taunton were five times repeated ; and, as may be easily supposed, their half-yearly migrations contributed much to retain them in a state of penury.

At last, finding that his wife had long fits of illness at Taunton no less than at Bristol, and being anxious to obtain, for her sake, a higher price for his work than was to be had in a provincial town, Lackington determined to visit the metropolis. He had not money enough to convey them both to town ; so, leaving with her every farthing that he could spare, he mounted the outside of the coach, and proceeded to seek his fortune. Half-a-crown was all his riches, when he reached London, in August 1773. A lodging he procured at the house of a fellow-townsmen, who, like himself, was a journeyman shoemaker, and a disciple of Wesley ; and with plenty of work he was soon supplied by a master in the neighbourhood. At the end of a month he had saved money sufficient to bring up his wife ; yet, for a while, he hesitated as to whether he should himself stay in the capital, which seemed to him to be such a sink of iniquity, that speedy destruction must be its inevitable doom. “ However,” says he, “ I at length concluded that, if London was a second Sodom, I was a second Lot ; and these comfort-



able ideas reconciled me to the thoughts of living in it." Having thus got over his fears and scruples, he sent to his wife the means of rejoining him.

Their prospects grew brighter after they were reunited. He had full work, and his wife, whose health was bettered, had almost as much as she could perform; and as they received higher wages than they had ever done before, their circumstances mended rapidly. The first sign of this was the increase and improvement of their apparel: a silk cloak superseded his wife's cloth one, and he discovered that a great-coat for himself would contribute to his bodily comfort. What is vulgarly called a windfall came also in aid of them. This was ten pounds, which was left to him by his grandfather. It did not, however, come entire into his pocket. As he and the executors could not hit upon any mode of transmitting safely so important a sum to London, he was obliged to go down to Somersetshire to receive it. In this journey, which was undertaken in December, on the outside of a stage-coach, he nearly lost his life by the cold, and had the vexation of losing all his loose silver; the gold he had carefully sewed up in his clothes. This money was thriftily devoted to the purchase of household furniture. "It is impossible for you," says he, "to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment." So eager were they to complete this acquisition that they left themselves only half-a-crown to buy a Christmas dinner. With this half-crown Lackington went to market to provide the festival meat; but on his way he chanced to call at an old-book shop, and the temptation was so strong that, forgetful of beef and pudding, he expended the coin upon Young's Night Thoughts. The change made his wife

pout for a while, but she was soon reconciled by his pleading that the dinner would have been eaten on the morrow, and the pleasure soon over, whereas, they would have the Night Thoughts to feast upon for the remainder of their lives.

The time at length came when his love of books was to bring him a pecuniary reward. In June, 1774, a Mr. Boyd called to inform him that a small shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street, and to suggest that he might get some work as a master, if he were to take them. Lackington was pleased with the idea; and, though the thought had never entered his mind before, he immediately added, that he would sell books also. His principal inducement was, that he might have plenty to read; but at the moment when he spoke, it had likewise occurred to his memory, that he had observed, for several months, a constant increase in the stock of an old-book shop, and he was of opinion that he knew as much about books as the person who kept it. He accordingly took the shop in Featherstone Street, and with a few volumes of his own, a bagfull of old miscellaneous works, chiefly divinity, and some "odd scraps of leather"—the whole not worth five pounds, he began business on Midsummer Day, 1774. Soon after his commencing business, he was much assisted by a loan of five pounds from a charitable fund, established by the Wesleyan connexion, for the purpose of being lent, without interest, to deserving persons. His hopes were not disappointed; he soon found customers, and "as soon laid out the money in other old trash, which was daily brought for sale." Lackington and his helpmate acted with great prudence; they were not led into any extravagance by the fair prospect of success. Having resolved to make some provision against sickness, or shortness of work, they lived in the most frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching their thirst with water. By

this praiseworthy conduct, Lackington, in the course of six months, swelled his stock from five pounds to five times that amount. The corner-stone of his fortune was now laid.

Featherstone Street being out of the general track, Lackington removed to a shop and parlour, No. 46, in Chiswell Street. So encouraging was his new business, that, a few weeks after his removal, he bade farewell to shoemaking, and converted his little stock of leather into the more gainful article of old books. He had no reason to repent having done so, as the number of his customers continued to increase. He went on prosperously till September, 1775, when a melancholy event occurred, which showed the wisdom of his having made some provision against a time of calamity. He was suddenly attacked by a dreadful fever; and, eight or ten days after, his wife was seized with the same disorder. She died in November, and was buried while he was unable to move, and apparently sinking into the grave. In this melancholy situation he remained for many weeks. Devoid of the common feelings of humanity, the nurses who attended him robbed his drawers of their contents, kept themselves drunk with the produce of the plunder, and thus, to the danger of his disease, added the danger of perishing from want of cleanliness and proper care. He would probably have been lost, had not two of his sisters heard of his deplorable condition. They had not been on good terms with him; but, as soon as they were informed of his state, they hastened to his succour, and alternately sat up with him every night, till he, at length, though slowly, recovered. Yet, had not three other friends been mindful of his interest, he would have found himself a ruined man when he rose from the bed of sickness. By locking up his shop, they prevented the nurses from extending their pillage to it, and, not satisfied with performing this important service, they like-

wise generously advanced money to pay the daily expenses which were incurred. All these benevolent persons were tradesmen, and members of the Wesleyan connexion.

The first thing which Lackington did after his restoration to health, was to marry again. The person who held the house in which he lodged was a Miss Dorcas Turton, a young woman of a good family, and an amiable disposition, and extremely fond of reading. At the time when Lackington returned to the management of his business, she was dangerously ill, having caught the fever, by occasionally assisting his late wife. No sooner did she recover than he fell in love with her, and he led her to the altar when his first wife had been only two months in her grave! There is something inexpressibly disgusting in the brute haste with which he rushed from the bed of death to the nuptial bed. He attempts, and with such success as the attempt deserves, to gloss over his conduct by a pitiful joke—he thought, forsooth! that “he could not give a better proof of having loved his former wife, than by getting another wife as soon as he could!” Even had his first partner been the scourge of his life, instead of its soother, or had he had a young family which required maternal care, his hurried match would have been scarcely tolerable; but he had neither of those excuses to urge in his defence. In fact, though Lackington was possessed of considerable shrewdness, he was a coarse-minded man.

A change, the origin of which he traces, rather unjustly, to this marriage, was now beginning to take place in his feelings with respect to religion. He was about to pass, as all unreasoning enthusiasts are apt to do, from one extreme to another. “I told you,” says he, “that I married Miss Dorcas Turner. This girl had for some years divided her spare hours between devotion and novel-reading; on Sundays she would attend the sermons of two or three of those who are called Calvinist metho-

dist preachers ; the intervals were often filled up with reading novels ; and after her return from the tabernacle in the evening, the novel was resumed, and perhaps not quitted until she had seen the hero and heroine happily married, which often kept her out of bed until morning. On other evenings also she would often hear a sermon at the Tabernacle, and devote the remainder of the night to reading ‘tales of love and maids forsaken.’ I had no sooner married this young woman than Mr. Wesley’s people began to prophesy that I should soon lose all my religion. This prophecy I must confess was too soon fulfilled. And although she was not the sole cause of it, yet as I often was prevailed upon to hear her read those gay, frothy narratives, I by degrees began to lose my relish for more important subjects ; and it was not long before novels, romances, and poets, occupied a considerable part of our time, so that I even neglected my shop ; for being so much delighted with those fairy regions, I could scarce bear the idea of business : I also sometimes neglected the preaching at the Foundery, and at other times hurried home, impatient till I had again got into the realms of fiction. Some months passed away in this manner. At last I was roused from those dreams, and again I paid attention to my trade.” It is manifest, however, from his own showing, that poor Dorcas and the frothy novels were far less to blame than his lack of sound knowledge, and the precipitate and illogical temper of his mind. His belief was not the offspring of meditation and conviction, but of sudden impulse ; he built upon sand, and it was natural that the fabric should be overthrown. Accordingly, his faith was easily sapped by converse with men whose arguments or sophisms he was unable to answer, and its subversion was completed by a diligent perusal of infidel writers. Happily he stopped short of atheism. It must be added, too, that he appears to have preserved his moral character unstained.

For a time Lackington was exposed to hourly annoyance from the sect which he had deserted. "Some as they passed by my door in their way to the Foundery," says he, "would only make a stop and lift up their hands, turn up the whites of their eyes, shake their heads, groan, and pass on. Many would call in and take me aside, and after making rueful faces, address me with, 'O brother Lackington! I am very sorry to find that you who began in the spirit are now like to end in the flesh. Pray, brother, do remember Lot's wife.' Another would interrupt me in my business, to tell me, that 'He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is unfit for the kingdom.' Another had just called as he was passing by to caution me against the bewitching snares of prosperity. Others again called to know if I was as happy then as I was when I constantly sought the Lord with my brethren, in prayer meeting, in class, in band, &c. When I assured them that I was more happy, they in a very solemn manner assured me that I was under a very great delusion of the devil; and when I by chance happened to laugh at this enthusiastic rant, some have run out of my shop, declaring that they were afraid to stay under the same roof with me, lest the house should fall on their heads. Sometimes I have been accosted in such an alarming manner as though the house were on fire, with 'Oh! brother! brother! you are fast asleep! and the flames of hell are taking hold of you.'" Many went beyond remonstrance, and dealt largely in denunciations. A preacher assured him, that "the devil would soon toss him about in the flames of hell with a pitchfork;" and some declared, that "he never had had one grain of saving grace, and that when he thought himself a child of God, he was only deluded by the devil, who, being now quite sure of his prey, did not think it worth while to deceive him any longer." There were others, less bitter in their reprobation, but more

dangerous in their opinions, who thought that, whatever might be his crimes, his salvation was sure, since, having once been in a state of grace, it was impossible that he should finally fall. Yet let us not deride or despise these zealots ; for, though their zeal was not according to knowledge, it was doubtless sincere ; and he who wishes to reclaim one whom he considers as an erring brother, is surely more worthy of respect than the selfish being who is regardless alike of the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-men.

The worldly concerns of Lackington, in the meanwhile, were going on in the most prosperous manner. His wife proved to be a valuable helpmate ; her love of books made her delight to be in the shop, so that she was soon able to find any article which was wanted, and could supply his place when he was absent from home. The number of his customers increased so greatly, that, had his stock been larger, he might have sold thrice as many books as he did sell. So cramped was he by the want of money, that, on various occasions, he pawned his watch and a suit of clothes, and even books, to make advantageous purchases. This scantiness of capital was at length removed, in 1778, by his entering into partnership with a Mr. Dennis. He immediately doubled his stock, raising it to twelve thousand volumes, and published a catalogue in the following year. In the first week after the catalogue was issued, twenty pounds were taken in the shop. This success encouraged Dennis to invest an additional sum in the trade. The partners went on harmoniously till the spring of 1780, when a difference arose between them, on the subject of Lackington purchasing too extensively. The partnership was therefore dissolved ; but their friendship continued to subsist.

When the whole of the business had returned into his hands, Lackington ventured upon a system which was



much criticised, and pronounced to be as impracticable as an attempt to rebuild the tower of Babel. To get rid of long standing accounts and bad debts, he resolved to give credit to no one. To carry this scheme into effect, he marked in each book the lowest price that he would accept, and took care that the price should be lower than was charged by others. To the great disappointment of the prognosticators, he completely succeeded ; cheapness gained the day, and by the year 1784 his business had grown to such an extent, that his catalogue contained thirty thousand volumes. In opposition to a general custom, he introduced another practice. When remainders of editions were bought at a trade sale, it was then usual for the buyer to destroy one-half or three-fourths of the books, in order to keep up the price to the public. This stupid custom Lackington broke through, much to the benefit of the great mass of readers, and of literature itself. " I soon began to reflect," says he, " that many of these books so destroyed possessed much merit, and only wanted to be better known ; and that if others were not worth six shillings they were worth three, or two, and so in proportion, for higher or lower priced books. From that time I resolved not to destroy any books that were worth saving, but to sell them off at half, or a quarter, of the publication prices. By selling them in this cheap manner, I have disposed of many hundred thousand volumes, many thousands of which have been intrinsically worth their original prices."

" The first step is all the difficulty," says a French adage. So Lackington found it to be. Having surmounted the obstacles which stood in his way at the outset, he proceeded towards the summit of prosperity with a continually accelerated pace. In 1791, his annual profits were four thousand pounds ; in 1792, they rose to five thousand ; and this rate of progression appears to have been at least maintained, perhaps overpassed.

Lackington did not suffer his good fortune to render him careless ; he watched over his business with the minutest attention, saw that every thing went on in his establishment with the mechanical regularity of clockwork, compiled his own voluminous catalogues, and kept his books in such a manner, that he could ascertain at night, even to a farthing, what were the profits of the day. Some idea of the extent of his trade (which subsequently became much more extended), may be formed from a passage in his Memoirs. “Although,” says he, “the result of the plan which I adopted for reducing the price of books was a vast increase of purchasers, yet at the same time I found a prodigious accumulation of my expenses, which will not appear strange when I inform you that I made proportionally large purchases, such as two hundred copies of one book, three hundred of another, five hundred of a third, a thousand of a fourth, two thousand of a fifth ; nay, sometimes I have purchased six thousand copies of one book, and at one time I actually had no less than ten thousand copies of Watts’s Psalms, and the same number of his Hymns, in my possession. In addition to these I purchased very large numbers of many thousand different articles at trade sales of all sorts, as bankrupt sales, sales of such as had retired from business, sales to reduce large stocks, annual sales, &c. That you may form some idea, I must inform you that at one of the above sales I have purchased books to the amount of five thousand pounds in one afternoon. Not to mention those purchased of authors, and town and country booksellers, by private contract, &c., to a considerable amount. My expenses were also exceedingly increased by the necessity I was under of keeping each article in a variety of different kinds of bindings, to suit the various tastes of my customers : besides paying my bills for the above, I was always obliged to find ready money to pay for libraries and parcels of second-hand books, which

after a while poured in upon me from town and country ; so that I often look back with astonishment at my courage (or temerity, if you please) in purchasing, and my wonderful success in taking money sufficient to pay the extensive demands that were perpetually made upon me, as there is not another instance of success so rapid and constant under such circumstances."

Lackington was too sensible a man to acquire money for the mere sake of looking at or boasting of it. Without running into extravagance, he increased his comforts in proportion as his means increased. From humble ale he rose to port and sherry, from a country lodging to a villa at Merton, and from a stage-coach to a pair of horses and a chariot. The motto which he inscribed on his carriage door was "Small profits do great things." It is to his credit that he did not forget his poor relations : his bounty was liberally distributed among them ; several of them were wholly supported by him ; he educated and provided for the children of others, and assisted all who stood in need of succour. Yet, in his expenditure he never went beyond the bounds of prudence ; he made it an invariable rule that his disbursements should not exceed two thirds of the profits of his trade.

In 1791 Lackington appeared before the public in the novel character of an author, by publishing "Memoirs of the first forty-five years of his life." The book consists of a series of forty-seven letters, and is written in a rambling style, and interlarded with old stories, and a multitude of quotations from writers in verse and prose. In spite of its incorrectness, and its occasionally slipshod diction, it is not unamusing. Within a certain sphere, not a wide one, the author has evidently been a keen observer. His attacks upon the Methodists form the most offensive part of his production. In the genuine spirit of an apostate, he rails with relentless virulence against his late associates, and rakes up all the disgraceful or ludi-

crous tales which have been chronicled or invented against them, without troubling himself to ascertain whether they are false or true. Such conduct cannot be too severely reprobated. He who lightly repeats a slanderous accusation is scarcely, if at all, less criminal than the original slanderer. But, even supposing that all he wrote had been strictly within the bounds of truth, it was folly and injustice to stigmatise a large body of men because there were among them some enthusiastic, half-insane, or hypocritical individuals. It is a circumstance worthy of notice, though by no means an unusual one, that, in his latter days, Lackington veered round again to Methodism, and, incapable of resting in a medium, became more rigid and more rhapsodical than ever. In a small volume, called his *Confessions*, which appeared in 1803, he recanted the calumnies, to the spreading of which he had so largely contributed. The recantation was an honest act; but the necessity for it ought to have been avoided.

Having obtained assistants upon whose ability he could rely, Lackington indulged himself and his wife in summer excursions to various parts of England. In July, 1791, he visited the western counties. At Wellington, his birth-place, he was honoured with the ringing of the bells during the whole of the day after his arrival; and, which must have been more gratifying, with a cordial reception from the most respectable people of the vicinity, who were pleased to see that he did not assume the character of a rich upstart, but noticed his poor relations and friends. "In Bristol, Exbridge, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wellington, and other places," says he, "I amused myself with calling on some of my masters with whom I had about twenty years before worked as a journeyman shoemaker. I addressed each with 'Pray, sir, have you got any occasion?' which is the term made use of by journeymen in that useful occupation, when

seeking employment. Most of these honest men had quite forgot my person, as many of them had not seen me since I worked for them: so that it is not easy for you to conceive with what surprise and astonishment they gazed upon me. For you must know that I had the vanity (I call it humour) to do this in my chariot, attended by my servants; and on telling them who I was, all appeared to be very happy to see me. And I assure you, my friend, it afforded much real pleasure to see so many of my old acquaintances alive and well, and tolerably happy. At Taunton and Wellington it seemed the unanimous determination of all the poorer sort that I should by no means be deficient in old acquaintance. Some poor souls declared they had known me for fifty years (that is, years before I was born); others had danced me in their arms a thousand times; nay, better still, some knew my grandmother; but, best of all, one old man claimed acquaintance with me for having seen me many times on the top of a six-and-twenty round ladder, balanced on the chin of a merry Andrew! The old man was, however, egregiously mistaken, as I never was so precariously exalted, my ambition, as you well know, taking a very different turn. But that was of no consequence: all the old fellow wanted was a shilling—and I gave it him. No matter (as Sterne says) from what motive."

Till 1793 the gigantic business was solely in the hands of Lackington. In the summer of that year, he sold a fourth share of it to Mr. Robert Allen, a very amiable and intelligent man (as I, from personal knowledge, can testify), who had been brought up in the shop, and of course was thoroughly conversant with the system of its management. The two houses in Chiswell-street having become much too small for carrying on the trade comfortably, Lackington purchased extensive premises in Moorfields, at the south-west corner of Finsbury-square, and fitted

them up in such a manner as was never seen, before or since. The shop was so capacious that a mail-coach and four was easily driven round the counters, at the time when it was opened. From the shop to the roof, four or five stories high, ran a wide cylindrical aperture, which was surmounted by a glazed dome and flag-staff. Round the cylinder, on the inside, were carried galleries, and it was shelved on both sides, from the first floor to the summit. Every corner of the vast edifice was crowded to obstruction with books. To this Brobdignagian magazine of literature its owner proudly gave the name of the Temple of the Muses. It has recently been destroyed by fire. The nature of its construction rendered it peculiarly liable to the fate with which it met.

In 1795, Lackington lost his second wife, Dorcas ; she was, ere long, succeeded by a third, for he seems to have possessed a wonderful facility in forgetting his departed helpmates. In his Confessions he mentions his deceased Dorcas in slighting terms, which are not creditable to him ; since her only fault appears to have been, that she misled him into a love of "gay trashy narratives." In consideration of her having, before marriage, toiled cheerfully to support a ruined father, he might, if for no other reason, have spared her memory.

His health not being in a good state, and his fortune being ample, Lackington, in 1798, made over the whole of his business to George, one of his cousins by the father's side, to Mr. Allen, and other partners. He then retired to Thornbury, and next to Alvestone, in Gloucestershire, at the latter of which places he erected a small chapel for Wesleyan ministers. He soon became a preacher himself in the neighbouring villages, and spent his time chiefly in visiting the sick, relieving the poor, distributing tracts, and expounding the scriptures. In 1806 he removed to Taunton, and built another chapel. It cost him three thousand pounds, to which he

added an annual salary of a hundred and fifty pounds for the minister. This building, however, involved him in a quarrel with the Wesleyan Conference, and a paper war with one of his preachers ; and he ultimately sold it to the Wesleyan connexion for a thousand pounds. His health continuing to decline, he determined to try the effect of sea air, and chose Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, as the place of his abode. There he also erected a chapel, at an expense of two thousand pounds, besides a hundred and fifty pounds a year to a Mr. Hawkey, for officiating in it. This was his last act. He soon after became subject to epileptic fits ; apoplexy and palsy succeeded ; and he died, on the 22d of November, 1815, in the seventieth year of his age. His remains rest in Budleigh churchyard.\*

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\* The reader has been told that Lackington sometimes dabbled in verse, and he may perhaps like to see a specimen. Here is one ; it forms part of an epitaph on himself.

“ And as dame Fortune’s wheel turn’d round,  
 Whether at top or bottom found,  
 He never once forgot his station,  
 Nor e’er disown’d a poor relation.  
 In poverty he found content,  
 Riches ne’er made him insolent.  
 When poor, he’d rather read than eat ;  
 When rich, books form’d his highest treat.  
 His first great wish, to act with care  
 The several parts assign’d him here ;  
 And, as his heart to truth inclined,  
 He studied hard the truth to find.  
 Much pride he had—’twas love of fame,  
 And slighted gold, to get a name ;  
 But Fame herself proved greatest gain,  
 For riches follow’d in her train.  
 Much had he read, and much had thought,  
 And yet, you see, he’s come to nought ;  
 Or out of print, as he would say,  
 To be revised some future day ;  
 Free from errata, with addition,  
 A new, and a complete edition.”



## THE LIFE OF ALOM-PRAW.

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IF the name of a man who delivered his country from the yoke of a conqueror has a claim to be handed down to posterity, then, uncouth and strange as it may sound to European ears, that of Alom-praw has a legitimate right to stand recorded on the page of history. That the man who achieved such a noble deed was of obscure birth, and had but scanty resources with which to commence his enterprise, only gives additional strength to the claim. Such was the case with Alom-praw, or, as he is also called, Luong-praw, the subject of this brief memoir.

A century has just been completed since a violent contest was commenced between the northern and southern divisions of that portion of Ultra Gangetic India which is now known as the Burmese empire, or Birmah. Pegu, the southern part, had been subject to Ava, or Birmah, the northern, till 1740, when the former revolted against the latter. The struggle was continued for several years, with fluctuating success, and with all the circumstances of barbarity which characterize a civil war, and especially between imperfectly civilized combatants. At length, aided by supplies of fire-arms from Europeans, and the assistance of some Dutch and Portuguese adventurers, the Peguans gained the ascendancy. In 1750 and 1751 they gave several defeats to the Burmese; and, in 1752, they crowned their triumphs by making themselves masters of the capital of Ava. The Burmese ruler, Dweepdee, fell into their hands, with all his family, except two sons, who found an asylum in the neighbouring kingdom of Siam. Beinga-Della, the Peguan sovereign, then returned to his capital, leaving the government of Ava to his brother Apporaza. With

ostentatious insolence he made known to his subjects, that Birmah had fallen beneath his victorious arms, that he had annexed it to his territories as a subjugated province, and that Pegu was thenceforth to be considered as the metropolis of his dominions.

This insult was well calculated to keep alive the resentment of the vanquished. Yet it must be owned that the conquest seemed to be perfect ; for, in order to retain their possessions, the Burmese took, with apparently perfect willingness, an oath of allegiance to their new monarch. There was, however, one individual who did not despair of his country's deliverance. This was a man of humble origin, who bore the name of Aumdzee, or the hunter. He was the head of a village then of little note, called Monchaboo, or Moutzabo, near the southern extremity of the lake of Namdakando, a few miles from the ancient capital of Ava, and was about forty-two years of age, and of a daring and active spirit. So little had he been suspected of possessing such a spirit, that he had not been displaced from the chiefship of the village. There were at that time not more than fifty Peguan soldiers in Monchaboo, and they had rendered themselves obnoxious to the natives, by their oppressiveness and arrogance. Having secured the co-operation of a hundred determined followers, he began his patriotic operations. Falling upon the soldiers unawares, he put them all to the sword. In the hope, no doubt, of gaining time to swell the number of his partisans, he did not immediately throw off the mask, but wrote to Apporaza in deprecating language, describing the event as a mere casual affray, and protesting his unshaken allegiance to the king of Pegu. It happened, very opportunely for Alom-praw's purposes, that the viceroy was just then under the necessity of proceeding to the capital of Pegu, leaving his nephew, Dotachoo, to govern in his absence. He therefore merely instructed Dotachoo to keep the delin-

quent closely imprisoned till his return, and to send a fresh garrison to Monchaboo. A thousand men were despatched upon this errand. Their mission proved to be one of less easy performance than had been expected. Alom-praw, meanwhile, had not been idle; he having strongly fortified Monchaboo with a stockade—the kind of defensive work by means of which, in our two years' contest with them, the Burmese so often vainly endeavoured to arrest our progress. He answered his summoners with a defiance, and, shortly after, rushed out upon them with his handful of gallant followers. The Peguans were broken, routed, and pursued with much slaughter of them, for some distance.

This success acted like a spark falling upon a magazine. The victor invited the inhabitants of the surrounding country to join him; and, though many hesitated, still larger numbers arrayed themselves under his standard. Dotachoo was incompetent to avert the danger which now threatened him; and, while he was balancing as to what he should do, Alom-praw's army was receiving hourly accessions. Well-informed of all that passed in the enemy's camp, and encouraged by that enemy's hesitation, Alom-praw resolved to attack him before the whole of the Peguan troops could be collected together. This resolve inspired the Birmese with such confidence, that the insurrection spread rapidly over the country. Dotachoo, however, did not await the coming of his adversary, he fled ingloriously; his forces, widely scattered, and unable to make any effectual resistance, were massacred by the people, and Alompra sent his second son, Shembuan, to take possession of Ava, the capital, where he was joyfully received.

Eager to punish the revoltors, Beinga-Della, the Peguan monarch, assembled a large army at Syriam, and a numerous fleet of war-boats; they were placed under the command of Apporaza, who began to ascend the

Irrawaddy in the month of January, 1754. The season was ill chosen, the first four months of the year being those in which the water is low, the wind adverse, and the stream rendered almost unnavigable by shoals and sand-banks. The slow advance of the Peguan general gave his opponent time to make the necessary preparations for meeting him. Apporaza made his way unmolested up to the neighbourhood of the city of Ava; and even there he had to repel only slight and desultory attacks. His wary antagonist reserved all his strength for a decisive blow. Apporaza followed the same kind of policy. Having summoned Shembuan to surrender, and been told in answer that Ava would be defended to the last extremity, he left it behind him, and pushed on to give battle to the Burmese chief, well knowing that a victory would do more than a siege towards the reduction of the fort. Alom-praw was then posted at Keoumeowm, a few miles above Ava, with ten thousand men, and a considerable fleet. There an amphibious combat took place, the land and naval forces being both simultaneously engaged, but the latter in the greatest degree. Though the Peguans were somewhat discouraged by past reverses, they fought with tolerable spirit, till a report was spread that Shembuan was marching from Ava to fall upon their rear. Then their courage failed them, and they precipitately fled. The approach of Shembuan from the fort rendered their rallying impossible, and they were pursued, with deadly effect, by Alom-praw and his son, as far as Sembewghewn, several miles to the southward of Ava. Apporaza continued his flight till he entered within the frontier of Pegu.

In the barbarous minds of the Peguans their defeat excited a sanguinary and base desire to avenge themselves upon such of their enemies as were unable to resist them. Dweepdee, the dethroned and aged monarch of Ava, was the first victim. On the pretence that he

had formed a conspiracy against the government, he was put to death. This was followed by a massacre of the Burmese in Pegu, to the number of several hundreds; neither age nor sex was spared. This act of cruelty, however, brought with it its own righteous punishment. In the towns and districts of Prome, Keounzick, Loonzay, and Donoobew, the Burmese were numerous enough to make head against the Peguans; and the consequence was, that the latter were put to the sword, and the towns came under the dominion of Alom-praw.

Alom-praw had by this time been joined by the eldest son of the deceased monarch of Ava, who was accompanied from Siam by a band of brave and faithful men, belonging to a tribe called the Quois. He appears soon to have arrogated the rights of sovereignty; but Alom-praw was not disposed to admit the claims of one who had stood aloof while the struggle was dangerous and doubtful, and who now came forward to reap the fruits of the conqueror's labours. Either from what he knew, or from what he feared, the son of Dweepdee became so alarmed for his safety that he secretly withdrew, and took refuge once more among the Siamese. It would seem that the prince's followers had either meditated or attempted some violent measures in his favour; for, on the ground that they had conspired, Alom-praw ordered nearly a thousand of them to be put to death. Let us remember, however, that oriental rulers are nowise nice in their ideas of justice, or of the means which they employ to rid themselves of all who chance to stand in the way of their interest or their ambition.

The monarch of Pégu was rather irritated than intimidated by the reverses which he had sustained. He made fresh and numerous levies, and, towards the close of 1754, marched from the capital with his brother, confident of recovering the ground and honour which he had lost. As Donoobew and Loonzay were too distant

from their basis of operations, the Burmese prudently abandoned them, and fell back upon Prome, which was strongly fortified by a massy wall, a formidable stockade, and a deep moat. A despatch was sent to Alom-praw, to entreat that he would hasten to their assistance. In the meanwhile the Peguans, after having driven in the outposts, made a general assault upon the works. Their assault was vigorously repulsed, and they then adopted the plan of a blockade. To cut off the access of supplies from the northward, Beinga-Della also despatched a portion of the fleet and army several miles up the river, to Melloon; a judicious movement, since, as long as his forces could hold their position at Melloon, it was impossible that succour could be thrown into the blockaded town.

At this critical moment it was not in the power of Alom-praw to march towards Prome, he being compelled to proceed to his eastern frontier, where he was threatened by the fugitive son of Dweepdee, and by the tribe of the Quois, which was highly enraged by the recent massacre of so many of its members. He therefore detached Meinlaw Tzezo, one of his best officers, with thirty-six war-boats, to relieve the place. Though much inferior in strength to the Peguans, Meinlaw gallantly drove them back upon Prome. Finding that his force was insufficient to expel the besiegers from their positions, he boldly and wisely resolved to throw himself into the town, with a large supply of provisions and men. He accomplished his purpose with the loss of only a few of his boats; the remainder effected their retreat. By this manœuvre time was gained; and, in such cases, to gain time is an object of first-rate importance. It was eminently proved to be so in this instance. The blockading force was unable during the next six weeks to make any impression upon the fortress, and at the expiration of that period all hope was destroyed. Having

secured the menaced frontier, Alom-praw rapidly descended the Irrawaddy with a formidable fleet, and no sooner saw the enemy than he began the attack upon them at once by land and water. By land the besiegers were driven from a stockade which they had erected; but the great conflict was between the fleets, and it was maintained for a while with deadly inveteracy, the rival troops boarding each other's vessels, and fighting, hand to hand, with spears, swords, and knives. It ended in the total discomfiture of the Peguans.

The triumph which Alom-praw had gained he did not suffer to lose its value by neglecting to pursue it. He hastened onward to Loenzay, which he found deserted, and to which he gave the new and appropriate name of *Mayah-oun*, signifying rapid conquest. There he halted; but one of his divisions pushed forward, penetrated into the delta of the Irrawaddy, and destroyed the remainder of the town of *Bassein*, which the Peguans had abandoned, after setting fire to a part of it. This division then took post at *Kioukhoun*, and for some weeks frequent skirmishes occurred between detached parties of the Burmese and the Peguans, which generally terminated to the disadvantage of the latter. Towards the end of March, however, the troops of *Beinga-Della* contrived to regain possession of *Bassein*, or rather of its ruins. They did not long retain them. In April Alom-praw gained a decisive victory over *Apporaza*, at *Sing-goun*, a town which is situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, nearly opposite to *Mayah-oun*. This victory threw open to him all the western portion of the delta, and circumscribed his adversaries within narrow bounds. *Apporaza* fled to the city of *Pegu*, and the conqueror continued his unopposed march, as far as the celebrated temple called the *Sho Dagon*, or the *Golden Dagon*, near one of the mouths of one of the branches of the Irrawaddy. Near this spot, in ancient days, had stood a large and populous



city, named Seingounterra, and on the site of this destroyed city he founded a new one, which he denominated Rangoon, or victory achieved. Rangoon is now an extensive and flourishing city, and the principal sea-port of the Burmese empire.

The fate of the Peguan monarch would probably have been immediately decided, had not Alom-praw been once more called off to the northern quarter of his dominions. While he was absent the Peguans resumed offensive operations, but their efforts were feeble and ineffectual. To strengthen himself the monarch of Pegu treated for succour with the chiefs of the English and French factories at Syriam. The English had, from the beginning, been favourable to the Burmese, and were at this moment actually negotiating with Alom-praw for some commercial privileges ; yet some of the members of the factory had the folly and bad faith to comply with the wishes of the Peguan sovereign, and assist him with a naval force. They had afterwards reason to repent of this double-dealing. The French had all along been hostile to Alom-praw, and it was therefore natural that, on this occasion, they should persist in the same mode of conduct, and supply Beinga-Della with two large ships. This aid, however, proved of little benefit to the Peguans, for, though they obtained a trifling advantage, they wanted spirit to improve it.

The last gleam of hope for the Peguans was soon extinguished. Alom-praw returned victorious from the northern provinces. He had suppressed an insurrection, driven back the Siamese to their own country, and reduced the people of Cassay to submission. The moment he returned to Rangoon, he recommenced active operations, by blockading the mouth of the Syriam river, and thus intercepting the communications of the Peguans with the sea and the western part of the delta of the Irrawaddy. He soon after made a sudden nocturnal

attack upon Syriam, and became master of the place. While Alom-praw was absent in the north, Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, despatched two vessels of considerable force, the *Diligent* and the *Galatea*, laden with military stores, to the king of Pegu; the former, fortunately for its crew, was driven by contrary winds to the Nicobar islands; the latter reached the mouth of the Syriam river, when the town had been for two days in the possession of the Burmese. Unconscious of what had happened, the captain of the *Galatea* was artfully decoyed to bring his vessel up to Rangoon, and when he anchored at that place his papers were seized, the purpose of his mission was discovered, and the exasperated Alom-praw consigned to death the officers and part of the crew of the *Galatea*, and the chiefs of the French factory of Syriam.

The reduction of the city of Pegu was all that was now wanting to complete the conquest of the kingdom. To march against the city immediately was not practicable, as it was then the rainy season, at which period the country between Syriam and Pegu is covered with swamps or inundations. As soon, however, as this obstacle was removed, Alom-praw despatched a body of troops to invest the place, and, in the course of a few days, he followed with the remainder of his army. The city was encircled by a lofty and massive wall, which was flanked by small towers, and strengthened on each face by equi-distant half bastions. A broad but shallow moat surrounded it. Nearly in the centre, raised on an artificial eminence, and serving as a citadel, was an enormous pagoda, called Shoemadoo, which overlooked all the neighbouring plain. Alom-praw was too prudent to resort to force when his purpose might be effected by less hazardous means. He had taken care that no avenue was left open for the approach of succour, and he knew that a dense population must quickly be distressed by

famine. Accordingly, he erected strong stockades on every side, and thus kept the Peguans confined within a circle, through which it was impossible for them to break. It was in January, 1757, that he pitched his camp before the town, and the next two months were spent in this silent but infallible kind of warfare.

The system of Alom-praw was justified by the result. Want began to be felt in Pegu, and want gave rise to disaffection and mutiny. Alive to the danger which threatened him, Beinga-Della called a council of his family and generals, and declared that he was resolved to treat with their adversary. To conciliate Alom-praw, he proposed to send to him his only unmarried daughter. All who were present, except one, acquiesced in his opinion; that one was Talabaan, a gallant officer, who is said to have been enamoured of the female whom it was intended to sacrifice as a peace-offering. He deprecated the measure in the bitterest terms, and offered, if he might be rewarded with her hand, to sally forth at the head of six hundred chosen troops, and either break up the Burmese blockade or perish in the attempt. For a moment the king caught spirit from the spirit of Talabaan, and seemed disposed to adopt the scheme which the chief had conceived. He was, however, soon reasoned out of his courage by Apporaza and the other leaders, who were jealous of their compatriot's fame. The king reverted to his original project; and the disgusted Talabaan, accompanied by a few intrepid soldiers, broke through the Burmese camp, and reached in safety his native province of Martaban; thus practically illustrating the feasibility of the venturous enterprise which he had suggested in the council.

The negotiation was terminated by an agreement that Beinga-Della should give his daughter to the victor, and should be allowed to retain his dominions, on condition of doing homage to him. The lady was accordingly

conveyed to the Burmese camp by Apporaza, her uncle. They were received with a seemingly cordial welcome. All was now festivity ; the Burmese visited the city, and the Peguans were admitted into the camp. But these appearances were false and hollow on the side of Alom-praw, who was meditating an action disgraceful to his character. He availed himself of the friendly intercourse, to send in bodies of armed men secretly, and also arms and ammunition, which were lodged in places of concealment, in readiness for the moment when he meant to seize upon the city. His intention was revealed to Chouparea, the king's nephew, who, justly indignant at such perfidy, ordered all the disguised Burmese within the walls to be put to death, and opened a cannonade from the ramparts upon those parts of the hostile camp which were the most exposed.

The transient cessation of hostilities was of little service to the Peguans. Six weeks had not elapsed before they were again suffering to such a degree under the horrors of famine, that the most loathsome food was devoured to satisfy the cravings of nature. The clamours of the soldiery and the multitude became daily more obstreperous. It being discovered that grain was hoarded by some persons, Chouparea, to whom was intrusted the defence of the city, was induced, by the importunity of the people, to issue an order that a general search for grain should be made, and that soldiers might forcibly enter houses where it was suspected to be concealed. This well-intended order hastened the fall of Pegu. The house of a near relative of the king was found to contain more corn than was necessary for its owner ; and as he refused to deliver it up, force was employed by the crowd. A riot was thus occasioned, some lives were lost, and the refractory prince was expelled from his abode. In revenge, the selfish scion of royalty hastened to the king, accused Chouparea of intending to deprive

the sovereign of his throne and life, and advised his relative to throw himself without delay on the generosity of the besiegers. The weak-minded and dastardly Beinga-Della immediately acted upon this advice, stipulating only for his own safety; Alom-praw entered the city in triumph, and gave it up to be plundered; and the monarchy of Pegu was irreversibly overthrown.

Having reduced to subjection the whole eastern part of Pegu, as far as the Siamese frontier, Alom-praw turned his attention to the south, where, in the province of Martaban, the brave Talabaan was striving to collect the means of resistance. The rapid advance of Alom-praw rendered abortive the efforts of the Peguan chief, who was compelled to seek refuge in the woods, leaving behind him a part of his family and many of his friends. These were seized as hostages by the conqueror, and Talabaan was called upon to surrender, to save them from death. He obeyed the summons, claimed the liberation of those whom he loved, and declared that he was ready to submit to his fate. On this occasion, Alom-praw acted in a manner which is worthy of admiration. He released the captives, pardoned Talabaan, and afterwards raised him to a distinguished rank in the Burmese army.

In another instance, at this period, generosity was displayed by Alom-praw. It is impossible to deny that he had abundant reason to complain of the recent conduct of the persons at the head of the British factory, who, while they were professing friendship to him, had joined his enemies, and actually fought against him. Yet he now, after some slight censure, consented to overlook this circumstance, and to conclude a treaty, by which he granted to the East India Company some valuable commercial privileges, together with the island of Negrais, and a sufficient space of ground, opposite the town of Bassein, for the erection of a factory. The ground was taken possession of in August 1757.

Leaving a portion of his army at Rangoon, under a general, named Namdeoda, Alom-praw returned to Monchaboo, which he had made the metropolis of his dominions. Several months were wisely spent in framing laws, and restoring order throughout the long-disturbed kingdom. Having accomplished these important objects, he directed his arms against the people of Cassay, who had given him some cause of offence. Ascending the Kiayn-Duayn, with a fleet of war-boats, he spread devastation along the western bank of the river, landed his troops not far below Munnypoor, the capital, and was on his march thither, when intelligence arrived which obliged him to hasten to a distant quarter.

Pegu was conquered, but it was not yet reduced to obedience. Thousands of the natives had fled into Siam, the government of which country was probably not backward in stimulating them to resist the conqueror. Others were wandering with their flocks and families in woods and over desert plains, and could scarcely fail to cherish a profound hatred of the power which had made them outcasts in their own land. Nor could the people in general forget that they had recently been the masters of those who were now become their tyrants. With these feelings, it was natural that they should take advantage of Alom-praw's absence to make one struggle more for shaking off the yoke. Bursting suddenly into insurrection, the Peguans of the delta massacred all the unarmed Burmese who came in their way, and ventured to engage in a regular battle with Namdeoda. The Burmese general was defeated, and was under the necessity of retreating to Henzada, leaving Rangoon, and the southern part of the delta, in the power of the victors. The triumph of the Peguans was, however, of brief duration. Namdeoda felt that his credit, and perhaps his existence, was at stake. As soon as he had received reinforcements from the northern provinces, he marched

towards Rangoon, a little above which city the insurgent army had taken post, with the resolution of risking a combat. The contest, which was attended with considerable bloodshed, terminated in the defeat of the Peguans, who abandoned Rangoon and other towns. Alom-praw arrived shortly after, and extinguished the last embers of rebellion.

The insurrection of the Peguans was productive of fatal consequences to the English settlers at Negrais: partly from the malice of their enemies, partly, perhaps, from their own fault. The Armenians, who had possessed considerable influence in that quarter, were jealous of the English, and were seconded by a Frenchman, named Lavigne, who had even a larger portion of malignity and hatred to England than characterises and disgraces the worst part of his countrymen. They are said to have accused the English of having sold arms to the revolted Peguans, defrauded the revenue by preventing vessels from going up to Bassein, and intending to subvert his authority, as they had already subverted that of some of the princes of Hindoostan. For the charge of having supplied the revolted with arms there was probably some foundation. Indignant at the duplicity of those whom he had so lately excused and favoured, Alom-praw despatched a party to the island, which landed, under pretence of being charged with a letter from the king. The pretended messengers were hospitably received, and while an entertainment to the chiefs was being served up, a body of armed Burmese broke in upon and slaughtered the members of the factory, and a hundred natives, who were in their service. This massacre, which occurred early in October, 1759, is believed to have been planned by the murderous Frenchman, Lavigne, who certainly took an active part in performing it.

The career of Alom-praw was now hastening to a



close. After having effectually suppressed the revolt of the Peguans, he bent his course to the peninsula which separates the gulfs of Bengal and Siam. Tavoy, a small territory, which had declared itself independent, and to which numbers of persecuted Peguans had fled for refuge, was the first object of attack. When the monarch was within a day's march of the capital, the governor went to meet him, and surrendered without making any conditions; his life, nevertheless, was not spared. The Siamese were the next to feel the resentment of the Burmese conqueror. Mergui and Tenasserim were reduced by him with little difficulty, after which he entered the kingdom of Siam, and laid siege to its metropolis. But before he could make any progress in his undertaking, he was smitten by disease, and felt that the hand of death was upon him. Anxious to die in his capital, he hurried back by the shortest route; but he was destined never again to behold the country which he had liberated; for, on the 15th of May, 1760, he expired, while he was yet at the distance of two days' march from the town of Martaban.

The character of Alom-praw seems to have been impartially estimated by Lieutenant-Colonel Symes, to whom the public is indebted for much interesting knowledge concerning the monarch, and the empire which he founded. "Considering," says he, "the limited progress that the Birmans had yet made in arts that refine, and science that tends to expand the human mind, Alompra, whether viewed in the light of a politician, or a soldier, is undoubtedly entitled to respect. The wisdom of his councils secured what his valour had acquired. He was not more eager for conquest, than attentive to the improvement of his territories and the prosperity of his people. He issued a severe edict against gambling, and prohibited the use of spirituous liquors throughout his dominions. He reformed the rhooms or courts of justice :

he abridged the power of magistrates, and forbid them to decide at their houses on criminal causes, or on property where the amount exceeded a specified sum. Every process of importance was decided in public, and every decree registered. His reign was short, but vigorous; and had his life been prolonged, it is probable that his country would at this day have been farther advanced in national refinement and the liberal arts.

“Alompra did not live to complete his fiftieth year. His person, strong and well-proportioned, exceeded the middle size; his features were coarse, his complexion dark, and his countenance saturnine; and there was a dignity in his deportment that became his high station. In his temper he is said to have been prone to anger; in revenge, implacable; and in punishing faults, remorseless and severe. The latter part of his character may perhaps have arisen as much from the necessities of his situation as from a disposition by nature cruel. He who acquires a throne by an act of individual boldness, is commonly obliged to maintain it by terror. The right of assumption is guarded with more jealousy than that of prescription. If we except the last act of severity towards the English settlers, his conduct on most occasions seemed to be marked by moderation and forbearance. Even in that one disgraceful instance, he appeared to have been instigated by the persuasions of others, rather than by the dictates of a vindictive mind; and it is manifest, from the expressions of his successor on a public occasion\*, that it never was his intention to consign

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\* “His majesty expressed his surprise that the governor of Madras should demand satisfaction for consequences which the misconduct of the Company’s servants had drawn upon themselves; adding, that the disaster of Mr. Southby was an accident which could not be foreseen or guarded against: at the same time he used a forcible metaphor; for, says the Birman king, ‘I suppose you have seen that in this country, in the wet season, there grows so much useless grass and weeds in the fields, that in dry weather

the innocent with the supposed guilty to the same indiscriminate and sanguinary fate.

“Be the private character of Alompra what it may, his heroic actions give him an indisputable claim to no mean rank among the most distinguished personages in the page of history. His firmness emancipated a whole nation from servitude ; and, inspired by his bravery, the oppressed, in their turn, subdued their oppressors. Like the deliverer of Sweden, with his gallant band of Dalecarlians, he fought for that, which experience tells us rouses the human breast above every other stimulant to deeds of daring valour. Private injuries, personal animosities, commercial emulation, wars of regal policy, are petty provocations, compared to that which animates the resentment of a people whose liberties are assailed, whose right to govern themselves is wrested from them, and who are forced to bend beneath the tyranny of a foreign yoke.”

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we are forced to burn them to clear the ground : it sometimes happens that there are salubrious herbs among these noxious weeds and grass which, as they cannot easily be distinguished, are indiscriminately consumed with the others ; thus it happened to be the new governor's lot.’ Compensation for Mr. Whitehill's property that had been confiscated, and restitution of the vessel, were peremptorily refused, for the alleged reason, that Mr. Whitehill and the governor of Negrais were the aggressors ; but his majesty was pleased to agree that the property of the East India Company should be restored. Having given an order for the release of all English subjects that were prisoners in his dominions, he desired that two of the most prudent should remain to take care of the timbers, and reside at Persaim, where he consented to give the Company a grant of so much ground as they might have occasion to occupy, under the stipulation that their chief settlement should be at Persaim, and not at Negrais. He assigned as a reason, that at Negrais they would be exposed to the depredations of the French, or any other nation with whom the English might be at war, without a possibility of extending that protection to them that he wished, but of which they could always have the full benefit at Persaim.”

## LIFE OF VALENTINE JAMERAI DUVAL.

THE little village of Artonnay, which is situated in the north-west corner of Champagne, is the birth-place of Valentine Jamerai Duval. He was born in 1695, of parents who were in a state of poverty. When he was ten years old he lost his father, a labouring man, who left a wife and large family, without any resources, and that in a season of unusual scarcity. The boy was consequently compelled to earn a scanty living by any means in his power; and as his strength was not yet sufficient for the toils of husbandry, he was employed, when he was in his twelfth year, in watching the turkeys of one of the village farmers. This monotonous life would have been irksome indeed to one of his lively disposition, had he not contrived to diversify it with a tolerable proportion of tricks and sports, in executing and inventing which he was such a proficient, that he soon became the delight and the leader of all his fellow urchins in the neighbourhood. Young as he was, however, and shut out from knowledge by his circumstances, he did not wholly give himself up to turkey-watching and playing; his intellect was labouring to expand; for, in a sketch which he subsequently wrote of his early years, he tells us that he had, even then, "begun to reflect upon the actions of men."

It was not till he was fourteen, as he himself tells us, that Duval learned the alphabet\*. How he made him-

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\* His friend, the Chevalier de Koch, in the Memoirs of Duval's life, says, "He hardly knew how to read when, at the age of *twelve* years, he went into the service of a peasant of the same village." This, however, is erroneous, as Duval himself, in a paper which he drew up to explain his reasons for declining to become tutor to the arch-duke Joseph, says, "Not having begun to know the letters of the alphabet till I was fourteen, or the Latin language till I was one-and-twenty, my studies were rapid, and consequently had very little of method in them."

self master of his A B C, and whether he then went any further than the alphabet, is not upon record. When he was fourteen, he ceased to be turkey-keeper to the farmer, who, it is said, dismissed him for some boyish prank. It is probable, however, that his dismissal was rather caused by the difficulty of subsisting him. Where money and victuals were scarce, it was an object to get rid of a supernumerary assistant. France was then suffering under the direst calamities. Exhausted by the war which had so long been raging, and which was now brought home to her, she had, in 1709, to endure the additional scourges of famine, and of a winter, the polar severity of which has caused the remembrance of it to be handed down to posterity, as being, pre-eminently, the "hard," the "cruel," and the "great" winter. Such was its rigour that the courts of justice were closed, the sacramental offices were suspended, from the impossibility of keeping fluid the wine which was used in them, and numbers of even the strongest travellers were struck with death upon the high-roads. It was in this inclement season that, not wishing to be a burthen upon his mother, Duval wandered forth, friendless and penniless, to seek in the villages and hamlets of Champagne for some employment, by which he might procure shelter and food.

The solitary boy had fruitlessly pursued his desultory course for several days, and was far from his native place and nearly frozen, when he was attacked by an excruciating pain in his head. There was a small farmhouse at a distance, which with difficulty he reached, and there he begged a female servant to let him rest in some warm place till he was better. She took compassion on him, and led him into the building where the sheep were kept. In the morning the farmer came to his guest, found him covered with pustules and burning with fever, and bluntly declared that the disease was the

small-pox, and would not fail to kill him. The farmer's conduct was, however, more kind than his words. He fetched a bundle of rags, stripped off the boy's clothing, and "wrapped him up in the rags like a mummy." Having done this, he took off several layers of dung from a heap, made with chaff a sort of bed upon the remainder, stretched the patient on it, strewed chaff on him, covered him up to the neck with the layers which he had taken off, and then concluded by making the sign of the cross on the boy, whom he recommended to God and the saints, and assured that it would be one of the greatest of miracles if he escaped from death.

Rude as were the bed and the chamber where the youth lay, they were perhaps more beneficial to him than any which he could have had in the farmer's humble abode. The fermenting of the dung, and the breath of the flock of sheep, diffused a warmth which he would not elsewhere have enjoyed, and which brought on a profuse perspiration. The virus of his disease was thrown out to the surface, instead of being repelled into the vital parts. While he was lying helpless, he was exposed to one annoyance from his fellow-lodgers. The sheep would lick his face ; and he declares that the roughness of their tongues revived, in his person, "the punishment of Mar-syas." It shows the kindness of his nature, that he did not think so much of the inconvenience to himself, as of that which he feared it might cause to the fleecy offenders. "I did my best," says he, "to avoid these cruel caresses, less on my own account, than in the fear that the poison with which I was covered over might be hurtful to the poor sheep ; for I did not then know that this poison is a portion reserved for animals of my own kind."

The place in which Duval was sheltered was not wholly free from danger. Behind, and pendent over the roof, were clumps of large oaks and walnut trees. Often

in the dead of night, he was roused from feverish slumber by abrupt and stunning sounds, like thunder or cannon ; and when, in the morning, he asked what had occasioned them, he was told that the intensity of the frost had rent many of the trees to the very roots, and had even split masses of stone of an enormous size. That the fare of Duval was coarse and scanty may well be imagined. For the first few days he was incapable of taking nourishment ; after which he lived for a fortnight on a sort of thin gruel, barely seasoned with salt ; and this, as his appetite grew stronger, was succeeded by a little weak soup, with some fragments of biscuit, which were frozen to such flinty hardness, that a hatchet was required to cut them.

Unexpensive as this kind of sustenance was, it was more than the farmer could afford to bestow. He was sharing largely in the wretchedness which the "*great monarch*" had brought upon his subjects, and was, in truth, a ruined man. Taxes and exactions had robbed him of his furniture, and even of the cattle with which he tilled the ground, they having been sold by the farmers of the revenue ; the sheep would have gone in the same way, had they not belonged to the landholder. He was therefore reluctantly compelled to tell his guest that he could no longer support him. He, however, kindly found for him an asylum, by applying to the parish-priest, who consented to give the sick boy a lodging in a house which was next door to his own. The priest lived about two miles off, and, as the cold was still as bitter as ever, it was difficult to convey Valentine safely to his new quarters. He was taken out of his hot-bed, wrapped up in some old clothes, over which was tied a thick coating of hay, and was placed upon an ass, accompanied by a man to keep him from falling off. Yet, in spite of these precautions, he was nearly frozen when he reached his destination, and would probably have lost his life, or



at least some of his limbs, had not his face, arms, and legs been prudently rubbed with snow, to restore their natural temperature, before he approached a fire. After this had been done, he was placed in a bed similar to that from which he had lately risen. In the course of a week the severity of the weather abated, and he was removed to a room and a bed. There, thanks to the benevolent assiduity of the priest, he speedily recovered his health and his strength.

Charity was rendered a heavy burthen, and even the finding of employment almost impossible, by the poverty which prevailed throughout the country. As soon as he was well, it was hinted to Duval that he must provide for himself. Cold being the worst evil of which he could form an idea, he inquired whether there were not some parts where it was less severely felt. He was told, in reply, that lands to the east and south were nearer to the sun, and consequently warmer. To the eastward, therefore, he resolved to bend his course. His ideas respecting the earth and the sun will excite a smile; the former was, in his mind, a vast circular plane, bounded by the horizon, and supporting the heavens; the latter, which he had always seen represented with a human face, was an animated and intelligent being, moving at a small distance from the ground, and dispensing light and heat. Under this persuasion he set off in an easterly direction, which led him towards the province of Lorraine.

In his peregrination, Valentine passed through that wretched portion of Champagne which is branded with the opprobrious epithet of *Pouilleuse*. "Indigence and famine," says he, "seem to have fixed their abode in that gloomy quarter. The houses, thatched with straw and reeds, were sunk into the ground, and looked like ice-houses; clay, beaten up with a little straw, was the only obstacle which guarded the entrance of them. As to the inhabitants, their figures agreed marvellously well

with the poverty of their cabins. The rags which covered them, the sallowness of their cheeks, their livid and sunken eyes, their listless, sullen, and benumbed manner, and the nudity and meagreness of a number of children dried up by hunger, whom I saw dispersed among the hedges and bushes, to look for certain roots, which they voraciously devoured ; all these frightful symptoms of public calamity terrified me, and inspired me with an extreme aversion for this sinister country. I passed through it as quickly as I could ; having no other food than herbs, and a little hemp-seed bread, which I bought, and had even great difficulty in procuring." This unwholesome nourishment produced upon his health an injurious effect, which he continued to feel for a considerable period. When he arrived at Bourbonne-les-Bains, on the south-eastern verge of Champagne, the hot springs, without any apparent fire to heat them, so astonished and alarmed the boy, that, seriously believing himself in the vicinity of the infernal regions, he quitted the town as expeditiously as possible.

Very soon after his departure from Bourbonne-les-Bains, he crossed what was then the French frontier, and entered the duchy of Lorraine. There, as if by magic, the scene was completely changed ; the people were well clad, and of cheerful healthy countenances ; the houses were commodious and solidly built ; and the soil was carefully tilled and richly productive. It appeared to him like " a new world." Yet, only eleven years previous to this period, Lorraine was in as wretched a state as Champagne now was ; whole villages had disappeared, and wild beasts couched among their ruins ; the roads were overgrown with thorns and brambles ; and spots which had been crowded with population were become silent deserts. The wonderful transformation from misery to prosperity had been accomplished by the indefatigable benevolence of the reigning duke, Leopold I.,

a man equally valiant and virtuous, a ruler whose mind seemed to be wholly occupied with plans for making his people happy: "If I could not do good," said he, "I would resign my sovereignty to-morrow."

Duval at length obtained a situation, as shepherd, with a farmer, at the village of Clezentaines, near the foot of the mountain chain of the Vosges. There he remained for two years, at the end of which time he had grown weary of a pastoral life. In his wanderings round the neighbourhood he had become acquainted with a hermit, named brother Palemon, who lived at the hermitage of La Rochette. With this recluse, who was a truly pious and benevolent man, Duval went to reside, to assist him in his rural labours. Finding that the youth had a thirst for knowledge, the kind Palemon encouraged and assisted him, as far as he was able, in the attainment of his object. The books which Duval read were not, however, calculated to qualify him for taking part in the business of the world; and there was some danger of his being lost in mystical reveries, and what he calls "mechanical devotion." But when he had been twelve months at La Rochette, he was compelled to give up his place to a hermit, whom the superiors of brother Palemon had sent to dwell with him. Palemon parted from the youth with reluctance, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St. Anne, whose habitation was about half a league from Luneville.

The hermits of St. Anne were four in number; aged men, of virtuous hearts, and kind dispositions, indulgent to others, austere only to themselves. Their subsistence, and the means of dispensing charity, were derived from the cultivation of twelve acres of land, partly planted with fruit-trees, and from six cows. It was Duval's business to assist them in their agricultural labours, and watch the cows while they were pasturing in the forest. The change from La Rochette to St. Anne's was beneficial

to Duval ; not because his present masters were worthier men than brother Palemon, but because they were more able to assist him in gaining useful knowledge. One of the hermits undertook to teach him to write. But age had made the hand of the venerable recluse so unsteady, that his copies were exceedingly defective. To save trouble to his tutor, and procure better models, Duval hit upon a clever contrivance ; from the window of his room he removed a pane of glass, which he placed over any tolerable specimen of penmanship that came in his way, and, by tracing the lines on the glass, he succeeded in learning to write a legible hand. To the power of committing his thoughts to paper, he soon added another acquisition of at least equal value. In some corner of the hermitage he found an abridgment of arithmetic, by means of which he learned the rules of the science of numbers.

His chief employment, tending cattle in the woods, was favourable to the reflective disposition of Duval. So much did he love the seclusion of forests, that he often enjoyed it on fine summer nights, seated in a part of an old quarry, which was something like a grotto. It was on one of these occasions that his mind was first turned to the contemplation of the starry heavens. He had seen, in almanacs, that on such a day the sun would enter the sign of the Ram, or the Bull, and, imagining there must be some clusters of stars resembling those animals, he began to look for them. To facilitate his search, he constructed of intertwined boughs a sort of rude observatory, on the top of the tallest oak he could find. His star-gazing was, however, to no purpose, neither bull nor ram could he discover, and he was about to give his astronomical inquiries up in despair, when a lucky chance furnished him with the means of pursuing them. Happening to be sent to Luneville, he saw, dangling upon a wall, six maps ; they were those of the constellations,

the world, and the four quarters of the globe. All the money which he possessed was immediately parted with to purchase them. "The avaricious and the ambitious," says he, "would be almost excusable, if the passion by which they are ruled gave them as real and as lively a pleasure as was given to me by the possession of these six sheets of paper."

In the course of a few days Duval learned from the map the relative places of the constellations; but, to render this knowledge useful, he had yet to find out a fixed point in the heavens to serve as a basis for his proceedings. He had heard it said that the polar star was the only star of our hemisphere which had no apparent motion. For this, however, he knew not where to look. A part of the difficulty was removed by the aid of a compass, which one of the hermits lent to him. Still, as he did not know the elevation of the star, the search for it was not an easy one. His first plan was to pick out a star of the proper magnitude, and then bore a hole through a branch immediately opposite to it. If the star remained stationary, he would have effected his object. In this manner he made repeated trials, till the breaking of his gimlet obliged him to discontinue them. He next hollowed out a straight piece of elder, and suspended it from a branch; and, by means of this rude telescope he at length accomplished his purpose. It was now easy for him, with the aid of his map, to become acquainted with all the principal stellar groups of the northern hemisphere. While he was thus engaged, it was scarcely possible that the idea of infinite space should not occur to his active and inquisitive mind; it did occur, and he confesses that he meditated and reasoned upon the subject, till he was compelled to desist, by the fear that, if he continued to dwell upon it, his reason would be overthrown.

From the study of the skies, Duval turned to that of

the earth. He had read Plutarch's Lives, Quintus Curtius, and some histories of knights errant, and he was desirous to know something of the countries in which so many heroic deeds had been performed. The five maps which he had purchased at Luneville were now brought into use. At the outset he was exceedingly puzzled by the various straight and curved lines which intersected them. The three hundred and sixty divisions marked on the equator he supposed to indicate leagues, and he thence concluded that three hundred and sixty leagues was the circumference of the terrestrial globe. This theory was, however, soon demolished by one of the hermits, who had been to St. Nicolas di Bari, in Calabria, and assured the youth that, to reach St. Nicolas, he had travelled more than the number of leagues in question, without finding that he had been round the world. Duval was discouraged by his blunder, and would have given up his geographical studies, had he not met with a friend who lent him Delauni's Introduction to Geography. By the help of this guide, and perpetual reference to his maps, which he always took out with him, he made such rapid advances, that "the knowledge of the globe became almost as familiar to him as that of the forest of St. Anne." While he was busied in acquiring this knowledge, he constructed, without ever having seen a model, a sort of armillary sphere: the earth was a ball of clay; the tropical, equatorial, and other lines, were made of bent hazel twigs.

Of learning, it may truly be said, that "increase of appetite doth grow from what it feeds on." The hungering for information was only sharpened in Duval by the slight repast which he had as yet made. To obtain books consequently became an object upon which he set his heart. But to obtain books, money was required, and that he had not. It was not long before he devised the means of obtaining it. He set snares for the wild

animals, and sold their skins to a furrier at Luneville; and he caught birds, which, says he, "contributed to my instruction by the loss of their liberty." Hares, too, would occasionally come into his way, and were seized as lawful spoil, in spite of severe penal laws, which reserved to the prince the privilege of destroying them. In his hunting excursions, Duval was exposed to other dangers than those which are encountered by poachers. In one case he had an obstinate contest with a large wild cat, and received several wounds: the infuriated animal having fixed its teeth and talons so deeply into his head, that he could scarcely force it to forego its hold. Duval was not one who feared pain: he continued the fight; knocked out the brains of his feline antagonist; and considered himself amply indemnified for the scratches and bites by the money which he obtained for the skin.

Duval followed up his hunting with such success that in the course of a few months he became master of between thirty and forty crowns. With a joyful heart he carried his treasure to Nancy, to purchase books. Of their price he knew nothing, but, with admirable simplicity, he appealed to the honour of the dealers not to charge him too much; and he rested satisfied they would do him justice. He found himself greatly mistaken; there was only one bookseller in Nancy who did not egregiously cheat him. The sole fair-dealing tradesman was a person named Trouin, who not only treated him equitably, but even gave him credit to the amount of twenty shillings, though he had never seen him before. When Duval asked this worthy man what induced him to place so much confidence in a stranger, Trouin replied, "Your countenance, and your love of study. I saw in your face that you would not deceive me." This praiseworthy conduct afforded another proof that honesty is the best policy; for, at a subsequent period, Duval rewarded him as he deserved, by procuring for him the



appointment of bookseller to the duke of Lorraine. Honest bibliopologists seem to have been as scarce in Nancy as righteous men were in Sodom ; let us charitably hope that, in other countries, the contrary is the fact.

A fortunate incident enabled Duval largely to increase his library. As he was strolling in the forest, one autumnal day, and kicking up the withering leaves, some shining object caught his eye. It was a three-sided gold seal, of excellent workmanship. On the following Sunday he went to Luneville, to request that the priest would publicly make known where the owner of the seal might apply for it. A few weeks afterwards a gentleman on horseback came to the hermitage, and desired to speak with him. It was an Englishman, of the name of Foster. "The seal," said he, "is mine ; and I am come for it." "Very good, sir," replied Duval ; "but before I can consent to give it up to you, I must request that you will blazon the arms which are engraven on it." "You are making game of me, young man," said Foster ; "you certainly can know nothing of heraldry." Duval, who had made himself master of the science, by reading one of Menestrier's works, coolly answered, "You may think so, if you please, sir ; but you do not have the seal till you have regularly described the coat-of-arms." Foster then put various questions to him, and, finding that the youth was well informed, he gave the correct heraldic description which was required. Duval willingly delivered up the seal, and was rewarded with two louis-d'or. Foster did not stop here : he was so much pleased with the youth that, as long as he remained in Lorraine, he had him to breakfast every holiday morning ; made him a present of five shillings each time ; and gave him much good counsel as to the choice of books and maps, and the method of studying to advantage.

The personal appearance of Duval derived no im-

provement from the gifts which were made to him; his feet continued to be cased in wooden shoes, and his dress to be a coarse hempen coat in summer, and a coarse woollen one in winter. His library, on the other hand, prospered exceedingly: it having swelled to the number of four hundred volumes. His persistence in study at length gave occasion to a ludicrous scene. Hitherto he had been very punctual in attending prayers six times daily; now, absorbed in his books, he began to fall off in his attendance at chapel. For this he was taken to task by father Anthony, the oldest and least liberal and enlightened of the hermits, who gravely exhorted him to renounce all human science, and content himself with being able to lead the lives of devout recluses. As Duval paid no attention to this advice, the hermit, who had some superstitious misgivings as to the innocence of the student's pursuits, determined to see what it was that retained him so closely in his humble chamber. He took advantage of the youth's absence to enter his room, and what he saw there confirmed all his suspicions. The armillary sphere, a pasteboard planisphere, marked with mysterious lines, several mathematical instruments, a paper on which were scrawled various geometrical problems, and especially one of Tycho Brahe's celestial charts, in the title of which was the terrific Latin word "magicum," convinced brother Anthony that Duval was dealing with the prince of darkness. Full of this idea, he hurried off to Luneville, to his confessor, father Barnabé, and told such a frightful story, that the father thought it proper to visit the hermitage. When he discovered the true state of the case, he laughed at brother Anthony, and encouraged the youth to persevere in his studies, which, he said, might one day or other be of service to him.

Brother Anthony took his defeat much to heart, and cherished more resentment towards Duval than was

seemly in one of such high pretensions to holiness. His anger broke out at last, and he threatened Duval that he would take away his books, and tear up his maps. "Servitude," says Duval, "had bent my mind to submission, but not at all to the bearing of insult. I detested injustice still more from instinct than from reason; and from whatever source pride and violence may have proceeded, I have never been able to bring myself to treat them with respect." The threat uttered by brother Anthony roused the youth's passions, and he replied, that, if Anthony carried it into execution, he would make him repent it. The hermit advanced towards him, apparently intending to give him a box on the ear, and this action rendered Duval still more enraged. Seizing a fire-shovel which was at hand, he turned upon the brother, who immediately took to his heels, calling lustily for help. The clamour which he made brought the other hermits from the garden; but, flourishing the shovel, Duval drove them all before him, and locked them out. Angry as he was, he was careful not to hurt them. Having cleared the place, he went up to a window to parley with the superior of the hermitage, who had chanced to arrive in the midst of the commotion. The superior listened patiently to him, and then impartially blamed brother Anthony for his blind zeal, and the youth for having given way to his irritated feelings. Before, however, Duval would consent to open the door, he insisted that a sort of capitulation, dictated by himself, should be granted; if it were refused, he was, he said, resolved to proceed to the worst extremities. The articles which he proposed were by no means unreasonable. He required an amnesty for his indecorous burst of rage, and to be allowed two hours daily for his studies, except at seed, harvest, and vintage times; in return for which, he would willingly serve them during ten years, "with all imaginable zeal and affection," and expect nothing more

for his services than food and clothing. These terms were readily granted, the hermits were readmitted, and, on the following day, Duval had the agreement regularly drawn up by a lawyer, and signed by all the contracting parties.

Duval, notwithstanding this compact, was not destined to waste ten years of his life within the precincts of a hermitage. Once already, when he had been only two years at St. Anne's, he had nearly obtained a princely patron. Duke Leopold had seen him in the forest, and would have taken him under his protection, had he not been dissuaded from it by some persons to whom Duval gives the appropriate name of Anti-Mecænases. "They feared, perhaps," says he, "that my inclination for the sciences would become contagious among those who tilled their estates, and provided for the plenitude of their cellars and granaries. That august prince, therefore, contented himself with sending me four louis-d'or. I have since learned that the person to whom he entrusted them kept two for his trouble; but at court, as elsewhere, everybody must live."

Two years subsequently to that event, he was more fortunate. On the 13th of May, 1717, he was reclining against a tree, in a dell of the forest, with his maps open before him, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who inquired what he was doing. "I am studying geography," was the reply. "Do you understand anything of it?" "To be sure I do; I never meddle with what I do not understand." "And what are you about now?" "I am looking for the nearest way to Quebec." "Why are you looking for it?" "That I may travel thither, and continue my studies in the university of that city." Duval had read in his books that the university of Quebec was well conducted, which induced him to pitch upon it as the most eligible school for him. "But," said the gentleman, "what necessity is there for you to travel

to the further end of the world, when there are universities at hand, which are full as good as that of Quebec? And, if it will give you any pleasure, I will point out one to you." In the midst of this dialogue they were joined by two youths, another gentleman, and a train of attendants. The youths were the princes of Lorraine, Leopold and Francis; the gentlemen were the baron de Pfutschner, and the count de Vidampierre, the latter of whom was the person who had been talking to the rustic of St. Anne's. Innumerable questions were now put to Duval, which he answered so satisfactorily, that the baron proposed to him to enter at the Jesuits' College of Pont-à-Mousson, for the purpose of carrying on his studies. So strong was the spirit of independence in Duval, that he did not accept this beneficial offer till he had taken time to consider of it, and obtained an assurance that "he should be employed only in studying, and should be as much master of his actions at court as he had been in his desert."

In a few days Baron Pfutschner returned, to say that the duke would take Duval under his protection, and furnish him with the means of pursuing his studies. He took the youth to Luneville, and presented him at court, where he was regarded with wonder for his literary acquirements, the readiness and correctness of his answers, and his unembarrassed demeanour in a scene which was so new to him. After having made some stay at Luneville, he was entered at the college of Pont-à-Mousson, and thither he removed, with all his cherished treasure of books and maps.

At Pont-à-Mousson, Duval pursued with untiring energy the search for knowledge. Geography, history, and antiquities were his favourite subjects of inquiry, but he neglected nothing. It was one great advantage of his new situation that the proper sources of information were pointed out to him. He had experienced the want of a guide; having lost much time in poring over

books which puzzled his brain without adding to his stock of ideas. Many precious hours had thus been wasted in endeavouring to fathom the meaning of one of Raymond Lully's numerous and neglected works. The progress which Duval was now making was not effected without some prejudice to himself; his sudden change from an active to a sedentary life being injurious to his health. An act of folly of which he was guilty contributed to weaken his constitution, and nearly brought him to the grave. He was smitten with a violent passion for a beautiful female, which so tormented him that he ate a large quantity of hemlock to allay it; he having read in St. Jerome, that the herb was an antidote to love! Though he escaped with life, he was long a sufferer from the consequences of his imprudence. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, he continued his labours with such vigour, that, at the expiration of only two years, his education was declared to be completed.

As a reward for the exertions of Duval, and to show him something of the world, the Duke of Lorraine took him in his suite to Paris, towards the close of 1718. Nothing in the French capital made so deep an impression on the young man as the representation of Quinault's opera of *Isis*: he had never before entered a theatre, and such was the effect produced on him by the music, scenery and acting, that for several days they perpetually haunted his mind and bewildered him, and he lost his appetite and the power of sleeping. The palace of Versailles excited in him mingled feelings of admiration and disgust; but the latter was predominant—"for," says he, "I could not prevent myself from considering this place as the arsenal where all those thunderbolts were forged which, under the name of financial edicts, had desolated my country, and more than once reduced me to implore death to deliver me from nakedness and hunger, and all the miseries that wait upon them." Duval went back



to Luneville late in the following year, after having visited the Netherlands and Holland.

On the return of Duval from Paris, the duke appointed him his librarian. The salary was small, being only seven hundred livres per annum; and of that he lost one half, in consequence of the shattered state of the finances of the duchy, he being compelled to sell at half price the orders which were given on the treasury for his humble allowance. He would have been embarrassed to provide for his subsistence, had not the Prince de Craon given directions that he should have a place at one of the tables in the palace. Duval, who knew how much the duke was pinched in money matters, could never be persuaded to ask him for any pecuniary favour; he was convinced that he should not ask in vain, but delicacy would not allow him to intrude. This delicacy of feeling he preserved till the last.

On the death of Duke Leopold, in 1729, his successor, Francis Stephen, made an addition of two hundred livres to Duval's stipend, and, thenceforth, the payment was regularly kept up. He also, soon after, appointed him professor of history, antiquities, and ancient and modern geography, in the Academy of Luneville, with an annual salary of eight hundred livres. With a commendable, though in this instance needless modesty, Duval feared that his rustic bringing up and manners, and what he deemed his imperfect acquirements, disqualified him from addressing a polite audience, and he twice refused to accept the professorship. He yielded at last, and set strenuously to work to make his lectures worthy of approbation. He fully succeeded: his course of lectures was much admired and liberally rewarded, and procured for him a large number of private pupils. Of his auditors and pupils, those who most distinguished themselves for their lavish generosity were English gentlemen. From private tuition alone his yearly gains amounted to four



thousand livres. Among his hearers is said to have been William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, who was then a youth upon his travels, but who displayed such talents that his future greatness was more than once predicted by Duval.

Preserving in the midst of a court the same simple and unexpensive habits to which he had been accustomed at the hermitage, Duval soon amassed a considerable sum of money ; and the first use he made of it was to discharge what he considered as a debt of gratitude. He rebuilt, in a handsome style, the hermitage of St. Anne, and added to it a chapel and an extensive piece of land. Part of the land he directed to be laid out as a nursery for fruit-trees of the best kinds. For this benefit the only return which he required was, that the hermits should gratuitously supply the neighbourhood, for three leagues round, with the produce of the nursery, and should go themselves to plant the trees, whenever their assistance was wanted. During the remainder of his life he never ceased to watch over the prosperity of the hermitage, which he regarded as having opened for him the path to learning and fortune.

When, in 1738, the house of Lorraine exchanged its patrimonial dominions for the grand-duchy of Tuscany, Duval was transferred to Italy with the library. Stanislaus made strenuous efforts to retain him at Luneville ; but, like his friend Vayringe, Duval was proof to all the temptations which the monarch offered. He was attached to his first patrons, and thought it would be ungrateful to quit their service. Lorraine, nevertheless, was always an object of regret to him. In 1743, he was called to Vienna by the grand-duke, who was the husband of Maria-Theresa ; and in the Austrian capital he spent nine months. After his return to Florence, his time was passed in studying, cultivating a small garden, and making occasional journeys to Rome and Naples.

At Rome all his former love of antiquities was awakened, and he began to form a cabinet of ancient medals.

The loss of his friend Vayringe, in 1746, made Florence an irksome abode to Duval. It was therefore with pleasure that, in the spring of 1748, he received a summons from his master to take up his residence at Vienna. Francis, who was become emperor of Germany, was forming a cabinet of coins, and was desirous that Duval should arrange and take charge of it. Duval was lodged in the imperial palace, and nothing was left undone that could contribute to his comfort. No restraint whatever was imposed upon his movements. The emperor frequently sent for him after dinner, and sat with him in familiar conversation; and the empress frequently joined them, and took pleasure in hearing his remarks. Though he was respectful to his sovereign, Duval abated not a jot of his independent spirit. On one occasion, he was quitting the emperor, without waiting for any signal of dismissal. "Whither are you going?" said the monarch. 'To hear Gabrielli sing, sire.' "But she sings so badly." 'I entreat your majesty to say that in a whisper.' "Why should not I speak it out?" 'Because it is of consequence that everybody should believe your majesty; and when you say *that*, nobody will believe you.' The abbé de Marcy, who was present at this conversation, and went out of the room with Duval, said to him, "Do you know that you have told the emperor a very important truth?" 'So much the better,' replied Duval; 'let him profit by it.'

The confidence which the emperor and empress placed in him was plainly manifested in the following year, 1749, by their offering him the honourable situation of sub-preceptor to the young archduke Joseph. Duval, however, declined to accept it. As his reasons for doing so, he pleaded the late period at which he entered upon his studies, and the immethodical manner in which he

had pursued them ; and, likewise the loss of his teeth, and the weakness of his lungs, which made his pronunciation defective, and speaking for any length of time an intolerable labour. But it may be doubted whether these were really his reasons. It is more probable that he was averse from incurring the heavy responsibility which he considered as weighing upon the teacher of a future sovereign. There is in his works a satirical letter, on the faults of kings, in which he expresses himself strongly on the subject of a prince's tutors. He concludes it by saying, "I have often thought, that since the happiness or misery of states depends so much on the good or bad education of those who govern them, it were greatly to be wished, that those to whom their bringing up has been confided should be obliged to render an account of their conduct to a representative tribunal of the whole nation ; that, as the interpreter of the public gratitude, the tribunal should award them all the titles and honours most proper to render their names venerable to posterity, in case of their having righteously performed their duty ; that if, on the contrary, there was valid proof of their having sacrificed the public good to their private interest, they should be branded by a national decree, and regarded as homicides, poisoners, and bitter enemies of their country : that whenever the sovereign failed to punish vice or recompense virtue, they should be considered as the authors of this injustice ; and that, to punish them for it, there should be revived against them all the maledictions and anathemas which the priests of ancient Egypt pronounced daily, at the foot of the altar, against wicked counsellors and corrupters of kings."

The refusal of Duval to comply with their wishes gave regret, but no offence, to the emperor and empress ; both of whom continued to treat him with the same kindness and familiarity as ever. One day a foreigner, who had

a letter of introduction to Duval, was in vain attempting to find him in the labyrinth of the palace, when he was accosted by a person, who said, "Come with me, and I will show you the way." After many turnings and windings, the person opened the door, and called out, "Duval, I have brought somebody to see you." This obliging guide was the emperor. On another occasion, the empress displayed an equal contempt of ceremonious forms. The emperor prided himself on being able to find out any one who was disguised in a masquerade dress; the empress laid a bet with him, that she would foil his boasted sagacity. It was carnival time, and there was to be a grand masked ball. The empress invited Duval to her apartment, and prevailed upon him to assume the garb of a Turkish dervise. Taking him by the arm, she proceeded towards the ball-room. "Come, Duval," said she gaily, "I hope that you will at least dance a minuet with me." 'I! your majesty!' exclaimed he; 'in my woods I never learnt anything but tumbling heels-overhead.' The empress laughed heartily; they entered the ball-room; and though the emperor did his best to discover who was the dervise, he lost his wager. Yet, though Duval lived on such terms with the imperial family, he was so little disposed to intrude into their society, that he did not personally know all the numerous members of it. While he was one day talking with the king of the Romans, the two eldest arch-duchesses passed by, without his taking the least notice of them. "Do you know those ladies?" said the king. 'No, sire,' replied he. "Oh!" exclaimed the king, "I am not surprised at that, for my sisters are not antiques."

The health of Duval was so seriously affected by his constant attention to study, and to the formation of the cabinet of medals, that, in 1752, he was obliged to suspend his labours, and try what benefit he could derive from a tour. He travelled through various parts of

Germany and the Netherlands, and then visited Paris, where he met with a hospitable reception from the most eminent literary characters. In the course of his tour, he passed through his native province of Champagne, and found opportunities of manifesting his kindly disposition. Still retaining his early partiality for forests, he was one day wandering through one of these favourite haunts, when he came to a hamlet, consisting of nine or ten huts, inhabited by wooden-shoe makers. Being thirsty, he asked for a glass of water. Glasses were unknown in that secluded spot, and the fluid was brought in a wooden bowl. The water was scarcely drinkable; and, on inquiry, he learned that, bad as it was, the females were obliged to fetch it from a distance of half-a-mile. Compassionating the poor inhabitants, and especially the women, Duval, at the cost of nearly twenty pounds, had a well dug in the hamlet, and thus furnished them with a ready and permanent supply of the pure element. He dispensed his bounty with a still more liberal hand at the village of Artonnay, his birth-place. The school-house there having fallen into decay, he bought land, and built another upon it, with sufficient convenience for the residence of a schoolmaster. In Lorraine also, he rebuilt the hermitage of St. Joseph de Messin, originally erected by the founder of St. Anne's, and which was now inhabited by a hermit, who first made him acquainted with the rudiments of writing and arithmetic.

The remainder of Duval's blameless life affords few events which claim the notice of a biographer. Books, medals, conversation, occasional journeys in the Austrian provinces, and correspondence with his friends, particularly with Anastasia Socoloff, a Russian lady, filled up his vacant hours. Thus he went on, without feeling much of the infirmities of age, till he reached his eightieth year, when an attack of the gravel brought him to

the brink of the grave. He rallied for awhile, but the powers of life were too much exhausted to prolong the struggle, and he expired on the 3rd of November, 1775, in the eighty-first year of his age. By his will he left the interest of eleven thousand florins, to be divided yearly, as a marriage portion, among three poor young girls of Vienna; a pension to a widow with whom he had boarded; and annuities to his servant and a deserted child whom the servant had found in the street and taken under his protection. Duval is the author of the greatest part of the *at Calogues*, in four volumes folio, of the Emperor's coins and medals; three volumes of letters and fragments; and two unpublished works, the one a *Treatise on Medals*, the other a philosophical romance.

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\* "Faithful to his rustic manners," says his friend and editor, "he never thought of pleasing by a fine outside." All his attire was in unison with this taste for simplicity; a round wig, carelessly curled, a suit of dark-brown cloth, a shirt of common linen, frilled with coarse cambric, thick-soled shoes, with iron buckles, such was his dress throughout the year. Accustomed from his earliest youth to confine his toilet to what was strictly necessary, and despising fashionable caprices, he never changed anything in his garments, wearing the same suit till it was worn out, and always replacing it by another of the same colour. His furniture was not more choice. A bedstead which was a mere pallet, straw-bottomed chairs, some old cupboards, and some shelves with linen curtains, behind which were placed his books and his utensils, these constituted the whole of his household goods. He was waited on by a single domestic, who had grown old with him; it was rather an exchange of good offices between them than the connexion of master and servant; incapable of commanding and being exacting with a fellow-creature, he gave his orders in the mildest tone, and confined them to very few objects. He liked to manage for himself, and to ask assistance from another only in indispensable cases. Accustomed to be alone in the evening, he regularly sent his servant home to his wife; he prepared his own supper in his room, making use for this purpose of a spirit-lamp, and a little trivet to hold his saucepan. It was a great pleasure to him to eat thus a dish of his own cooking, or to share it with a friend."



## LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL CLAUDE MARTIN.

CLAUDE MARTIN, the son of a cooper\*, was born at Lyons, in 1732. His father was too poor to give him more than a very limited education; but Claude, who was endowed with good abilities, contrived to acquire a knowledge of drawing, and of the less abstruse branches of mathematical science. Probably disliking a manual employment, and hoping, as youth always hopes, to better his fortune, he determined to enter into the military service. This determination was so contrary to the wishes of his mother-in-law, that, with tears in her eyes, she entreated him to change it. Finding, however, that he was inflexible, she lost her temper, threw at him a paper full of livres, and exclaimed, "There, take that; but never come back again except you come in your carriage." With this singular valediction and gift he departed from Lyons.

In the life of a private soldier there is never much which calls for record, especially when not on active service. All that we know of the early part of Martin's career, is, that he performed his duty well, and that, as a reward, he was transferred from the infantry to the cavalry, and selected as one of a troop of horse which was destined to serve as a body-guard to the unfortunate Count Lally, when he was despatched to take upon himself the fatal office of governor of the French establishments in India. Lally was the most unfit man in the world for the mission which was entrusted to him. Brave, honest, anxious for the glory of his country, he was also irritable,

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\* The English biographers who have mentioned Martin, state that he was the son of a person engaged in one of the inferior branches of the silk-manufacture. French writers say that his father was a cooper, and I am disposed to think their authority the best.



impetuous, rigid in the extreme, incapable of controlling his feelings, and careless whom he offended. Count d'Argenson, his friend, one of the French ministers, predicted, before Lally's departure, what would be the result of sending him, and the prediction was accomplished. Lally became an object of bitter hatred to the servants of the Company at Pondicherry, and at length, when the city was besieged by the British in 1760, the smothered discontent of his soldiers became manifest. Several of his officers resigned their commissions; the men, who had not the same means of liberating themselves, had recourse to desertion. It must, however, be owned, that Lally received strong provocation from the corrupt and almost treasonable conduct of the Company's servants, and the defective discipline of his troops.

Among the deserters, all of whom went over to the British, were the body-guards of Lally. Martin was one of them; and this circumstance fixes a stain upon his character. For a soldier to abandon his colours, especially in the moment of danger, is a fault which can with difficulty be palliated; for him to go over to the enemy, and raise his parricidal arm against his country, is an inextinguishable crime. But Martin was not a man of nice honour; he was a man of mere animal courage—a mercenary fighter, with whom his own interest was the first of all considerations.

Either in consequence of an idea being entertained of his superior ability, or of his having been the most active in promoting the defections from the French forces, Martin was chosen by the government of Madras to raise a company of chasseurs from among the prisoners, and he thus obtained the commission of an ensign. A few weeks after he had completed his company, he was despatched with it to Bengal, but it never arrived at its destination. The ship in which it was embarked was an old country vessel, called the *Futteh Salam*, and, be-

sides the troops and passengers, was overloaded with salt, and a large quantity of mortars, cannon, shot and shells, taken at Pondicherry. The rickety transport had not proceeded one-third of its way up the bay of Bengal, when it sprang a leak, and almost immediately foundered off the northern mouth of the Godavery river. Mainly, it is said, by the presence of mind which Martin displayed, some of his men, and of the crew and passengers, were saved in the ship's boats. In their passage to Calcutta they endured many hardships, and they reached it in a miserable plight. The government of the presidency was so satisfied with his conduct upon this occasion, that it liberally supplied his immediate wants, and gave him a commission as cornet in a regiment of horse. From this rank he rose by regular gradation, till he attained that of captain of infantry.

Among the acquisitions connected with mathematical science which had been made by Martin, was a knowledge of surveying. This and his acquaintance with drawing now proved of the greatest utility to him, by placing him where he eventually found himself in the high-road to fortune. For some years he was employed in surveying and mapping the north-east districts of Bengal. When this task was finished, he was directed to assist in surveying the province of Oude, and, in consequence, he fixed his residence at Lucknow, the capital of that province. There he soon wound himself into the friendship and confidence of the Nabob Vizier, Sujah ul Dowlah. He had, besides the talents already mentioned, a turn for mechanics; and, though he was not competent scientifically to demonstrate the principles on which they were formed, there were few machines, or models of machines, which he could not construct, on obtaining a sight or a perspicuous description of them. He displayed so much ingenuity of contrivance in casting cannon, fabricating arms, manufacturing powder, and performing

a variety of other operations, that the nabob was anxious to secure the services of one who possessed such diversified and useful abilities. He accordingly solicited the governor and council to allow Martin to act as superintendant of his artillery and arsenals ; and the favour was granted. That he might not be called away from a place where he hoped to reap a rich harvest, Martin, retaining his military rank, prudently offered to relinquish his claim to the pay and emoluments which belonged to it. The offer was accepted, and he was permitted to prolong his abode at Lucknow as long as might seem good to him. It is probable that the governor and council were not sorry to have at the court of Oude an active and intelligent observer, who, from the confidential terms upon which he lived with the nabob, could suggest their wishes to him, or afford them information as to the state of affairs in that part of India.

For a quarter of a century Martin continued to retain his situation and his influence with the nabob and the nabob's ministers. Though he held no ostensible station in the government, he is believed to have been uniformly consulted upon all affairs, both foreign and domestic ; " the emissaries of the court usually repairing to his house, incognito, in the evening, to discuss the measures in contemplation." Martin did not neglect those arts by which *golden* opinions are *bought* from all sorts of men. A writer, who evidently knew him well, says, " During all the succeeding revolutions and changes, both in the Vizier's and in the English administration, the real unaffected good-nature and obliging condescending deportment of Captain Martin, conspicuous in a thousand little grateful assiduities, conciliated the good-will of individuals of every distinction. To gentlemen in opposition, as well as to those in power, he continually transmitted such articles of natural history, literature, antiquity, and manufacture, as, not being costly enough to offend the

punctilious delicacy of casuistical scruples or conscientious integrity, yet, from their curiousness and scarcity, could not but prove highly acceptable: and to their ladies, what is defined to be the essence of an elegant present, *rarities*, that cannot be purchased for money—I had almost said—for love itself. Nor was a refresher now and then wanting to his illustrious patrons to revive their memorials of him. To this intent were ransacked the remotest tracts of Cashmere, Nepaul, Candahar, and other regions, from the frontiers of Oude to the confines of Tartary, which, by means of his agents, Catholic missionaries, Hindoo merchants, Mussulman caravans, and his own immediate agents, became the extensive circles of his perpetual research. Persian horses, ermines, sables, shawls, the finest linens, tissues, feathers, attar, pictures, illuminated manuscripts, medals, coins, and gems, were accordingly collected, for his selection, from every quarter, encouragingly purchased, and then liberally distributed by him, for the undeviating purpose of retaining his situation with the vizier. To every recommendation also, either from his civil or military connexions, was he peculiarly attentive—his house, table, and services, being the receptacle, the accommodation, and the auxiliary, of every gentleman provided with those amicable credentials.” With respect to his table, however, though the welcome to it was always a hearty one, it could have offered no attractions to any but persons whose purses were so scantily furnished as to render a gratis dinner an object of importance. “It was served,” says the writer, “in a careless slovenly manner, and with most abominable viands, more resembling the green and yellow dinners of a Spanish or Portuguese ambassador, or the ordinaries of French or Italian tables-d’hôte, than the neat comfortable repasts of an English officer. Latterly, however, his economy expanded into a more decent and select expenditure, sparing no cost in

provisions, or in cooks to prepare them, for the entertainment of his guests."

There were, also, other means than presents and hospitality, which Martin did not scruple to use for the furtherance of his purposes. Oriental in his morals as well as his habits, he kept an establishment of females. One of these mistresses was beautiful and intelligent, and well acquainted with the leading personages of the native courts. By means of this woman's distribution of magnificent gifts, he contrived to obtain early and genuine information of whatever was meditated against the interests of the nabob. His employer was thus enabled to guard against the duplicity of pretended friends, and counteract any plans which might be formed to his prejudice.

During the whole of Martin's residence in Oude, his fortune continued to increase, till it swelled to an enormous magnitude, sufficient almost to satisfy the cravings of avarice itself. The amount of it has been diversely estimated, at from between three and four hundred thousand pounds to half a million; it was certainly not less than the former sum; probably not far from the latter. The sources from which it was drawn were various. The allowance made to him, as superintendant of artillery, was princely, and the perquisites attached to his office, arising from the purchase of stores and materials, were, perhaps, of more account than the salary. Magnificent presents were likewise often made to him by Sujah ul Dowlah, and he enjoyed the monopoly of supplying all kinds of choice European productions and inventions, for which that prince had an extreme liking. With respect to this taste of Sujah's, there is an anecdote which strikingly illustrates the little value which is set upon human life by an Eastern despot. At the period when aerostation first came into notice, Martin made some experiments with a small balloon. Sujah was so delighted, that he desired Martin to form one which

would be capable of carrying up twenty men. Martin, who, on this point at least, was not quite orientalized, objected that the attempt would put the lives of the aeronauts in exceeding jeopardy. To this his master coolly replied, "Give yourself no concern about *that*. Do you make the balloon, and I'll make *them* go up, I'll warrant." For some reason or other, however, the trial was not made.

Productive as were to Martin the branches of revenue already mentioned, they were far from being the most fruitful of which he was possessed. They were merely small Pactolian streams, that helped to swell the vast flood that flowed from other quarters. In a country where everything was venal, crowds of suppliants would throng to buy that influence which it was known he could exert in their favour. "Still further benefit," says the writer before quoted, "resulted to his fortune from a reputable credit established amongst the Shroffs and merchants, both in Oude and the contiguous provinces, so that few public loans, or other public speculations, were adopted independently of his concurrence and participation; the capitals whereof were ascertained to the creditors by the security of landed property, with an interest of not less than twelve per cent. To which may be added, accessions of gain from private partnerships with natives, as well as foreign traders, in the transport of sugar, cloths, indigo, grain, &c. to Bengal, from the upper provinces. The greatest increase of wealth, however, was derived to him from quantities of pledges or deposits of all sorts of sumptuous, splendid, and precious commodities confided to his care, in times of alarm, commotion, distress, or impending danger, by persons of every description and denomination, as the safest preservative of their property, which, under an oppressive, unsettled government, they could at the instant and unpremeditatedly devise. For this protection



adequate consideration from the parties was, of course, understood ; whilst a portion of the articles themselves were, perhaps, never afterwards reclaimed or redeemed." The payment required by him for this insurance is said to have been twelve per cent. on the value of the deposit ; for which sum he engaged to return the article on demand, or indemnify its owner for the loss.

It was probably no less with a view to the safe keeping of the treasures which were entrusted to him, than for his own security and comfort, that at a short distance from Lucknow, on the bank of the winding river Goomti, he built a singular pile, half mansion, half castle. He had indeed, on one occasion, experienced the danger of residing in a defenceless abode. A party of rebels, during the insurrection at Benares, were about to attack his house ; and it was only by his courage and presence of mind that they were deterred from executing their purpose. He placed at his door two small field-pieces, and put himself at the head of his armed servants ; and this was sufficient to intimidate a mob, eager for plunder, but with little stomach for fighting. The edifice which he erected, and which he called *Constantia*, was secure from such invaders ; was nearly incombustible ; and might defy everything but a battering-train. The river protected it on one side, and afforded the means of succour or escape. On the land side it was surrounded by extensive grounds, planted with the choicest flowers, shrubs, and trees, and entered by an arched gateway, lofty enough to admit an elephant loaded with its howdah. In this quarter defence had not been neglected : the house was covered by a deep and wide moat, crossed by a drawbridge, and communicating with the river. The building itself was of brick, coated with chunam, a beautiful kind of cement, and, excepting the doors and window-frames, had no wood in it ; the ceilings were elliptical arches of masonry ; the floors were of stucco.



The house was so contrived that he had apartments suitable to the various seasons. The basement consisted of an upper and lower series of rooms, within the bank of the river, and level with its surface when the water was at its lowest. In these he resided during the hot season ; removing from the under to the upper, when the river began to be swelled by the rains ; and from thence into the ground-floor, when the stream had reached its utmost elevation. In the spring and winter he went still higher, and occupied a handsome saloon, which was raised on arcades that projected over the current, and formed a piazza to the stories beneath. Fountains were so disposed as to play constantly on the windows during the months when sultry winds were prevalent. The upper part of the edifice contained a museum, richly stored with curiosities, and an observatory, which was well furnished with astronomical instruments by the most celebrated makers.

This mansion, from its magnitude and the peculiarity of its form, had a striking appearance in the landscape ; but the taste of its planner is more than doubtful. Lord Valentia speaks of the structure with unqualified disapprobation. "It is," says he, "a strange, fantastical building, of every species of architecture, and adorned with minute stucco fretwork, enormous red lions with lamps instead of eyes, Chinese mandarins and ladies with shaking heads, and all the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology. It has a handsome effect at a distance, from a lofty tower in the centre, with four turrets ; but, on a nearer approach, the wretched taste of the ornaments excites only contempt. A more extraordinary combination of Gothic towers and Grecian pilasters was never before devised. Within, the hall is very fine, but the other apartments are small and gloomy, loaded with stucco-work, painted yellow to imitate gilding."

While Martin was heaping up riches, he was also,

though not with equal rapidity, making advances in the military profession. Originally, aliens or foreigners were not allowed to rise to the rank of field-officer in the East India Company's service. This rule was, however, relaxed in favour of Martin, at the intercession, it is said, of numerous friends, and perhaps for other reasons. The emoluments, however, he still relinquished. When the war broke out with Tippoo Sultan, in 1790, Martin made a present to the Company of as many horses as sufficed to mount a troop of cavalry; and the commission of colonel was the reward which he received for the gift. Some years afterwards brevet-rank was granted by his Majesty to the Company's officers, on which occasion Martin was promoted to be major-general.

During the latter part of his life Martin lived in retirement, dividing his time between his mansion at Lucknow and a villa about fifty miles from that city, situated on the bank of the Ganges, and surrounded by a domain of eight miles in circumference. In 1798 he felt a momentary wish to revisit Europe, and wrote to a friend to inquire, whether he could live there as happily and securely as in India. His friend represented to him the disturbed state of the Continent, and dissuaded him from a change. Either because his active mind could not bear to be unoccupied, or because age had brought with it an increased degree of apprehension and caution, he spent much money, and occupied some of the closing years of his existence, in building a castle which might bid defiance to a sudden attack from any Asiatic enemy. Behind the ramparts were casemates, with massy iron doors and bars, and roofs which were completely bomb-proof. Around the edifice was a wide and deep moat, the approaches to which were defended by stockades, and a regular covered-way. The interior contained a splendid mausoleum for the reception of his own remains. The inscription for his tomb was written by himself a

few months before his decease. It is as follows:—  
“Here lies Claude Martin. He was born at Lyons, A.D. 1732. He came to India a Private Soldier, and died a Major-General.” The tomb is altar-shaped, surmounted by a bust, and round it are four figures of grenadiers, the size of life, with their arms reversed. It was Martin’s intention that the whole should be of white marble; but only the bust and tomb are of that material; and the effect of the whole is spoiled by the figures being of plaster, painted to resemble nature, and dressed in a scarlet uniform. This “lame and impotent conclusion” is to be accounted for by his not having lived to complete the structure.

The disease of which Martin died was the stone. In consequence of his leading a more sedentary life than usual, and discontinuing exercise on horseback, he was attacked by the malady several years before his death. Determined not to submit to the surgical knife, his inventive genius hit upon a remedy, something similar to which has been re-invented or imitated in later days, and is known by the name of lithotritry. Taking a piece of fine stout wire, about a foot in length, he cut one end of it into a sort of file, which he introduced into the bladder through a catheter. As soon as he found that the file was in contact with the stone, he worked it gently backwards and forwards till the pain caused by the process compelled him to withdraw it, which was generally in about four or five minutes. Perceiving, on the first trial, that small particles of the stone were discharged, he had the patience and fortitude to continue the operation for twelve months, by the end of which time he completely wore down the calculus. He remained free from the disorder for some years; but at length, the stony concretions began to form again, and, as he would not have recourse to the file, they constantly increased, and finally proved fatal. He died on the 13th of September, 1800.

About one half of his fortune was bequeathed by Martin to the women of his zenana, or seraglio, and his servants. To his relatives at Lyons he left 25,000*l*. The remainder was devoted to charitable purposes. Among the latter bequests was a large one for the foundation of a school at Calcutta. The will, which is of an enormous length, was written by himself in English, and is a strange farrago, a kind of confession, as well as a testament. It owns the commission of many heavy sins, expresses a hope that his repentance will ensure their pardon, and makes the startling avowal that, through life, self-interest had been the sole motive of all his actions. A specimen of this curious attempt at English composition will perhaps amuse the reader, and likewise show that, even to the last, and in the dispensing of charity, self was not entirely forgotten by Martin. The quotation forms the twenty-fourth article of the will. "I give and bequeath the sum of two hundred thousand sicca rupees to the town of Calcutta, for to be put at interest in government paper, on the most secure mode possible, and this, principal and interest, to be put under the protection of Government or the Supreme Court, that they may devise an institution the most necessary for the public good of the town of Calcutta, or establishing a school for to educate a certain number of children of any sex to a certain age, and to have them put apprentice to some profession when at the conclusion of their school, and to have them married when at age; and I also wish that every year a premium of a few rupees or other things, be given to the most deserving or virtuous boy or girl, or to both, to such that have come out of that school, or that are still in it, and this to be done on the same day in the month I died: that day those that are to be married, are to be married, and to have a sermon preached at the church to the boys and girls of the school; afterwards a public dinner for the whole, and a

toast to be drank in memorandum of the founder. This institution is to bear the title of 'La Martinière,' and to have an inscription, either on stone or marble, in large character, to be fixed in any part of the school, on it wrote, Instituted by Major-general Martin, born the — of January 1732, at Lyons, who died the day, month, and, mentioning the day, month, and year, and buried at —, mentioning the place; and as I am little able to make any arrangement for such an institution, I am in hope Government or the Supreme Court will devise the best institution for the public good, and to have it, as I said above-mentioned, in the name of the institutor. After every article of my, or this will and testament is or are fully settled, and every article provided and paid for, the several pensions or other gifts, donations, institution and other, any sum remaining may be made to serve, first, to buy or build a house for the institution, so that it may be made permanent and perpetual, by securing the interest by Government paper, either in India or Europe, that the interest annually may support the institution. For this reason I give and bequeath one hundred and fifty thousand sicca rupees more, according to the proportion that may remain after every article of this testament is fulfilled, then this sum to be added for the permanency of that institution; making the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand sicca rupees."

When Martin indited this paper, he little thought what a golden harvest he was sowing for the members of the legal profession. Such a huge mass of confused and unintelligible sentences was, indeed, a God-send to them, and could not have been better contrived, had it been written expressly for the benefit of lawyers. From the time of the testator's decease, down to 1817, at least four actions relative to this fertile source of contention were pending in the Supreme Court. After having thus gone on for more than sixteen years (if going on it may be

called), they were ordered to be consolidated into one; and, as great bodies move with proverbial slowness, twelve or thirteen additional years elapsed ere the single action was brought to a close. After all the spoliation which had taken place, the amount which was paid into Court, in December 1822, by Mr. Palmer, the surviving executor, was upwards of twenty-eight lacks of rupees. How much that sum was diminished by the subsequent proceedings it would be very difficult to conjecture.\*

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\* After the death of General Martin, all the furniture of his house at Constantia was sold. The mirrors and lustres are now in the Government-house at Calcutta. By the earthquake of September 1, 1803, many of the "Chinese mandarins and ladies with shaking heads, and all the gods and goddesses of heathen mythology," which had excited the anger and ridicule of Lord Valentia, were tumbled to the ground, and most of them were injured.

"Amongst other valuable treasures, he possessed," says a person who knew him, "a circular pink diamond, something broader than a half-guinea, of the purest lustre: the most pellucid, brilliant, and perfect jewel, perhaps, in the world, uniting in itself the beauties of the ruby and the adamant. When placed in the corner of a black hat, or rubbed against any rough woollen cloth, within a darkened room, vivid scintillations of light were evidently discernible from it."

The reader who wishes to form an idea of Martin's mansion at Constantia, may see two views of it in the *European Magazine*, vol. xvii., p. 83, and vol. xviii., p. 81. I cannot say much for the style of the engravings, but I believe the views to be faithful resemblances. I *think* there is also a plate representing Constantia among the engravings from the drawings of Hodges, but I am not certain.

Martin's singular will was translated into French, and printed, in 1803, by order of the Municipal Council of the city of Lyons. It forms a quarto pamphlet of more than a hundred pages.

## LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY, an individual who was respectable as a writer, eminent as a publisher, and estimable as a man, was born in 1703, at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire. His parents, of whom nothing is known, appear to have been too poor to give him a classical education; for he himself tells us that he was "untutored by the lore of Greece or Rome." Some instruction, though probably limited to reading and writing, he must have received; but we are left in the dark as to where and how he obtained it. In rustic occupations it is doubtful whether he was ever engaged; throughout his poem on agriculture, there is not a single allusion which can lead us to imagine that he had borne a part in the labours which are described by his Muse. It is probable that, from his outset in life, he preferred the less toilsome situation of a house servant. The first circumstance which we learn respecting him is, that he was a footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther. It appears, also, from his own confession to Dr. Johnson, that he once lived in the same capacity with Darteneuf, the celebrated epicure, and friend of Pope. "I knew Darteneuf well," said he to the doctor, "for I was his footman." It must be observed, however, that, though Dodsley did not mind making such an avowal as this to a friend, he seems to have had a dislike of a livery, as he is said never in his prosperous days to have put that badge of servitude upon a domestic of his own.

It was while he was in the service of Mrs. Lowther that he emerged into notice. His good conduct had gained approbation, and the abilities above his rank, which he began to display, entitled him to more respect than footmen in general deserve. Having made some



attempts in rhyme, he was encouraged to publish them by subscription, and his patrons exerted themselves so effectually, that a handsome list of subscribers was procured. The work was published in the spring of 1732, with the quaint title of "The Muse in Livery. A Collection of Poems. By R. Dodsley, a Footman to a Person of Quality at Whitehall." The price of it was eighteenpence. A short specimen will suffice to give an idea of the Muse in Livery; it is from "Kitty: a pastoral." Thus sings the bard:—

"From beneath a cool shade, by the side of a stream,  
Thus writes thy Theander, and thou art his theme :  
Thy beauties inspiring, my dearest, I'll show,  
There's nothing in nature so beauteous as you.

Though distance divides us, thy beauties I see,  
Those beauties so loved and admired by me !  
Now, now I behold thee, sweet, smiling, and pretty,  
O gods ! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty !

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,  
And while I thus gaze on thy numerous charms,  
The beautiful objects which round me do lie,  
Grow sick at thy presence with envy, and die.

Now Flora the meadows and groves does adorn  
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn ;  
But look on my Kitty ! there sweetly does blow  
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,  
And proud of its colour, would vie with her blush ;  
Vain boaster ! thy beauties shall quickly decay,  
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,  
In whiteness unrivall'd ; now droops and looks pale ;  
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,  
And bows down its head in submission to yon.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,  
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,  
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air  
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—my dear !"

And so he goes on, depreciating larks, bees, doves, lambs, flowers, streams, and the sun itself, in comparison with his Kitty. I will not inflict any more of this pastoral upon my reader. It is evident that the Muse does not move with much grace in livery. Indeed, nothing can be more common-place, slovenly, and loaded with expletives, than the verses by which Dodsley introduced himself to the public. But he lived to do much better; and it is not from the twitterings of the unfledged bird that we ought to judge of what its song will be when it is in full plumage and voice.

Whether after the publication of his volume Dodsley continued in servitude, I am unable to ascertain. At all events, he did not let his talents remain idle. Between that period and 1735 he wrote *The Toy Shop*, a dramatic piece; satirizing, in no despicable style, and with much tact, the manners and fashionable follies of the times. From *The Muses' Looking Glass*, by Randolph, he seems to have derived the idea of his drama; but this detracts little, if at all, from his merit, since the superstructure is entirely his own. It was shown to Pope, who was so much pleased with it, that he extended his patronage to the author, and interested himself strongly and effectually in getting it accepted for the stage. The poet was right in believing that it would meet with a favourable reception from the public. It was brought out at Covent Garden, in 1735, with great success; nor was it less approved of when it issued from the press.

Lured by the flattering prospect before him, had Dodsley now applied himself solely to literary pursuits, he would, perhaps, have been through life a needy and care-worn man. He adopted a wiser plan, and determined to make selling books his occupation, and writing them only his amusement. In 1735, he opened, in Pall Mall, a bookseller's shop, which was not long before it became the daily resort of the most eminent authors,

wits, and men of rank. Pope was active in recommending Dodsley, and his countenance was, of course, a powerful auxiliary. His kindness is spitefully alluded to in one of the Grub-street productions of the day :

“ 'Tis kind a Livery Muse to aid,  
Who scribbles farces to augment his trade.  
When you, and Spence, and Glover, drive the nail,  
The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.”

These paper pellets were shot in vain at Dodsley ; he pursued his course steadily, was esteemed for the correctness of his conduct and the liberal spirit of his dealings, and ended by becoming one of the most celebrated and prosperous publishers in the British metropolis. Among the works of sterling merit which, in the early part of his career, he ushered into the world, was Johnson's “London”; a poem which he had the good taste to appreciate justly, while many of his fellow-tradesmen were so blind to its beauty that they could not be prevailed upon to print it. Dodsley purchased the copyright for ten guineas ; and a friendship ever after subsisted between him and Johnson.

Attentive as he was to trade, Dodsley, nevertheless, found time to employ his own pen in writing other things than bills and letters of business. The great encouragement which had been given to his first dramatic effort, stimulated him to continue his exertions in that species of literary composition. In 1737, he produced *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, a farce founded on a traditionary story of the reign of our Henry the Second. It was acted at Drury Lane Theatre, and was no less favourably received than *The Toy Shop* had been. The success was not undeserved ; as the piece does much credit to his talent and skill. Suard is of opinion, that it was perhaps the model on which Collé formed his popular opera of *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.* In the following year, Dodsley wrote a sequel to the

King and the Miller, under the title of Sir John Cockle at Court. This, too, was brought out at Drury Lane theatre. Though it is far from being destitute of merit, this piece, like most continuations and sequels, is inferior to its predecessor. Dodsley paused for two or three years, and then gave to Drury Lane a ballad farce, called *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*. It met with but a cold reception. The same subject had already been dramatized by John Day, a writer who lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and whose works are forgotten. The task of giving a permanent dramatic interest to the story of the *Beggar of Bethnal Green* was reserved for one of my oldest and dearest friends, Sheridan Knowles; a man equally remarkable for the strength of his talents and the kindness of his heart.

These productions were collected into a volume by their author, and published in 1748, with the unassuming title of *Trifles*. The volume also contains an additional piece, which was designed to introduce upon the stage a new kind of pantomime. It bears the title of *Rex and Pontifex*, and was never acted. When the war between Great Britain and France was closed by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Dodsley celebrated the event by writing a masque, intituled *The Triumph of Peace*, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury Lane. A masque, with the same title, was represented in 1633, by the gentlemen of the Four Inns of Court, before Charles I. and Henrietta Maria; the words of which were by Shirley, the decorations and machinery by Inigo Jones, and the music by Ives and William Lawes, the latter musician a favourite of the monarch, and brother of that Harry Lawes whose memory Milton has embalmed in his verse. It is doubtful whether Dodsley's work was brought forward with as many advantages as Shirley's, which is said to have been got up with unrivalled magnificence.

Besides his original compositions, Dodsley was engaged in planning and publishing many other works. A brief mention of them will suffice. In 1744, he gave to the world a collection of plays, in twelve volumes, by our elder dramatic authors. Two editions, with improvements, have since been printed. In 1746, he brought out *The Museum, or Literary and Historical Register*, in three octavo volumes, containing contributions from many writers of merit. *The Preceptor*, in two volumes, a book which was long and deservedly popular, appeared in 1749; the preface and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit* were furnished to it by Dr. Johnson. The well known repository of fugitive poems, in six volumes, which bears his name, came forth in 1752, 1753, and 1755, and may be considered as the parent of several collections of a similar kind. But these publications were far surpassed in importance by two others. It was Dodsley who suggested to Johnson the idea of the *English Dictionary*, and it was he who first established *The Annual Register*, which has continued to exist for more than three-fourths of a century.

In 1750, Dodsley produced another original work, which, though of small dimensions, obtained an uncommonly extensive circulation, and was for many years a general favourite. This was *The Economy of Human Life*. It professed to be translated from an Indian manuscript by an ancient Bramin, was prefaced by a description of the manner in which the manuscript was discovered, and was printed on fine paper, with wide margins, and generally in a style to distinguish it from the common run of books. But the circumstance which principally operated to produce a rapid sale was, that it was universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Like all things that attract public notice, it was soon followed by a swarm of imitations. One of these boldly

assumed to be a second part, by the author of the first ; and the falsehood was impudently persisted in, even after it had been contradicted by Dodsley himself. Then came *The Economy of a Winter's Day ; The Economy of Female Life ; The Economy of the Sexes, &c.* They all, however, dropped speedily into oblivion ; and Dodsley's production continued for years to be reprinted in a variety of forms. It has now ceased to be a standard book ; perhaps it has sunk as much too low as it was formerly raised too high. I agree with the author of the *Life of Dodsley*, in the *Biographia Britannica*, in his estimate of *The Economy of Human Life*. "Upon the whole it is not without a considerable share of merit. The subjects are well chosen ; the advice is good ; the style is succinet, and frequently nervous ; but the work in general is deficient in that strength and energy, that vividness of imagination, and that luminousness of metaphor, which pervade those parts of Scripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in many of the genuine oriental writings." In France, the work was no less popular than in England ; there having, I believe, been nine or ten translations of it made, under various titles, into the language of that country. This may be considered as a proof of its intrinsic merit ; and the more so, from the circumstance of at least one half of the versions having been made after it was known that no part of the original was from the pen of Chesterfield.

In 1754, Dodsley ventured to try his skill in a more elaborate species of poetical composition than he had hitherto attempted. Public virtue was his theme, and the work was intended to consist of three books, devoted to agriculture, commerce, and arts. The first book was all that he completed ; and its reception was not such as to encourage him to proceed. "It was fine *blank !*" said Johnson contemptuously to Bennet Langton ; "however, this miserable poem did not sell, and my poor friend

Doddy said Public Virtue was not a subject to interest the age." That it failed is not surprising. Important as they are in themselves, agriculture and commerce are topics which nothing short of the highest genius could render attractive in verse. There are many happy thoughts and expressions, and a few well-written passages, in Dodsley's poem; but, as a whole, it is deficient in vigour and interest, and its versification is too often languid, monotonous, and unmusical. No one will peruse it twice, or retain much of it in his memory.

Undismayed by his want of success in the level fields of didactic poetry, Dodsley boldly resolved to soar into the realms of lyric song. In November 1757, he published "*Melpomene; or the Regions of Terror and Pity. An Ode.*" His muse was, on this occasion, more propitious to him. Though some of the lines are tame and unpolished, and some of the images incongruous, the ode has many highly animated passages, and rises much above mediocrity. It is, perhaps, the best of all his poems.

In the following January he submitted to the public the tragedy of *Cleone*, his last and most ambitious effort in dramatic composition. It must, however, have been commenced at least sixteen years before it appeared; for he tells us that two or three years before the decease of Pope, he showed the plan of it to that illustrious poet, who advised him to extend it from three to five acts, and also informed him that he had himself, in early youth, attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards committed to the flames. Dodsley, therefore, had not been neglectful of the Horatian precept, "Keep your piece nine years." The tragedy is partly founded on the old French legend of St. Genevieve, which, nearly two centuries ago, was translated into English by Sir William Lower. It was offered to Garrick, who is said to have rejected it with some degree of disdain. His reason for rejecting it, and his subsequent conduct, if not misrepres-



sented, were dishonourable to him. It is asserted, that he refused the drama because there was in it no character adapted for the display of his peculiar talents; and that when it was accepted by the rival house, he sought to crush it, by appearing in a new part on the first night of the new play. That he and Dodsley quarrelled respecting Cleone, and that he spoke contemptuously of it, is certain. "The two Wartons," writes Johnson, "just looked into the town, and were taken to see Cleone, where, David says, they were starved, for want of company to keep them warm. David and Doddy have had a new quarrel, and, I think, cannot conveniently quarrel any more. Cleone was well acted by all the characters; but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it, as well I might; for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone." The joke in which Garrick indulged his spleen had little wit, and no truth. The house was crowded at the first representation of Cleone, and it continued to be so during the many nights on which the play was repeated.

Notwithstanding its success when it was originally brought forward, Cleone has not kept possession of the stage. An attempt was made to revive it, with the powerful aid of Mrs. Siddons, but it failed. The failure has, somewhat absurdly, been attributed to the feelings of the audience having been too much excited by the wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons. But if such an effect could be produced by such a cause, few tragedies in which she appeared would have been acted twice. The fact is, that though the tragedy does credit to the talents of Dodsley, it is too imperfect in many points to admit of its becoming what is called a stock-piece. The plot is defective; some of the characters are exaggerated, and

some inconsistent ; and the diction has often the two opposite faults of wanting dignity and wanting ease. The great charm of *Cleone* lies in the pathos of the last two acts ; and it does indeed appeal forcibly to the heart. Of this opinion was Dr. Johnson, and he even expressed it hyperbolically. Bennet Langton relates, that he one day began to read *Cleone* to Johnson, who displayed obvious signs of uneasiness. " At the end of an act, however, he said, ' Come, let's have some more ; let's go into the slaughter-house again, Lanky. But I am afraid there is more blood than brains.' Yet he afterwards said, ' When I heard you read it, I thought higher of its power of language ; when I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetic effect ;' and then he paid it a compliment which many will think very extravagant. ' Sir,' said he, ' if Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered.' Dodsley himself, upon this being repeated to him, said, ' it was too much.' It must be remembered, that Johnson always appeared not to be sufficiently sensible of the merit of *Otway*."

*Cleone* was the last of Dodsley's poetical offspring. His subsequent labours in prose were not numerous. In 1760, he published " *Select Fables of Esop and other Fabulists, in three books.*" To this work he contributed a sensible and well-written *Essay on Fable*, and several pleasing fables in the third book. To an edition of *Shenstone's Works*, which came out in 1763, he prefixed a very brief notice of the poet's life and writings. A description of *Piercefield*, written by him, is printed in *Hull's Select Letters*.

Having acquired a handsome competence, Dodsley retired from the active part of his business, the care of which he committed to his brother James. He had suffered much from gout during the latter years of his life, and this circumstance probably accelerated his retirement. Of this disease he at length became the victim. He died

on the 25th of September, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age, while he was upon a visit to his friend, Mr. Spence, at Durham, and was buried in the abbey church-yard of that city.

Just at the period when Dodsley was sinking into the grave, his private character was drawn, in homely but affectionate and truthful phrase, by Baker, author of *The Companion to the Playhouse*. "In this station," (that of a bookseller,) "Mr. Pope's recommendation," says Baker, "and his own merits, soon obtained him not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also those of the first rank, and in a few years raised him to great eminence in his profession, in which he is now almost, if not altogether, at the head. Yet neither in this capacity, nor in that of a writer, has success had any improper effect upon him. In one light, he has preserved the strictest integrity; in the other, the most becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement his own talents met with, he has been ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and has on many occasions been, not only the publisher, but the patron, of genius. But there is no circumstance which adds more lustre to his character than the grateful remembrance he retains, and ever expresses, to the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of his first being taken notice of in life.\*"

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\* The following epitaph, which probably was written by his friend Spence, is inscribed on his tombstone :

"If you have any respect for uncommon industry and merit, regard this place, in which are deposited the remains of Mr. Robert Dodsley; who, as an author, raised himself much above what could have been expected from one in his rank of life, and without a learned education; and who, as a man, was scarce exceeded by any in integrity of heart, and purity of manners and conversation. He left this life for a better, September 25, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age."

## THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JAMES.

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It is seldom that much information can be gleaned respecting the early years of those who have risen from obscurity to eminence. Sometimes individuals do not become objects of public notice till all who knew them in youth are dead, and sometimes they themselves absurdly labour to throw a veil over their humble origin. The former seems to be the case with regard to the subject of this memoir. That William James was born, in 1721, somewhere in the vicinity of Milford Haven; that his parents were poor; that, after having been a plough-boy, he became, when only twelve years of age, a sailor in the merchant service; and that, in 1738, he was serving under Sir Edward Hawke, but in what capacity is unknown—is all that can be told relative to nearly the first half of his existence.

James appears to have been about five-and-twenty when he obtained the command of a small vessel in the Virginia trade. His outset as a commander was not auspicious. The ship was taken by the Spaniards, and carried into the Havannah, where the captain and crew were thrown into a dungeon, harshly treated, and retained for a considerable time in captivity. They were, however, at length released. The liberty which they had eagerly desired proved to be no boon to them. There was a brig bound for South Carolina, on board of which they embarked; but they had not been at sea more than two days, when a furious tempest arose. The vessel, which was not sea-worthy, was so strained by the winds and waves, that the water was soon deep in the hold. In spite of all the efforts of the crew, part of which was kept to the pumps while the rest was employed in baling, the water continued to gain upon them, and it speedily became evident

that the ship could not possibly be saved. It was therefore resolved to abandon her. James and seven of the crew accordingly took to the boat, and had gone but a small distance when the brig went down. Their whole stock of provisions consisted of a small bag of biscuits and a keg of water. They had no compass; knew not where they were, nor in what direction they were going; but drifted hopelessly, the sport of the gales and the billows. In this terrible situation they remained for twenty days, worn down by hunger and fatigue, and filled with gloomy forebodings. During two days out of the twenty the sea incessantly beat over them, threatening their fragile boat with destruction. This peril was attended by a lesser but serious evil: their biscuit was so saturated with the saline fluid, that, famished as they were, it could not be eaten without a feeling of disgust. Their thirst, too, was a heavy addition to their torments; for their supply of water was so scanty that it was carefully doled out in minute portions, the captain's snuff-box being used as a measure for it. At last, when the most horrible of deaths seemed to be inevitable, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of land. They recognised the coast of Cuba, and found that, after an absence of three weeks, they were now within ten miles of the spot where they had undergone their imprisonment. Their woful condition made them hail it as a port of refuge, and they joyfully gave themselves up to the Spaniards. For a long time they were unable to use their limbs freely; but not one of them died.

James at last obtained his liberty again, and returned to England. It is said, that about this time he married his first wife, and that she kept a public-house, the sign of the Red Cow, in Wapping; but this story rests upon doubtful authority. It is certain that, in 1747, he entered into the service of the East India Company, and made two voyages as chief mate. On his return from one of

these voyages, he visited Wales, which country it is probable he had not seen since he quitted it in his boyhood. He had not forgotten all his playmates. He had been accustomed to play with one little girl, who was especially his favourite ; and, as children often do, they had promised to become man and wife when they grew up. This female he now eagerly sought out ; laughingly reproached her for having broken her word ; performed some acts of kindness towards her husband ; and made the forgetful fair one a present of a gown, which he had brought for the purpose. Whether the hostess of the Red Cow, if such a being really existed, was aware of this first love, and of the permanent impression which it made, are circumstances which must for ever remain involved in obscurity.

The conduct of James as a subordinate officer had been so praiseworthy, and he had manifested such nautical skill, that the East India Company gave him, in 1749, the command of *The Guardian*, a new ship, equipped for war, and intended to protect the trade on the coast of Malabar from piratical attacks. In all ages that part of the Malabar coast which is called the Concan had been so infamously celebrated for sea-robbers, that it had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Pirate Coast*. The course of the wind in those parts obliges ships to keep near the land ; and the numerous shallow bays and rocky islets afforded a secure haunt for the vessels of the plunderers, whom the many elevations on the shore enabled to watch the approach of their prey, and to pounce upon it unexpectedly, and at the most convenient moment. The grabs and gallivats, which formed the piratical squadrons, were constructed so as to draw little water, move swiftly, and carry large numbers of men : the former, which were the largest, had sails alone ; the latter had both sails and oars, and could be rowed at the rate of four miles an hour.

At the period in question, the principal freebooter in this quarter was a chief named Angria, the descendant of a succession of robbers bearing the same name. He was master of a large tract of territory, extending for at least fifty leagues in length, between the Ghauts and the sea, and lived in princely state. Gheriah, which lies in  $16\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  North latitude, was his capital, and he had naval stations at Bancoot or Victoria, Severndroog, Sindedroog, Vingovla, and other points along the coast. To protect their commerce from his enterprises, is said to have cost the East India Company an annual sum of no less than fifty thousand pounds. The squadron which he usually employed to attack ships of burthen was composed of eight or ten grabs, and from forty to fifty gallivats, thronged with men. "The vessel no sooner came in sight of the port or bay where the fleet was lying, than they slipped their cables and put to sea. If the wind was fresh, their construction enabled them to sail as fast as the wind; and if it was calm, the gallivats towed the grabs. When within cannon-shot of the chase, they generally assembled under her stern; and the grabs attacked at a distance with their prow-guns, firing first only at the masts, and taking aim when the three masts of the vessel came altogether to their view; by which means the shot would probably strike one or other of the three. As soon as the chase was dismasted, they came nearer, and battered her on all sides till she struck; and if the defence was obstinate, they sent a number of gallivats, with two or three hundred men in each, who boarded sword in hand, from all quarters, at the same instant."

The range taken by James in his new command was a wide one; it extended, on the one side, from Bombay and Surat to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and, on the other, to Cape Comorin. In the course of two years he was frequently attacked by the pirates, and seems uniformly to have foiled them. In one instance his services



were of too much importance for his employers to leave them unrewarded. With the *Guardian*, the *Bombay grab*, and the *Drake bomb-ketch*, he was convoying a fleet of seventy merchantmen, when he was fallen upon by a powerful squadron belonging to Angria, well provided with cannon, and full of men. Interposing his armed ships between the merchantmen and the enemy, he kept the latter in close action, and fully employed; thus giving the convoy time to reach *Tellicherry* in safety. Irritated by their disappointment, the pirates made desperate but fruitless efforts to revenge themselves by capturing him; they were routed, one of their largest gallivats was sunk, and the remainder sought refuge in *Severndroog* and *Gheriah*. For this exploit James was rewarded, early in 1751, by the appointment of commander-in-chief of the Company's naval forces, and he hoisted his broad pendant, as commodore, on board of the *Protector*, a forty-four gun frigate.

More than once the East India Company had resolved upon the destruction of Angria's power, and as often had been prevented by circumstances from carrying this intention into effect. It was now become more than ever necessary to put an end to his depredations. Every year augmented his strength; and a success of great magnitude, which he obtained in 1754, rendered him still more daring and insolent. In the February of that year, his fleet attacked a squadron of Dutch vessels, one of fifty guns, one of thirty-six, and one of sixteen; of which they burnt the two largest, and captured the third. Elated by this achievement, he built several ships, placed upon the stocks two frigates, one of which was intended to carry forty guns, and boasted that he should soon be able to set at defiance any adverse navy upon the Indian Seas.

As the Mahrattas were among the greatest sufferers from the predatory system of Angria, it was imagined that they

would take an active part in any measure for his suppression ; and the Company therefore entered into a treaty with them, for a joint attack upon the piratical chief. This alliance, however, was productive of little benefit to the Company. Gheriah being considered too strong to be assailed by the force which could be immediately collected, it was resolved to begin by reducing the island of Severndroog, which was the second station in point of importance, and where the piratical squadrons often took shelter, and were refitted. Had the real strength of Severndroog been known, the attempt upon it would probably have been delayed till a more formidable armament could be provided. The whole extent of the coast was lined with batteries, and the harbour was defended by a fort, the walls of which were eighteen feet thick and thirty feet high, and were mounted with seventy pieces of artillery.

The armament which James led against Severndroog consisted only of the Protector of forty-four guns, the Swallow of sixteen guns, and two bomb-ketches. The Mahrattas did, indeed, send an auxiliar flotilla, but it kept at a respectful distance from the enemy's cannon. Taking advantage of a leading wind, James brought his vessel near the walls, and poured in a tremendous fire upon the garrison, while, from their station in his rear, the bomb-ketches threw shells with great precision into the fort. In less than three hours the governor's courage failed him, and he surrendered the fort and the vessels in the harbour. On examining the defences, the commodore could not help expressing surprise at the rapidity with which the conquest was accomplished. Proceeding to Bancoot, on the main land, he summoned the place, and it was given up without resistance. He then sailed to Dabul, and was on the point of commencing operations against that town, when he was recalled to Bombay, where his presence was become necessary.

This severe blow given to the pirate chief encouraged the Company to persist in its determination of subverting his power. In November, the squadron of rear-admiral Watson arrived at Bombay, with lieutenant-colonel Clive and a body of troops. While the squadron was receiving some repairs, commodore James was despatched, in the *Protector*, to reconnoitre Gheriah, and take soundings in the harbour. Of this commission he acquitted himself in a masterly manner. At night he silently entered the port in his boat, personally ascertained the depth of water in every part, and obtained a thorough knowledge of all the bearings, and of the various channels by which the fort could be approached. Having effected this, he returned to Bombay.

Had Gheriah been possessed by a man of courage and military skill, the reduction of it would have been a work of some difficulty. The fort stood on a rocky peninsula, at the mouth of the Gheriah river, and its lofty walls, where they were not cut out of the solid rock, were formed of stones at least ten feet long, laid endways. On the numerous batteries were mounted upwards of two hundred pieces of cannon. A narrow isthmus connected the fort with the town.

The British land forces destined for the expedition consisted of about seven hundred Europeans, and six hundred native troops, under lieutenant-colonel Clive. The squadron, including the Company's ships, was three sail-of-the-line of low rates, four frigates, a sloop, and five bomb-vessels. The Mahratta naval contingent, which never joined, was composed of four grabs and forty gallivats; their troops, ostensibly collected to co-operate with Clive, amounted to twelve thousand men.

Angria, who had vaunted that he would be paramount on the Indian Sea, was frightened when he learned the force which was to be brought against him, and he could devise only one plan for averting his ruin. From the

British he could hope for no terms short of his piratical existence being annihilated, or, perhaps, still worse; from the Mahrattas, men of kindred feelings, he might expect less onerous conditions. He accordingly ventured into the Mahratta camp, to negotiate for peace, leaving his brother-in-law to defend the fort, and charging him on no account to admit the British. He likewise committed his wives, children, and relations, to the care of his kinsman.

Commodore James had for some time been returned from Bombay, and been cruizing off Gheriah. He was joined, on the 11th of February, 1756, by the squadron of admiral Watson, with the troops. The Mahrattas were at this moment pressing Angria to deliver up his capital to them, the plunder of which they designed to appropriate wholly to themselves. Having obtained intelligence of this clandestine proceeding, the British admiral summoned the garrison to surrender to him without delay; but the brother-in-law of Angria replied, that he would defend the place to the last extremity. The fleet immediately stood into the harbour in two divisions, one of which was led by James. The Mahratta flotilla formed a sort of nominal reserve, which carefully kept beyond the reach of cannon-shot. The guns and mortars now opened upon the fort, and plied it so vigorously, that in about three hours the enemy's guns were silenced. A bomb falling on one of Angria's grabs set it on fire, and the burning ship drifted among the rest of his vessels, which were lashed together, and speedily destroyed them. From the water the conflagration spread to the land, and consumed a large vessel on the beach, several ships on the stocks, the arsenal and storehouses, and a part of the town and suburbs. In the evening, lieutenant-colonel Clive landed with the troops, and took up a position, to be ready for acting on the morrow, but especially to frustrate the Mahratta

scheme of seizing upon the place. This measure was a prudent one ; for the Mahrattas were so bent upon carrying their plan into execution, that they offered a bribe of fifty thousand rupees to the British officers at the outposts, to be allowed to pass them.

The bombardment was continued throughout the night, and in the morning a second summons was despatched to the governor, who again refused to submit. The ships, which had now got nearer to the ramparts, recommenced the attack ; and about two in the afternoon, a magazine in the fort blew up. The governor then proposed to capitulate ; but as his proposals manifested that he only sought to gain time, the firing was renewed. In the evening his men would no longer stand to their guns, and he was compelled to surrender. Though Angria was believed to have removed by far the largest part of his treasure, the victors found more than a hundred thousand pounds in specie, and valuables worth thirty thousand more. They likewise took two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, six brass mortars, and an abundance of ammunition and stores.

The scene of commodore James's services was changed in the following year. Intelligence of the breaking out of war between England and France having been received overland at Bombay, James was despatched, in the *Revenge* frigate, to convoy to Bengal a reinforcement of five hundred troops. On his passage, he fell in with and captured, off the coast of Malabar, a French ship of much superior force, laden with provisions and warlike stores for the French squadron, the loss of which was severely felt by the enemy. In this voyage he displayed his science no less than his courage. He had long been persuaded, that a communication might at all seasons be kept up between the widely-divided settlements of the Company, by getting out of the trade-winds, and reaching a latitude where variable breezes prevailed. On this

occasion he put his theory to the proof. Leaving Bombay in the midst of a contrary monsoon, he stood out to sea, "crossed the equator in the meridian of Bombay, and continued his course to the southward as far as the tenth degree, and then was enabled to go as far to the eastward as the meridian of Acheen head, the N. W. extremity of Sumatra, from whence with the N. E. monsoon, which then prevailed in the Bay of Bengal, he could with ease gain the entrance of the Ganges, or any part of the Coromandel coast." In this manner he reached Bengal almost as quickly as though the voyage had been performed with the usual advantages. The timely arrival of the reinforcement contributed mainly to the reduction of Chandernagore.

Having accumulated a very considerable fortune, James wisely resolved to retire, before his health was too much broken to enjoy it. In 1759, he returned to England, and purchased an estate, near Eltham, in Kent. He is said to have married a second wife in India, by whom he had a son. If so, she must have died abroad; for, soon after his return, he was united to a Miss Goddard, a lady of a respectable Wiltshire family, and a near relative of the General Goddard who is celebrated in military history for his march across the whole of the peninsula of Hindoostan. As a testimony of their approbation of his conduct, the East India Company presented James with a gold-hilted sword, on which his exploits were inscribed. Of that company he successively became a director, deputy chairman, and chairman. For more than twenty years he continued to have a share in the direction. When, in 1777, the war was on the point of breaking out with France, he suggested to his colleagues the advantage of taking immediate measures to capture Pondicherry: the suggestion was victoriously acted upon, and a service of plate was in consequence voted to him.

It was not till 1778 that James received any mark of the royal favour. In that year he was created a baronet. Sir William sat in parliament as member for West Looe, and he was also an elder brother and deputy master of the Trinity House, and a governor of Greenwich Hospital.

In the latter part of his life, his health, which had been shaken by a hot climate, began rapidly to decline, and apoplectic symptoms appeared. On the sixteenth of December, 1783, on the day that his daughter was married in St. Anne's Church, he was attacked by a fit, fell to the ground, and expired. He was in the sixty-second year of his age. In honour of his memory, his widow erected, on the summit of Shooter's Hill, a picturesque tower, three stories high, which is visible for many miles in all directions, and forms a striking object in the rich landscape that surrounds it. The form of the building is triangular; and the lower part of the interior is appropriately fitted up, in imitation of the armoury of Angria, with shields, partisans, creeses, spears, and other Eastern weapons. On the ceiling of the upper room are painted the naval actions and enterprises of the commodore. On a tablet over the entrance of the edifice is the following inscription:

THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED MDCCLXXXIV.

BY THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM JAMES, BART.,

TO COMMEMORATE THAT GALLANT OFFICER'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE  
EAST INDIES,

DURING THE COMMAND OF THE COMPANY'S MARINE FORCES IN  
THOSE SEAS;

AND IN A PARTICULAR MANNER TO RECORD THE CONQUEST OF THE  
CASTLE OF SEVERNDROOG, ON THE COAST OF MALABAR,

WHICH FELL TO HIS SUPERIOR VIRTUE AND ABLE CONDUCT, ON THE  
SECOND DAY OF APRIL MDCCLV.



## THE LIFE OF JAMES BRINDLEY.

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FROM the number and state of the means of communication between the various parts of a country, a correct idea may generally be formed of the degree of prosperity which that country enjoys. Where the roads are few and in bad condition, we may safely conclude that internal commerce and manufactures have made but little progress. In England, at no very remote period, both the high and cross roads were insufficient in number, ill-constructed, and badly kept up; and canals were unknown. The first canal which was formed in England was not begun till the year 1759; the projector of it was the Duke of Bridgewater, but the man by whose talents the scheme was rendered practicable was James Brindley, the subject of this memoir.

Brindley was born, in 1716, at Tunstead\*, a hamlet between Tideswell and Buxton, in Derbyshire. His father was the owner of a small freehold, the income from which he wasted in pursuing the sports of the field, and keeping company with persons who had fortunes far beyond his own. So completely did he exhaust his means, and so utterly forgetful was he of the paternal duties, that even the ordinary rudiments of education were withheld from his son. That Brindley did acquire a competent knowledge of certain branches of science, is proved by his works; but when or how he acquired it, is

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\* The writer of the biography of Brindley in the Penny Cyclopædia says that Brindley was born at Thornsett, a few miles from Chapel-in-the-Frith, which is several miles from Tunstead. I know not on what authority he says this. The memoir in the *Biographia Britannica* states Brindley to have been born "at Tunstead, in the parish of Wormhill." The materials for that memoir were furnished by Brindley's brother-in-law, who could have hardly been mistaken as to the birth-place of his relative.

not known. His leisure hours were probably devoted to this purpose. Like Edmund Stone, the self-taught mathematician, he, doubtless, was of opinion, that "to know the twenty-four letters was quite sufficient to enable a man to learn anything that he wished."

Till Brindley had nearly attained his seventeenth year, the necessity of helping to earn the bread of the family "confined him to those kinds of light labour which are usually assigned, in country places, to the children of the poor." At that period, he bound himself apprentice to a millwright, of the name of Bennet, near Macclesfield, in Cheshire. His choice of a business marks his fondness for *méchanism*; and his binding himself seems to show that he had lost his neglectful father. It would have been gratifying to know, at how early a time, and in what manner, he displayed that constructive genius which afterwards gained for him a lasting reputation. If the profession of a millwright stood as high in those days as it does at present, he must either have paid a considerable premium to Bennet, or must have manifested such mechanical talent as to render his services desirable. The latter would appear to have been the case; for, very early in his apprenticeship, he attained to such an extraordinary degree of expertness, that he was frequently left for whole weeks to execute works concerning which he had received no instruction from his master. Nor was his skill merely imitative: he frequently introduced improvements into the mill-work, which made Bennet wonder, and inquire where his servant could have gained his knowledge. It was not long before his reputation became so established, that the millers, by whom he had been employed, always chose him in preference to his master, or any other workman.

An incident is related of Brindley, which equally proves his regard for the interest of Bennet, and his anxious desire to give perfection to his labours. Bennet

had contracted to construct an engine paper-mill, the first which had been seen in that country, and had visited a mill of the kind when it was in action, to obtain an insight into the nature of the machinery. When, however, he began to prepare the wheels, a millwright, who chanced to be travelling that way, publicly declared, that the money of the mill-owner would be thrown away, as Bennet was incapable of performing what he had undertaken. On hearing this report, Brindley, who feared that it was not wholly unfounded, determined that he would himself view the mill which served as a model. Communicating his intention to no one, and regardless of fatigue, he set out at the close of his work, on a Saturday evening, walked fifty miles, examined the mill, and returned in time for his business on Monday\*. He pointed out to Bennet where the defect lay, and the contract was consequently performed to the satisfaction of the mill-owner. Brindley not only did this, but he likewise made a considerable improvement in the press used for pressing the paper.

Before Brindley's apprenticeship expired, Bennet became too old to take any part in the business, but his apprentice conducted it successfully, and supported the

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\* Such is the account given in the *Biographia Britannica*, from materials furnished by Mr. Henshall, the brother-in-law of Brindley. But I suspect there is an error in either the distance travelled, or the time in which the journey was performed. Brindley is said to have reached his home on Monday morning. To perform a journey of a hundred miles on foot, and find time for examining a complex system of machinery, between Saturday evening and Monday morning, which cannot be reckoned more than forty hours at the utmost, seems to be little less than a physical impossibility. Even if we suppose that he procured some conveyance back, the difficulty is not much diminished; for it must be borne in mind that coaches then moved at a snail's pace, compared with that of the vehicles of the present day. There was probably some error in the figures of the manuscript materials furnished by Mr. Henshall to the editor of the *Biographia Britannica*.

old man and his family in a comfortable manner. He ultimately set up for himself as a millwright, and speedily, by his ingenious inventions and contrivances, acquired a widely-extended reputation, which caused his assistance to be sought for in various branches of machinery besides millwork. A water-engine which he erected, in 1752, at Clifton in Lancashire, affords a happy specimen of his ingenuity. The expense of draining the coal mine at that place was enormous, till he found the means of reducing it. His wheel was fixed thirty feet beneath the surface of the ground, and the water to put it in motion was brought from the river Irwell, by a subterraneous tunnel, nearly six hundred yards in length, which was carried through a rock. His fame having spread to the metropolis, he was employed in 1755 by Mr. Pattison and other gentlemen who resided there, to execute the larger wheels of a silk mill at Congleton in Cheshire. The smaller wheels and the complex movements were committed to another person, who was likewise to superintend the whole. In a short time, the superintendant was forced to confess that he was inadequate to accomplish that part of the machinery which he had undertaken. Alarmed by this avowal, the proprietors applied to Brindley for help; yet, with strange inconsistency, they left the general management in the hands of the engineer who stood self-convicted of ignorance. This engineer soon proved that he was envious and insolent as well as ignorant. He refused to let his colleague inspect the whole model of the mill, and "by giving him his work to perform in detached pieces, without acquainting him with the result which was wanted, affected to treat him as a common mechanic." Brindley, who had a proper consciousness of his own powers, could not submit to such treatment, and especially from a man whom he was compelled to despise. He accordingly made known to the proprietors his feelings

on the subject, and told them that, provided they would inform him what effect they wished to be produced, and leave him at liberty to act in his own way, he would engage to complete the mill to their satisfaction. They wisely acceded to his proposal, and he finished the complicated labour with a degree of perfection which they had not ventured to expect. Not content with keeping his promise, he went beyond it, by introducing many valuable improvements; among which were a contrivance for winding off the silk upon the bobbins equally, instead of in wreaths, and another for stopping in an instant the whole machinery of the mill, or any particular portion of it.

At this period an important invention was produced by Brindley. The teeth and pinion-wheels of the different engines had hitherto been cut by hand, and the process was slow and laborious. He constructed machines by which the cutting out was performed, and which could execute as much work in one day as occupied a fortnight by the manual method. He likewise made several beneficial alterations in the mills used for grinding flints in the Staffordshire potteries.

In 1756, Brindley, who had conceived a modification in the mode of constructing a steam engine, undertook to erect one upon his own system at Newcastle-under-line. Instead of iron plates, the boiler was formed of brick and stone, and in the cylinder, wood, put together like coopers' ware, was substituted for iron. In the chains, also, which worked at the end of the beam, iron was replaced by wood. The water was to be heated by fire flues of a particular description—probably by tubes carried through it—and it was estimated that the consumption of fuel would be diminished one half by this novel method. He is said to have projected various other contrivances, which would greatly have contributed to the perfection of the steam engine. Obstacles, thrown

in his way by interested engineers are assigned as the cause of his failure in this project. It may, however, be doubted whether his new construction would not have been deficient in power and durability. Any advantage possessed by it must have been derived from the boiler and cylinder being composed of substances which were imperfect conductors of heat; and the question is, whether this would have been sufficient to counter-balance the increase of friction, and the want of strength in the materials.

From pursuits of this kind, Brindley was now called away to others of great public utility, and which gave him an imperishable fame. The duke of Bridgewater was owner of an estate at Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester, under the soil of which were immense mines of coal, from which no profit accrued to him, because the cost of land-carriage was so heavy that it prevented the coal from being brought into the market. To remedy this evil, the duke obtained, in 1758 and 1759, acts enabling him to form a navigable canal from Worsley to Manchester. Brindley was the man whom he selected to carry his project into execution. The difficulties of this undertaking were numerous, and its novelty contributed to render them more formidable; every one being ready to sneer at and thwart an enterprise which was regarded as impracticable. To avoid the waste of water which lockage would occasion, the canal was to be on a dead level, and to effect this, tunnels must be perforated, enormous embankments raised, and an aqueduct of three arches thrown over the navigable river Irwell, at an elevation of little less than fifty feet. The idea of an aqueduct over the Irwell excited such an outcry against its alleged wildness and extravagance, that to justify himself to the duke, Brindley requested him to take the opinion of another engineer. A gentleman of eminence was accordingly called in, who being conducted to the



place where it was intended that the aqueduct should be made, ridiculed the attempt; and when the height and dimensions were communicated to him, he exclaimed, "I have often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected." That the multitude should be in the dark on such a subject is no matter of reproach to them; but this "gentleman of eminence" must have been an egregious ignoramus not to know that several such "castles in the air," as he jocosely called them, had been erected before, and that the waters of the Languedocian canal had been flowing over them for three-fourths of a century. The duke seems to have estimated him at his real worth; for he disregarded his opinion, and directed Brindley to proceed.

The Worsley canal was soon after successfully terminated. The aqueduct was begun in July 1760, and the first boat sailed over it on the 17th of July 1761. That portion of the canal which is open to the light of day is, in reality, the least wonderful part of it. At Worsley there are underground ramifications of it, penetrating in all directions into the coal field, to an extent of eighteen miles; and at Manchester, branches of considerable length pass under the town, from one of which the coals are hoisted up a shaft to the top of a hill, by a machine which Brindley invented for the purpose.

The triumphant completion of this work fixed the fame of Brindley as an engineer; and at no distant period turned the public attention to the subject of opening internal water communications between various parts of the kingdom. The duke of Bridgewater immediately determined to continue his canal to the tideway of the Mersey, at Runcorn, so as to connect Liverpool and Manchester by water more advantageously than they were then connected by means of the Irwell, the navigation of which, from divers causes, was often tedious and uncertain. This scheme was sanctioned, in 1762, by an



act of parliament. It was fraught with even more difficulties than the former. The length of the canal in this case was about thirty miles, and there were two rivers and many deep and wide valleys to be crossed, the one by aqueducts, the other by broad and lofty embankments. The whole was, nevertheless, completed in five years. The only locks on the whole line are ten, on the first six hundred yards from the Mersey, where there is a rise of eighty-two feet. While he was executing this canal, Brindley gave many proofs of his inventive talent; particularly in his mode of removing the soil for the embankments, and his erection of stops or flood-gates, so constructed as to close of themselves, and thus prevent more than a small portion of water from escaping, in case of any rupture taking place in the banks. It was likewise one of his peculiar merits, that he always effected his purpose in the most economical manner.

From this period, the desire to diffuse the benefits of canal navigation grew continually stronger; and whenever aid was wanted for that purpose, Brindley was naturally the person to whom the first application was made. The general reader would feel but little interest in a dry detail of all his numerous engagements; and it will therefore suffice to touch slightly upon the chief of them. The next in order, after the Bridgewater canals, was that which the proprietors designed to call the Trent and Mersey canal, but to which he gave the name of the Grand Trunk, because he was convinced that many branches would be extended from it. The result proved the correctness of his opinion. This work, which was begun in 1766, is ninety-three miles in length, unites the ports of Hull and Liverpool, and has on it seventy-six locks, three aqueducts, and five tunnels. One of the tunnels, which passes through Harecastle-hill at a depth of seventy yards from the surface, is of the astonishing length of two thousand eight hundred and eighty yards,

(more than a mile and a half), and from the various nature of the ground its formation was opposed by almost insurmountable obstacles. One of those branches, the existence of which he had foreseen, was his succeeding work. It runs from the Grand Trunk to the Severn, is forty-six miles long, and connects Bristol with Hull and Liverpool. He subsequently was engaged on a canal from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, one from Droitwich to the Severn, the Coventry navigation, and the Oxfordshire canal. His last public undertaking was the canal from Chesterfield to the river Trent, at Stockwith. But, besides these, which were in his own hands, he was perpetually occupied in surveying lines, and in planning and laying out many other navigable communications in widely separated parts of the kingdom.

The celebrity of Brindley was fatal to him. The overwhelming mass of business which he undertook, his obstinately persevering attention to it, and his neglect, and indeed contempt, of all those pursuits and amusements which relieve and invigorate the mind by unbending it, at length wore him out. For some years before his death, he laboured, with little or no intermission, under a hectic fever, which finally put an end to his existence. He died at Turnhurst, in Staffordshire, on the 27th of September, 1772, when he was only in the fifty-sixth year of his age; and he was interred at New Chapel, in the same county. On his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, devolved the completion of those vast works upon which Brindley was engaged at the time of his decease. Among them were the Grand Trunk and the Chesterfield canals, which were not finished till 1777.

The character of Brindley was estimable. "The public," says his friend Mr. Bentley, "could only recognise the merit of this extraordinary man in the stupendous undertakings which he carried to perfection, and exhibited to general view. But those who had the

advantage of conversing with him familiarly, and of knowing him well in his private character, respected him still more for the uniform and unshaken integrity of his conduct ; for his steady attachment to the interest of the community ; for the vast compass of his understanding, which seemed to have a natural affinity with all grand objects ; and, likewise, for many noble and beneficent designs, constantly generating in his mind, and which the multiplicity of his engagements and the shortness of his life prevented him from bringing to maturity."

In the personal appearance of Brindley there was nothing to command attention. "He is," says a person who saw him while he was proceeding with the Grand Trunk, "as plain-a-looking man as one of the boors of the Peak, or one of his own carters ; but when he speaks all ears listen, and every mind is filled with wonder at the things he pronounces to be practicable." During the latter years of his life, his whole soul was absorbed in speculations respecting canals ; he meditated only on them by day, and probably dreamt only of them by night. A ludicrous circumstance is recorded relative to this master passion of his. While he was under examination before a committee of the House of Commons, he spoke so slightly of rivers, that a member asked him for what purpose he supposed them to have been created. Brindley paused for a moment, and then replied, "To serve as feeders for navigable canals."

I have already noticed Brindley's dislike of all mere diversions. Once, and but once, in his life he saw a play. It happened while he was in London ; and for several days afterwards, he complained that it had confused his ideas, and unfitted him for business. So strong and disagreeable was the effect produced, that he declared, nothing on earth should ever induce him to see another play. A philosophical explanation of the cause, which, if not satisfactory, has at least the merit of being ingenious, is

given by William Nicholson, a man of varied talents, who wrote a sketch of Brindley's life for Aikin's Biography. "In this instance," says he, "his active mind was set to work without its tools. He beheld the order, relations, and connexions of objects which he had not before considered. He readily undertook to investigate the results to which they pointed; but here his memory was uncultivated. The great landmarks of reference under which objects of taste and imagination require to be classed were wanting. The investigation of first principles, the very foundation of a science, presented itself to him at the same instant when a crowd of individual incidents were soliciting his attention. Confusion was the result in a mind which had been accustomed, and was strongly attached, to order. No wonder then that the impression on Brindley was powerful and disgusting, and that he should naturally avoid a recurrence to the humiliating and distressing scene."

Silence and seclusion seem, indeed, to have been almost indispensable to the concoction of Brindley's plans. "When any extraordinary difficulty," says Mr. Bentley, "occurred to Mr. Brindley in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books or the labours of other men, his resources lay within himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet and uninterrupted, whilst he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had attained the object in view. He then would get up and execute his design without any drawing or model. Indeed, it never was his custom to make either, unless he was obliged to do it to satisfy his employers. His memory was so remarkable, that he has often declared he could remember and execute all the parts of the most complex machine, provided he had time, in his survey of it, to settle in his mind the several departments, and their relations to each other.

His method of calculating the powers of any machine invented by him was peculiar to himself. He worked the question for some time in his head, and then put down the results in figures. After this, taking it up again in that stage, he worked it further in his mind for a certain time, and set down the results as before. In the same way, he still proceeded, making use of figures only at stated periods of the question. Yet the ultimate result was generally true, though the road he travelled in search of it was unknown to all but himself; and, perhaps, it would not have been in his power to have shown it to another."

In the third canto of his *Botanic Garden*, Darwin has paid a poetical tribute to the genius of Brindley. The lines are animated and pleasing, but blemished by his peculiarities of style. Addressing the nymphs, he exclaims,

"Your virgin trains on Brindley's cradle smiled,  
And nursed with fairy-love the unletter'd child,  
Spread round his pillow all your sacred spells,  
Pierced all your springs, and open'd all your wells.  
As now on grass, with glossy folds reveal'd,  
Glides the bright serpent, now in flowers conceal'd;  
Far shine the scales that gild his sinuous back,  
And lucid undulations mark his track;  
So with strong arm immortal Brindley leads  
His long canals, and parts the velvet meads;  
Winding in lucid lines, the watery mass  
Mines the firm rock, or loads the deep morass,—  
With rising locks a thousand hills alarms,  
Flings o'er a thousand streams its silver arms,  
Feeds the long vale, the nodding woodland laves,  
And plenty, arts and commerce, freight the waves.  
—Nymphs! who erewhile round Brindley's early bier  
On snow-white bosoms shower'd the incessant tear,  
Adorn his tomb! Oh raise the marble bust,  
Proclaim his honours, and protect his dust!  
With urns inverted, round the sacred shine  
Their ozier wreaths let weeping Naiads twine;  
While on the top Mechanic Genius stands,  
Counts the fleet waves, and balances the lands."

## THE LIFE OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

THAT "the noble dust of Alexander" should be found "stopping a bung-hole" is scarcely, if at all, more difficult to be imagined than that an individual should rise from the low degree of a swineherd to the proud elevation of a conqueror and a ruler. Yet two instances of the latter kind of transition have occurred, in the cases of Pope Sixtus the Fifth and Francisco Pizarro.

Francisco Pizarro, whose memory is inseparably linked with glory and shame, was born, and spent his early years, under the most discouraging circumstances. He was the natural son of Captain Pizarro, a Spanish gentleman, by a female of the lowest rank, and came into the world at Truxillo, in the province of Estremadura, in 1475. According to some accounts, his existence was perilled at its very commencement ; he having, at his birth, been left exposed at the gate of a church, and been saved, it is said, by receiving his first sustenance from the milk of a sow which chanced to be on the spot. He was at last acknowledged by his father, but never experienced from him any paternal care. Far from giving him any education, his father did not even have him taught to read, but employed him in taking care of swine. Fortunately for the youthful Pizarro, some of the herd went astray ; and as he was afraid to return home, and had no great love for his degrading occupation, he enlisted as a soldier in a company which was going to serve in Italy. Pizarro is stated to have remained in Italy for some years, and to have shown that he possessed a determined courage and an iron frame.

An inglorious warfare as a common soldier at length became irksome to Pizarro. In the old world there was little or no chance of rising above his present station,



or even of finding the means to provide for old age ; in the newly-discovered world, on the contrary, where the golden harvest was supposed to be inexhaustible, daring and talent might reasonably hope to be richly rewarded. At what period he embarked for America does not appear. His first service was performed in the islands of Hispaniola and Cuba. In 1510 he had already reached the rank of lieutenant, and so much reliance was placed upon him, that he was left in command of St. Sebastian, on the Isthmus of Darien, by Alonzo de Ojeda, when that leader sailed to Hispaniola in search of succours. He held his ground as long as possible, in the midst of multiplied sufferings from famine, disease, and incessant Indian hostility, but was finally forced to withdraw, with the remnant of the garrison, and narrowly escaped being shipwrecked on his passage to Carthagena. Of the two vessels in which his troops were embarked one sank, and all on board of it perished. Pizarro accompanied the gallant and unfortunate Balboa in his expedition to discover the South Sea ; and, four years afterwards, when the base and brutal Pedrarias had resolved to destroy Balboa, Pizarro was the officer who was employed to arrest the victim. He aided in establishing the settlement of Panamá, and was employed in the reduction of Veragua. In the conquest of Mexico, we again find him, with the rank of captain, taking an active part at the battle of Zempoalla, and joining Sandoval in attacking the quarters of Narvaez, and compelling him to surrender. Bernal Diaz, in his enumeration of those who fought under Cortez, speaks of him in rather a slighting tone : “ Pizarro, a relation of Cortez,” says he, “ acted as captain ; his name was not then remarkable ; nor had Peru been then heard of.” Cortez, however, is said to have esteemed him greatly. In what degree of relationship Pizarro stood with him is not known. The name of Cortez’s mother was Catalina



Pizarro, and one of his natural daughters, by an Indian female of Cuba, bore the same surname as his mother.

Pizarro had now reached the mature age of fifty, without having raised his name higher than the generality of his companions in arms, or gained, at most, more than a moderate competence in point of fortune. At the moment when he was about to commence an undertaking which was destined to lay open the road to boundless riches, he was one of the least wealthy among the inhabitants of Panamá. But he had still the instruments of future success—vigour of body and mind, and the confidence of the soldiers who had fought under his command. The triumph of Cortez in Mexico might probably stimulate Pizarro to become his rival in renown. There was, he doubted not, an untouched field, where he, too, might reap an abundant harvest of gold and fame. He, who had been the companion of Balboa, had not forgotten the seductive intelligence which was communicated to his commander—that, far to the southward of Darien, there existed an empire, where an inexhaustible store of the precious metals was to be found. Balboa had been cut off before he could execute his design of visiting that empire, and Pizarro hoped that it was reserved for him to carry into effect the scheme which that unfortunate leader had planned.

To give a chance of success to an enterprise like this, it was necessary to have coadjutors, who could furnish pecuniary resources, and also procure and despatch reinforcements to the adventurers. These he found in Diego de Almagro and Hernando Luque. Almagro was a foundling, a native of Spain, who had seen much service in America, and acquired some property; he was a bold, frank soldier, full of ambition, but with limited talents, and little knowledge of human nature. Luque was an ecclesiastic, who was possessed of considerable wealth, held the offices of priest and schoolmaster to the colony

of Panamá, and flattered himself that the discoveries which were about to be made would gratify both his love of money and his longing for clerical power. It has been said, indeed, that Luque was only a nominal partner, and that he merely lent his name to Gaspar de Espinosa, who kept in the back-ground; but the correctness of this assertion is very doubtful. Pizarro, who contributed the least in a pecuniary point of view to the common stock, was to encounter all the toils and dangers of the expedition; Almagro was to collect the recruits and supplies, and conduct them to Pizarro; and Luque was to remain at Panamá, that he might be at hand to take such measures as circumstances rendered necessary for the success of their undertaking. To give something of a religious sanction to their schemes, Luque celebrated a solemn mass, and divided the consecrated bread into three portions, which he shared between himself and his colleagues; thus, as Robertson observes, ratifying "in the name of the Prince of Peace," a contract of which the objects were bloodshed and plunder.

"The ruthless priest, by ocean's flood,  
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow,  
And red the stream began to flow."

As was the case with most of the enterprises in the new world, the scanty means provided for the accomplishment of Pizarro's designs bore no proportion to the gigantic purpose for which they were employed. A single vessel, with only a hundred and twelve men on board, or, according to some accounts, no more than eighty, was all the force that was destined to navigate unknown seas, and begin the conquest of an unknown empire. The solitary bark commenced its hazardous voyage on the fourteenth of November, 1525. The time at which it sailed was the most unpropitious that could have been chosen; for, ignorant of the course of the winds in that quarter, Pizarro put to sea at the season when the period-

ical gales were hostile to his progress. For ten weeks, scarcely advancing, he contended with the foul weather and the waves. He landed on various parts of the *Tierra Firma*; but found either rocks, swamps, and deserts, or a coast inhabited by a fierce race of Indians, who killed several of his men, and, in one encounter, narrowly missed bringing his career to an abrupt termination. Everything seemed to conspire against him; incessant rains and fatigue brought on fatal sickness among his companions; and famine was speedily added to their misfortunes.

In this disastrous situation nothing was left for Pizarro but to make a retrograde movement. He therefore directed his backward course to *Chicama*, in nearly the eighth degree of north latitude, where he landed a part of his men, and despatched his treasurer, *Nicholas de Rivera*, with the ship, to *Panamà*, in quest of succour. He probably thought that his going thither in person would discourage volunteers from coming forward, as it might have been regarded as a sign that he despaired of his enterprise. While Pizarro was on his return to *Chicama*, *Almagro*, with sixty-four men, had proceeded in search of him. *Almagro* missed him, kept on to the southward, and penetrated further than his colleague in that direction. But he was not more fortunate. In a desperate contest with the Indians many of his men were slain, and he himself lost an eye. He was steering back to *Panamà*, dispirited by his own mishap, and the supposed loss of his friend, and had nearly reached that port, when by accident he learned where Pizarro was encamped, and he immediately sailed to join him.

A conference was now held, with respect to the measures which ought to be adopted. As the combined forces of both leaders did not exceed fifty men, the rest having perished by fatigue, disease, and the sword, and as nothing could be done with such scanty numbers, it

was resolved that Almagro should return to Panamá, to raise recruits. But the enterprise now presented such a discouraging aspect, that it was not without extreme trouble and loss of time that Almagro succeeded in collecting eighty men. With these, a supply of provisions and arms, and an additional vessel, and Bartolomè Ruiz, a skilful pilot, he rejoined Pizarro, and they once more turned their prows to the southward. They reached, with comparatively little difficulty, the river of St. Juan, which Almagro had before visited, and where the country, though still far from beautiful, began to appear rather more promising than that which they had left behind. Some gold was also obtained, with which Almagro returned, in one vessel, to Panamá, to enlist more volunteers, while Ruiz, with the other, went onward to reconnoitre the coast. Pizarro, meanwhile, remained on shore, with the major part of the men and two canoes.

Almagro and Ruiz returned almost at the same time. The former brought arms, horses, clothing, provisions, medicines, and fifty soldiers recently from Castile, who had volunteered to accompany him. Ruiz had been equally fortunate. He had discovered the isle of Gallo, the bay of San Mateo, and other places, and had pushed onward as far as the equator. But the most important point of all was, that he had fallen in with one of the *balzas*, or rafts, navigated by Peruvians, from whom he had learned many particulars respecting Peru, especially the splendour and opulence of the reigning Inca. On board of the *balza* he had also seen small scales for weighing gold, various gold and silver trinkets, and emeralds; which appeared to afford conclusive evidence of the richness of the country. Animated by these tidings, the two commanders put to sea without delay, and steered to the southward, till they arrived at the isle of Gallo, where they stopped during a fortnight, to rest and provide

refreshments, and then proceeded to the bay of San Mateo. There it was proposed to disembark, and establish themselves, till they had procured some trustworthy information as to the territory which they intended to make the scene of their exploits.

Their intention of making a temporary establishment upon the coast was, however, rendered impracticable by the natives, who thronged, well-armed, and inveterately hostile, from the surrounding districts. To maintain their ground against enemies so numerous was impossible; and they therefore deliberated upon what course it were best to pursue. The majority were for going back to Panamá, and postponing all further attempts till a competent force could be set on foot to secure the attainment of their object. This suggestion was vehemently opposed by Almagro, as most disgraceful and dangerous; it being calculated to make them the laughing-stock of their enemies, and the victims of their creditors, the latter of whom, losing all hope of repayment, would not fail to persecute them. In the course of the discussion, words rose so high between Almagro and Pizarro, that they at length drew their weapons; but they were reconciled by the intervention of Ruiz and some of the officers. It was finally settled, that Pizarro should stay behind with the people, while his colleague proceeded to Panamá to look for succours. Having made this arrangement they went back to the isle of Gallo, that they might not be exposed to perpetual attacks from their Indian foes.

The determination to abide in these inhospitable regions was heard by the soldiers with disgust, and they gave vent to their anger in no measured terms. To prevent the sentiments of these men from becoming known to the governor of Panamá, the two chiefs agreed that all letters sent by the ships should be intercepted; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Almagro would not allow one of

his followers to make the voyage with him. Yet, in spite of these precautions, the malcontents artfully contrived to transmit to the governor a memorial, in which they bewailed their lamentable condition, and implored him to deliver them from the fate that impended over them. In this paper, Pizarro was denominated the butcher, and Almagro the drover. The mode in which the memorial was concealed was ingenious. A soldier, of the name of Saravia, secreted it in the centre of a huge ball of cotton, which he sent to Panamá, under pretence of having the cotton made into an article of clothing; and it was managed that the ball should come into the hands of the governor's wife. Little dreaming of the missive which he bore in his vessel, Almagro departed, leaving Pizarro with eighty-five men in the isle of Gallo. Fearing, perhaps, that his dissatisfied companions might make use of it to desert him, Pizarro shortly after sent the remaining vessel away, for the purpose, as he said, of having it repaired at Panamá.

The result of this memorial was such as the senders desired. Panamá was now under a new governor, Pedro de los Rios, who, being a cold-blooded and calculating personage, was by no means disposed to run the slightest risk in the doubtful hope of gaining future benefit. The recruiting which was carried on within the limits of his government he regarded as a drain upon its resources, which might endanger its safety; and he, therefore, gladly embraced the pretext which the memorial afforded, for putting a stop to the proceedings of the discoverers. Regardless of the prayers and remonstrances of Almagro and Luque, he despatched Tafur, one of his dependants, with two vessels, to bring back the soldiers from the isle of Gallo. But Almagro and his colleagues had too much at stake to allow of their tamely giving up their scheme, and they consequently wrote to Pizarro, urging him to persevere in spite of the governor, and promising that



they would strain every nerve to procure for him the means of accomplishing his design. Their exhortations were scarcely needed; for patient, resolute, and contemptuous of danger, Pizarro was not a man to be turned aside from his purpose while there was even a bare possibility of effecting it.

The residence of the soldiers in the isle of Gallo had not tended to reconcile them to the service in which they were engaged. With the exception of their being free from attacks, the natives having deserted the island, their situation was not improved; they were still suffering from disease and want. When, therefore, Tafur arrived, he was greeted by them as a deliverer, and they prepared to hurry on board. Pizarro reasoned and remonstrated; but his efforts were unavailing. At length, he vehemently exclaimed "Return, then, to Panamá, since ye are so eager to seek the toils, poverty, and scorn which will be your portion there. I lament that, at the very moment when the land described to us by the Indians of Tumbez awaits your appearance to load you with wealth and glory, you should thus cast away the fruits of an heroic struggle. Go! but never say that your captain was not the first to brave perils and hardships, ever watchful over your safety, at the expense of his own." Unsheathing his sword, he then drew with it a line from east to west, pointed southward, and said, "That way leads to Peru and wealth, the other leads to Panamá and poverty. Let those who are true Castilians make their choice." So saying, he passed to the southward side of the line.

This animated appeal from Pizarro was not wholly lost. Catching their leader's enthusiasm, thirteen of his hearers passed the line, and vowed to stand by him to the last extremity; Ruiz, the pilot, was among the number. The rest were deaf alike to the voice of honour and of shame, and even to the suggestions of avarice. Pizarro earnestly requested Tafur to leave behind one



of the vessels ; but, dreading the anger of his employer, Tafur refused to grant the request. He gave him, however, a small stock of maize, consoled him with the idea that his friends would doubtless send a ship, and then departed with the rejoicing soldiers, and also with letters from Pizarro to the governor, and to Luque and Almagro.

The feebleness of Pizarro's force rendering it dangerous to remain at the isle of Gallo, which the natives might perhaps suddenly invade, he resolved to remove to the island of Gorgona, about three degrees and a half to the north of the equator, and more remote than Gallo from the land. As far as regarded comfort the change was an unfavourable one. Gorgona was full of steep rocks, dense forests, swamps, and torrents, perpetually deluged by rain, or swept by tempests, swarming with musquitos and noxious reptiles, and having a climate more unhealthy than any other spot in that region of the new world. There they built a sort of barrack, to shelter themselves from the weather, and a canoe for fishing. But so scanty were the supplies which their best exertions could procure, that they were often driven to subsist upon unpalatable roots, or upon the snakes which infested their melancholy abode. Pizarro exerted himself to the utmost to keep up their spirits, but with imperfect effect ; and even his own began at last to give way. Five dreary months spent in this den of misery were, indeed, enough to put their fortitude to a severe trial. " Day after day passed," says Quintana, " and still no succour ! The distant breakers of the sea, the floating clouds on the horizon, every object was mistaken for the vessel they expected. Hope, so often conceived, was converted into impatience, and at length became desperation.'

In this state of their minds, and when they were on the point of resorting to the perilous resource of constructing a raft, upon which they might perhaps drift along the

coast towards Panamá, a vessel was descried in the distant offing. So often had they been deluded by a semblance, that it was some time before they could trust their eyes, and believe that succour was at hand. It was, in truth, the long-expected bark. Los Rios seems at first to have inhumanly resolved to leave Pizarro and his companions to their fate; but, if such were his resolution, he was compelled to change it by the constant remonstrances and importunities of Almagro and Luque, seconded by the displeasure which the colonists began to manifest at his cruelty, and also, it is believed, by intimations from the friends of Pizarro, that a complaint on this subject should be made to the Spanish monarch. He, therefore, consented that a vessel should be fitted out to convey back the adventurers, taking care at the same time that not a single soldier should embark in it, and sending a peremptory order for Pizarro to return within a limited period, to give an account of his discoveries.

To go back to Panamá, foiled and disgraced, was a step which the high spirit of Pizarro could not endure to take. He must have something more to tell there than he yet had, or his future prospects and his honour were gone, and he must exist in penury and scorn. Not to Panamá, but to the southward, must he bend his course if a possibility could be found of doing so. His companions, who participated in his feelings, and whose spirits were now revived, readily agreed to accompany him; and the ship's crew was persuaded to join in the adventure. Thus was defeated the precaution which Los Rios had adopted, of sending no soldiers in the vessel. With his few followers, and two natives of Tumbez, who had fallen into his power in the former voyage, and whom he had treated kindly, and taught a little Spanish, Pizarro set sail in the direction of the equator.

This time they sailed under happier auspices than before. After a voyage of twenty days, they reached the

gulf of Guayaquil, and bore up to an island, which subsequently bore the name of Santa Clara. It had no residents, but was held sacred by the natives of the coast, and contained a temple, in which were suspended many votive offerings, formed of silver and gold. The sight of the precious metals inspired them with fresh vigour. On quitting Santa Clara they fell in with some rafts from Tumbez, the crews of which they prevailed on to return with them to that place. At Tumbez the voyagers met with the most hospitable reception from the whole of the inhabitants, who crowded to the beach, and were never weary of gazing at and admiring the strangers, their dress, and the vessel in which they came. Pizarro, too weak to resort to force, hypocritically professed the most amicable sentiments, made them trifling presents, and exerted himself to procure such information as might be useful in a future invasion. The cultivated state of the country, the comfort enjoyed by its inhabitants, and, still more, the abundance of gold and silver which was used in ornaments, utensils, and the plates which covered the walls of a temple, convinced him that in this land the Spanish craving for riches might be amply gratified. Anxious, nevertheless, to ascertain whether these appearances of wealth were general, Pizarro pursued his course along the shore, till he reached the island of Santa, in the ninth degree of south latitude, and everywhere he found the same indications of a civilised and prosperous people. He had now reconnoitred two hundred additional leagues of territory; and deeming this to be sufficient for their purpose, his companions recommended that they should return to Panamá. Pizarro agreed with them in opinion, and accordingly turned his prow to the northward. Wherever he touched, in his homeward passage, he was warmly greeted by the simple Peruvians, on whom his pacific language and seeming mildness had made a strong impression. Provisions and presents were lavished on

him and his men by these doomed victims, who, when their inland neighbours inquired about the Spaniards, described them as "white men with beards, who did no harm to anybody, neither robbed nor murdered, gave away liberally anything they had, and were pious and humane!"

It was late in 1527, after an absence of three years spent in the midst of toils, difficulties, and dangers, that Pizarro re-entered the port of Panamá. He brought with him, as testimonies of his final success, some of the Peruvian llamas, which are used as beasts of burden, specimens of the gold and silver ornaments, and of other productions of art and nature, and two of the natives, whom he purposed to have instructed in the Spanish language, that he might avail himself of their services, as interpreters, whenever he should revisit their native land. But these evidences of the soundness of Pizarro's original views had no effect upon the governor, Los Rios, who positively refused to forward or even sanction any expedition against Peru. The feebleness of the colony over which he presided was the reason or the pretext of his refusal. Finding that there was no hope of changing the governor's resolve, the confederates determined to apply to the emperor himself to authorise their undertaking. This step was undoubtedly the wisest which could be taken by them, it being highly improbable that a monarch would reject an offer of pouring riches into his treasury, and adding extensive provinces to his empire. To Pizarro was assigned the task of proceeding to Europe, to solicit the royal approbation of their design. It was agreed, that if his mission succeeded, Pizarro should be governor, Almagro lieutenant-governor, and Luque bishop, of the country which they were plotting to wrest from its rightful possessors. The men, who thus largely partitioned among themselves the future government of Peru, were so bankrupt in fortune, that they found it extremely

difficult to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses which must be incurred by Pizarro during his embassy. The difficulty was at last surmounted ; and taking with him various specimens of Peruvian produce, and two Indians dressed in their national garb, Pizarro embarked, in 1528, at the port of Nombre de Dios.

The first greeting which Pizarro received upon reaching Europe seemed of unfavourable omen. One Enciso had long before obtained a sentence, for debts and arrears, against the first inhabitants of Darien ; and in virtue of that sentence the discoverer of Peru was imprisoned, and all his effects were seized upon. He was, however, soon liberated, and his property restored, by order of the government ; and he was directed to proceed to Toledo, where the court was then residing. "His appearance and discretion on this new theatre," says Quintana, "did not falsify the fame which preceded him. He was tall, athletic, of fine proportions, and of a good countenance ; and although, according to Oviedo, he was generally taciturn, and little disposed to converse, his language was occasionally magnificent, and he had the gift of imparting deep interest to whatever he related. Such was the man who now presented himself before the emperor ; and in describing all he had suffered during those cruel years, when, for the extension of the Christian faith and the augmentation of the Spanish monarchy, he had striven against desertion, famine, and all the persecutions of heaven and earth, he expressed himself with an eloquence so natural and persuasive that Charles was much affected ; and receiving his memorials, with his characteristic grace and benignity, commanded that they should be laid before the council of the Indies, that the favours might be granted, and the proper documents despatched."

A monarch could well afford to be liberal in bestowing territories which were not his own, and the cost of conquering which was not to be defrayed out of his own

treasury. Pizarro was therefore gratified to the full extent of his heart's desire. A jurisdiction was granted to him over two hundred leagues of coast, southward of the river San Juan, which he was to hold without any dependence on the governor of Panamá, and with all the rights and privileges usually conferred upon adventurers in the new world. The air of a court had not strengthened the morality of Pizarro. Forgetting the compact with his associates, he accumulated in his own person the offices of governor, captain-general, adelantado, and chief judge, of the ceded province. For Luque he did, indeed, obtain the promised dignity of bishop; but Almagro was shamefully neglected, or rather insulted, all that was reserved for him being the post of commander of a fort which was to be erected at Tumbez. Pizarro likewise procured for himself the order of St. Jago, and an elaborate and pompous allusive addition to his family arms, under which was inscribed a boasting motto in the Latin language.

In return for these gracious concessions, Pizarro bound himself to raise two hundred and fifty men, ships, arms and warlike stores, depart with them from Spain at the expiration of six months, and set forth from Panamá on his expedition, within six months after his arrival at that colony. The limiting of him with respect to time was no onerous condition, since it was for the interest of Pizarro that he should expedite his proceedings, in order to prevent any rival from forerunning him—a misfortune which, in fact, had very nearly happened. But in raising the men and the supplies, for which the grant to him stipulated, he found himself exceedingly embarrassed by the scantiness of his means. Perhaps his project would have been frustrated, and the Peruvian empire might have existed a little longer, had he not been generously aided by Cortez, who was then at the court of the emperor. Yet, with this assistance, his preparations fell miserably short of what they ought to have been. With



all his exertions, he could enlist but a few more than half the number of soldiers required by the contract into which he had entered. The council of the Indies, meanwhile, began to be dissatisfied, and issued an order, that the vessels should be examined, and detained if it were found that he had failed in the performance of his engagement. Of this he was apprised, and he had recourse to stratagem to avert the consequences. Though the wind was adverse, he instantly set sail in his own ship, leaving one of his brothers and Pedro de Candia to follow with the rest of the squadron. In case of their being questioned, he directed them to say, that everything which was deficient in their vessels he had taken with him. The threatened visit was made, the premeditated story was told to the inspectors, and believed by them, and the ships were permitted to sail. It was fitting that such an expedition, which was meant to terminate in robbery and murder, should commence in fraud and falsehood.

Pizarro, meanwhile, pursued his course to Gomera, one of the Canary Isles, which he had indicated as their point of rendezvous, and there he was joined by the remainder of the vessels. While he was in Spain, he had found relations who were willing enough to own their affinity to him, now that he had the power to open for them the road to fame and fortune. Four of them he took with him; one was his maternal uncle, Francisco de Alcantara; the other three were his brothers, Hernando, who was legitimate, and Juan and Gonzalo, who, like himself, were of spurious birth. They were now all united at Gomera. Happy would it have been for them, and for Pizarro, had the three brothers, though good soldiers and men of talent, never quitted the shores of Spain; then one would not have fallen by an obscure hand, another on the scaffold, and the third languished for more than twenty years in a dungeon; nor, perhaps, would Pizarro have had to encounter as a



deadly enemy that Almagro who had for many years been his companion and friend.

It was in 1530 that Pizarro, his uncle and brothers, with less than a hundred and thirty soldiers, disembarked at Nombre de Dios, on the northern coast of Darien, and pursued their way overland to Panamá. He found Almagro justly indignant at the manner in which his colleague had treated him with respect to the Spanish negotiation. Almagro even manifested an intention of breaking off all connexion with him, and seeking for a more trustworthy associate. The quarrel was envenomed by Hernando Pizarro, who speedily contracted an inveterate hatred of Almagro, and strove perpetually to irritate his brother against him. At length, however, the good sense of Pizarro, and the interference of friends, prevailed over resentment and prejudice, and a reconciliation was effected between the parties—Pizarro promising that his colleague should hold divided authority in Peru, till a separate government could be obtained for him. Almagro, placable though hasty, was pacified by this concession ; but it is obvious that the restored friendship rested upon an insecure basis, especially when there was one individual who would be constantly labouring to destroy it.

In spite of the evidence which had been produced that Peru was a country worth being plundered, and though the reconciled confederates bestirred themselves diligently to strengthen their expedition, they could raise, for the commencement of their enterprise, no more than a hundred and eighty-three men, and thirty-seven horses, which were embarked in three small vessels. With this handful of troops Pizarro set sail in February 1531. It was his intention to land at Tumbez ; but his purpose was frustrated by the winds and currents, which, after a voyage of thirteen days, compelled him to disembark in the bay of San Mateo, a hundred leagues to the north-

ward. The march was pursued along the coast ; the ships at the same time keeping their course so as to be at hand in case of need. The advance of the Spaniards to the south was slow and laborious, as many rivers were to be crossed near their mouths, the climate of that district was insalubrious, and provisions were scarce, the land being thinly inhabited, and the few natives taking flight because of the violence of the invaders. Murmurs were soon heard among the soldiers, and would probably have been succeeded by mutiny, had not Pizarro set an example of patience and fortitude, and manifested a constant solicitude to alleviate their sufferings. At length they reached the province of Coaqui, under the line, and there the fleece of the sheep, which had formerly deceived the simple Peruvians, was thrown off, and the wolf stood plainly revealed. The principal town of the province was pillaged, and a booty was made to the amount of thirty thousand pesos, in gold and silver, besides an immense number of large and valuable emeralds. Such was the brute ignorance of the Spanish robbers, that, supposing a genuine emerald to be possessed of adamantine hardness, they destroyed many of the finest stones, by hammering them, to ascertain whether they were really gems, or only coloured glass.

Two vessels, with a part of his ill-gotten gains, were immediately despatched by Pizarro to Panamá and Nicaragua, to tempt adventurers to join him. He, meanwhile, halted for some months at Coaqui, during which period his men suffered horribly from various maladies, especially from one disease, that covered the face and body with large white excrescences, like warts, which, when punctured, bled profusely, so as in some cases to cause the death of the diseased person. A vessel having arrived with necessaries and refreshments, and some officers who had not been able to embark with him in Spain, Pizarro

continued his march towards Tumbez. On his way thither he was strengthened by a party from Nicaragua, consisting of about thirty men, commanded by Belalcázar, an experienced leader. He then advanced to the island of Puna, in the gulf of Guayaquil, inhabited by a warlike race of Indians, who had long been engaged in hostilities against the people of Tumbez. These Indians, by his own impolitic conduct, he provoked into resistance; and the result was, that he was involved in a contest with them, which lasted for six months, and cost him infinite trouble and loss of lives before he could reduce them to subjection. While he was thus engaged, he was joined by recruits of horse and foot, from Nicaragua, led by Hernando de Soto, an officer who had acquired a merited reputation for valour and talent. From Puna he passed over to Tumbez, where, reasoning from the former kindness of the people, he expected to find allies. But the report of his recent deeds had gone before him; it was now known that the Spaniards were not the mild and generous men they had been erroneously supposed to be, and, consequently, instead of friends to greet him, he met with enemies whom he must encounter. It was not without a hard struggle that he could effect a landing; and when he did at length succeed, he found a ruined and deserted town, the inhabitants having sought refuge in the fastnesses of the country. By fair promises, however, he contrived to lure back the fugitives; and he remained for three months at Tumbez, to reinvigorate his exhausted troops. Having done this, he marched, in May 1532, to the river Piura, in about the fifth degree of south latitude. It was necessary that he should have some permanent and defensible station to which he might retire in case of a reverse; and for this reason he founded in the valley of Tangarala, near that river, the town of San Miguel, which he garrisoned with such of his soldiers as were least fit for service in the field. He then de-

spatched a vessel to Panamá with letters, urging Almagro to reinforce him as speedily as possible; and, as he had some fears that his colleague was still disposed to act upon his own account, he conjured him to let all past misunderstandings sink into oblivion, and sail without delay for Peru.

The period at which Pizarro invaded Peru was the most favourable that could have been found. The many obstacles which had for years retarded his progress did, in fact, contribute to his ultimate and easy success. When he first discovered this country, it was united under Huana Capac, a powerful and martial monarch; it was now divided and torn by a civil war between his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa. The latter, who was a usurper, had recently defeated his brother, and made him a prisoner, and had put to death all the descendants of Manco Capac, the founder of the Peruvian empire. Previous to his defeat, Huascar had despatched an envoy to Pizarro, to request that he would aid him against his usurping brother; and Pizarro gladly seized this opportunity of turning to his own advantage the fatal discord which prevailed among the natives. Huascar informed him that the usurper was in the province of Caxamalca, and to that quarter the Spanish general resolved to direct his march. The defeat and captivity of Huascar made no change in Pizarro's intentions; it was indifferent to him who reigned, so that he could make him an instrument or a victim.

After having left a sufficient garrison in the town of San Miguel, the whole force which Pizarro could muster consisted of no more than a hundred and sixty-seven men, sixty-two of whom were cavalry. On his march that small force was somewhat diminished. Alarmed by the reports which reached them of Atahualpa's power, a few of the men began to manifest symptoms of alarm. Well knowing that cowards are among the worst en-

cumbrances of an army, Pizarro declared, that whoever wished to return and settle at San Miguel should be at liberty to do so, his reliance being placed on valour, not on numbers. Four horsemen and five foot soldiers accepted this disgraceful boon. The progress of the Spaniards was necessarily slow, in consequence of the numerous obstacles on their road, one of which was a desert of scorching sand, treeless and waterless, extending for more than fifty miles; so that, although the distance from San Miguel to Caxamalca might, under favourable circumstances, be traversed in twelve days, the troops of Pizarro were much longer in passing over it. While the Spanish general was on his route, envoys arrived with presents from Atahualpa, which he received graciously, desiring them to assure their master, that "having heard of the war he was engaged in with his enemies, he had hastened with his companions and brethren to serve him, and still more particularly to perform an embassy to him on the part of God's vicar on earth, and of the king of Castile, a great and powerful prince!"

It would seem that Atahualpa had hitherto been doubtful of the intentions of the Spanish general, but that he now gave credence to his fair professions, and was ready to receive him cordially as a friend and ally. No attempt was therefore made by him to secure the passes of the mountains, which were so steep and rugged that, unopposed as he was, Pizarro found the penetrating through them a task of extreme toil. "The horses were led," says Quintana, "for it was impossible for them to proceed mounted, and so steep was the path in some places, that they ascended as if by ladders." Having vanquished these obstacles, Pizarro entered Caxamalca, on the 15th of November 1532. His first care was to reconnoitre the town, to find secure quarters for his troops; and he at length fixed upon the Plaza, or square, which was sur-

rounded by a strong wall with only two gates opening on the streets of the city.

Atahualpa was at this moment encamped with a considerable force at a short distance from Caxamalca. Following the example set by Cortez, it was the intention of Pizarro to seize upon the person of the Inca. This unprincipled measure would, he imagined, at once reduce the Peruvians to submission ; that it was in the highest degree base and unjust was a circumstance for which he little cared. To draw the Inca into the town, he despatched his brother Hernando and de Soto to him, to entreat that he would sup that night, or dine on the next day, with Pizarro, who "would leave nothing undone which might testify his respect and reverence for so great a prince." The two envoys played their parts well in this deceptive mission, assuring the monarch that "the governor was much his friend, and very desirous to aid him against whoever should make war against him." Atahualpa then appointed the following day for the visit to his perfidious inviter.

When de Soto and his companion returned to Caxamalca, they gave an elaborate account of the strength of the Inca's army, the regularity and magnificence of his court, and the vast abundance of gold and silver which was visible throughout the camp, in vessels, utensils, and ornaments. A few of the Spanish soldiers gave signs of alarm, on hearing that the monarch was surrounded by thirty thousand men ; but their fears were soon dispelled by the rhetoric of Pizarro, who assured them that the multitude of the Indians, far from contributing to their safety, would be the cause of their destruction. By far the largest part of the Spaniards, however, did not stand in need of his eloquence ; they were too much excited by the tempting description of the precious metals to waste a thought upon anything except the means of speedily seizing upon their prey.

Pizarro now "gave his final instructions to the captains, and completed his arrangements for the accomplishment of his purpose with the least possible risk. He commanded that both infantry and cavalry should lie in wait ; he posted on an eminence, on one side of the place, some musketry, under Pedro de Candia ; and a few crossbows in a turret of one of the houses : the horses, with small bells hung from their breast leathers, for the purpose of adding to the noise, were divided in three bands of twenty each, under the command of Hernando Soto, Hernando Pizarro, and Sebastian de Belalcazar. Pizarro kept with himself twenty shield-bearers, men of great strength and address, and of approved valour, who were to follow and aid him in every exigence. He exhorted all to preserve the most scrupulous silence and quietness, until he should give the signal to the artillery. He then posted himself, with his twenty champions, within the houses opposite to the gate to await the arrival of Atahualpa."

At the appointed time the devoted Inca was on his way to the place of meeting. He and his courtiers and officers had omitted nothing that could impress the strangers with an idea of his power, magnificence, and riches. The victim was, in truth, most splendidly adorned for the sacrifice. "He divided his army into three bodies, according to the different arms borne by each. One, of about twelve thousand men, formed the van, some armed with slings, and the rest with small copper clubs, studded with acute points ; another of about five thousand followed, who bore long spears called *aillos*, each prepared with a running noose, with which they were accustomed to entrap or entangle either men or wild beasts. A body of lancers were the last, or rear-guard, and with them came the baggage Indians, and the innumerable women who followed the camp. In the midst came the Inca, in his litter plated with gold, and adorned by beau-



tiful plumes, and borne on the shoulders of the principal Indians ; his seat was of gold, and upon it was a cushion of the finest wool, sprinkled with precious stones. All was magnificent, yet nothing shed over his person so much dignity, or rendered it so conspicuous, as the scarlet borla which drooped over his forehead, and covered his brows and temples, the august insignia of the successors of the sun, venerated and adored by that immense people. Three hundred men marched before the litters, to sweep from the road all stones, sticks, and every the most trifling obstacle. The Orejones\* were formed on each side of the monarch, and with them some superior Indians, likewise for pomp's sake, borne on litters. It was a regularly ordered march, to the sound of horns and drums, resembling a religious procession, and moved so deliberately that it was four hours in accomplishing the league which divided the camp from Caxamalca."

The slow approach of the cavalcade was a severe trial of Pizarro's patience ; but when he saw the Indians halt and pitch their tents at some distance from the town, his fears, lest his plans should be frustrated, were so great, that he despatched a messenger to hasten the march of the Peruvian monarch. His fears were vain ; the Inca was unsuspecting of his meditated treachery. Attended only by his principal lords, and five or six thousand of his vanguard, he entered Caxamalca and proceeded to the square. On entering the square, Atahualpa stood up in his litter, and looked around for those whom he came to meet. The person deputed to confer with him was Fray Vicente Valverde, a Dominican friar, who was chaplain to the expedition, and was worthy of that office. In one of his hands he held a breviary, in the other the cross. He was accompanied by a native of Puna, who

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\* The Orejones were Peruvian nobles, to whom, from the deformity of their ears, and the ornaments they wore in them, the Spaniards gave that name, which means long-eared.

had been baptized, and bore the name of Filippilo. This rustic, speaking only the dialect of his district, ignorant of that of Cuzco which was spoken at court, having but an imperfect knowledge of Spanish, and little or no comprehension of the mysteries of the Christian faith, was to act as interpreter for Valverde. If the reader can conceive an Exmoor or Yorkshire clown to have acquired a smattering of French, and to be employed to translate, off hand, to an English sovereign a French lawyer's exposition of the legal system of his own country, he may form a faint idea of such an interpreter as Filippilo.

The verbose harangue of Valverde to the Inca was a heterogeneous compound of heavenly and earthly subjects, the latter of which, of course, preponderated. The creation, the fall, the incarnation, and the sufferings and resurrection of the Saviour, introduced the church viceroyalty of St. Peter, the succession of the popes, and the donation of the newly-discovered regions, which the present pope had made to the king of Castile; in virtue of which the speaker called upon his royal hearer to become a Christian, recognise the papal supremacy, and own the king of Castile as his lawful sovereign. If he would submit, it was graciously promised that he should retain the throne, and be defended from his enemies; but the heaviest vengeance was denounced against him in case of his venturing to disobey.

Unintelligible as the greatest part of this address must have been to Atahualpa, he could comprehend sufficient to excite his indignation. Yet he preserved his temper, calmly observing, that it was impossible for him to understand by what right the person called the pope could transfer to another person dominions which did not belong to him; that he saw no reason for renouncing the religion of his ancestors; and that he should like to know where the friar learned all the wonderful things which he had mentioned in the beginning of his discourse.

“They were learned from this book,” replied Valverde, holding out the breviary to him. The Inca took the volume, turned over the pages, and then lifted it to his ear, and listened. “It tells me nothing!” said he, “it is mute!” and he threw it scornfully from him. “To arms! to arms! Christians!” exclaimed the furious Valverde. “Take vengeance for this impious profanation!”

The summons was heard with unbounded delight by the Spaniards. Already maddened by the sight of the Peruvian gold, they had more than once been on the point of breaking out, and their leader had scarcely been able to restrain them. “Pizarro now gave the signal,” says Quintana, “and Pedro de Candia instantly discharged his muskets, the cross-bows were not idle, the drums and trumpets began to sound, and the horse rushed furiously on the barrier of naked men that surrounded the Inca, and broke through it in three places, while the infantry followed, making a merciless slaughter with their lances, cross-bows, and swords. At this shock of arms, men, and horses, as overwhelming and terrible as it was sudden, the Indians felt as if the sky was falling upon them, and the earth trembling under them; and there did not remain among them a single unappalled heart, or arm which was not unnerved. All, distracted and amazed, either received their death in motionless terror, or confusedly sought a path for escape, and found none. The gates were guarded, the walls high. In their confusion and despair they trampled down and suffocated each other, while the Castilians destroyed and slaughtered them at will. It is impossible to give the name of battle to this carnage; flocks, butchered in their fold, would have made more resistance than these unhappy creatures opposed to their bloodthirsty enemies. Such was the strength and agony, such the force, with which these victims pressed upon each other, that at length the

wall gave way on one side, opening a way for escape. Through this passage they fled, pursued by the Castilians, till night and heavy rain drove back the latter. The confusion and slaughter had raged most violently round the spot where the Inca was stationed. Pizarro, with his twenty shield-bearers, attacked that side, intent on seizing at all risks the person of that prince, well persuaded that on effecting this stroke the whole success of this affair would depend. There no one thought of flight; they continued immovably to support the litter of their monarch; they were wounded and killed, but as one dropped, another filled his place with an intrepidity and contempt of danger which surprised and even fatigued the Spaniards. It is indeed strange that those poor Indians, capable of dying with such constancy, had not made the slightest attempt at resistance or self-defence. When Pizarro saw that some of his companions, ceasing to destroy the Indians, were pressing on the litter, he forbade them in a loud voice to kill the Inca, but ordered them to take him alive, while he himself rushed forward to seize his prey, and, reaching the litter, he, with a vigorous hand, grasped the robe of the Inca, and brought him to the ground. This terminated the action; for the Indians thus losing the object of their respect and duty, all dispersed and fled. Two thousand of them were killed,\* while the Castilians lost not a single man, nor was one of them wounded, except Pizarro, who received a slight hurt in the hand accidentally from a Castilian, while he was eagerly extending his arm to seize Atahualpa."

And where, while this horrible massacre was perpetrated, was Valverde, a minister of the gospel of "peace upon earth and good-will toward men?" An answer to

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\* Quintana has given the lowest estimation which has been made of the number of the slain; that of Xeres. Garcilasso de la Vega raises it to three thousand, and Sanchez to seven thousand.

that question is given by Belzoni, a native of Milan, who travelled in Peru but a few years later, and knew many of the actors, both Spanish and Peruvian, in that dreadful tragedy. "As to the monk who began the game," says he, "he never ceased, as long as the carnage lasted, to play the captain, and egg on the soldiers, advising them to make use only of the point of their weapons, and not to amuse themselves with cutting and slashing, for fear that they should break their swords. Having so cheaply gained a bloody victory over these poor wretched folks, the Spaniards did nothing all night but dance, get drunk, indulge their lust, and keep up a mad and furious revel."

The sudden reverse of fortune which Atahualpa had experienced depressed his spirits for a while. Pizarro, however, who knew the value of the monarch as an instrument for his purposes, affected a high respect for his captive, and strove to console him. At length the Inca recovered his equanimity; nor did he ever after manifest any signs of weakness. Learning that he was still alive and unhurt, thousands of his subjects flocked to him to offer their services, so that he soon had the semblance of a court around him. Anxious to recover his liberty, and seeing the greediness of the Spaniards for gold, he resolved to glut them with that metal; and therefore offered to ransom himself by filling with golden vessels, as high as he could reach with his hand, the chamber in which he was confined. The chamber was twenty-two feet long and sixteen wide, and the height to which he raised his arm was nine feet. On condition of the Inca performing this, Pizarro solemnly promised to set him free. Messengers were accordingly despatched to all parts of Peru to collect the treasure. In some instances, Spaniards accompanied them, and disgraced their country and human nature by their cruelty, rapacity, and brutal lust. From every quarter of Peru the roads were thronged with Indians and beasts of burden,

conveying riches to Caxamalca. Much was, nevertheless, concealed by the injured and irritated natives.

As the contributions had to be collected from opposite and distant provinces of a widely-extended empire, the operation was necessarily a work of time. While it was in progress, in December 1533, Almagro, with four ships and two hundred men, arrived at San Miguel, whence he proceeded to join Pizarro at Caxamalca. The covetous desires of the new-comers were inflamed to the highest degree by the sight of the piled-up gold, and they clamoured incessantly for a division of the spoil. Such was their insane impatience, that they could not wait for the whole of the ransom to arrive, murmured at the slowness with which it came in, and proposed to put the Inca to death as being the cause of the delay. The partition was at length made on St. James's day, and the ceremonies of religion were profaned by being made the preliminary to the distribution of the plunder. A fifth was set apart for the Castilian monarch; to the soldiers whom Almagro had brought with him a hundred thousand pesos were assigned; the remainder, to the amount of 1,528,500 pesos, fell to the lot of Pizarro and his followers. "By the judicial act of repartition," says Quintana, "we know that, generally speaking, the portion of each horseman was about 9000 pesos (ounces) of gold, and 300 marcos (half-pounds) in silver, and that of each of the infantry about half the above. The distinguished captains and soldiers were rewarded in proportion. The share of Pizarro amounted to 57,220 pesos of gold, and 2350 marcos of silver, without reckoning the tablet of gold from the litter of the Inca, which was generally valued at 25,000 pesos. An enormous booty! and if we consider the small number of soldiers among whom this distribution was made, quite unexampled in the history of these plunderings and incursions, misnamed wars and conquests."



Enormous as were the riches scattered among these robbers, there was comparatively little benefit derived from them. Their redundancy produced an instant and extravagant rise of prices, which melted away the mis-gotten treasure. It seems almost past belief, that a quire of paper should have cost ten pesos, a pair of boots thirty, a black cap a hundred, and a horse three, four, and sometimes five thousand pesos; yet such was the case. But this was not the only way in which their plunder found wings. Gaming rose to a monstrous height, and every day brought about rapid transitions from wealth to beggary. Some there were, however, with less craving for gold, and more prudence. These, to the number of sixty, resolved to return to their native land, and enjoy what they had gained. Pizarro was not displeased that it should be so; for he knew that they would be serviceable as lures, to draw to his standard a multitude of new and ardent adventurers. There was now a favourable opportunity for their departure, as Hernando Pizarro was proceeding to Spain with the royal share of their booty, and despatches to the sovereign. Hernando was also commissioned by Almagro to solicit for him the government of a territory beyond the limit of Pizarro's, with the title of Adelantado. But as Almagro knew that Hernando hated him, he took care to send two of his own friends to Spain, to support his claims should they chance to meet with obstruction or neglect.

The ransom being paid, Atahualpa became importunate to obtain his promised freedom. But his importunity was in vain; there had never been an intention to perform the promise. Instead of his being set at liberty, everything around him wore a menacing aspect, and filled him with terror. Fear is cruel, and it prompted him to add another murder to those he had already committed. Dreading that the Spaniards might espouse the cause of his brother Huascar, who was his prisoner, he



gave orders to put him to death ; and, notwithstanding he was himself a captive, the fratricidal order was implicitly obeyed. The crime was a fruitless one ; for his doom was already sealed. He had hitherto been saved by the friendly intervention of Hernando Pizarro ; and he had a foreboding of what would ensue, when that officer was no longer at hand to protect him. “ You are going to leave me captain,” said he, “ and I am undone ! I have no doubt the big-bellied and one-eyed men will kill me while you are away.” Almagro was the one-eyed man ; Riquelme, the catholic monarch’s treasurer, was the man whom he described as the big-bellied : the latter was more inveterate against him than even the former.

Among the loudest in the death-cry against the Inca were the followers of Almagro, who were dissatisfied with the share of the plunder allotted to them, and imagined that while he existed, they would never be placed upon an equal footing with the soldiers of Pizarro. Pizarro himself was also weary of a prisoner whose presence was a perpetual reproach upon his treachery and promise-breaking. He was, besides, daily plied with insinuations and calumnies against the captive prince. Filippilo, the native interpreter, had audaciously aspired to the possession of one of the Inca’s wives, and wished to get rid of him that he might gratify his desires. He therefore poisoned the minds of the Spaniards with tales of Atahualpa’s sinister designs against them. But the fate of the Peruvian monarch might, perhaps, have been still averted and deferred, had he not, it is said, wounded the pride of the Spanish general. By a stratagem, he contrived to obtain from Pizarro a confession of his inability to read ; and, as he was imprudent enough not to conceal his contempt on making this discovery, he became an object of unextinguishable hatred to his conqueror.

All these considerations had their weight in producing a determination that the monarch should be sacrificed. Every principle of justice had already been violated, and now its forms were to be converted into a mockery. It was resolved to bring him to trial, and a court was accordingly constituted, with the masquerade of judges, attorney-general, counsellors, clerks, and witnesses. The judges were Pizarro and Almagro, with two assistants. That, in the eyes of God and man, Atahualpa had been guilty of heavy crimes is certain ; but it is equally certain that he was not amenable for them to the desperate banditti who assumed to sit in judgment upon him. The bill of indictment which they drew up against their victim was of matchless absurdity and iniquity, but quite in harmony with the rest of the proceedings. It charged him with having, though a bastard, dispossessed his brother of the crown, and murdered him ; with being an idolater, and having commanded human sacrifices ; with having waged unjust wars, kept a great number of concubines, and levied taxes, and wasted the public treasures since the arrival of his conquerors ; and, lastly, with having stirred up factions and rebellions against the Spaniards.

Denying their right to question him for what he had done as a sovereign, he declared that, with respect to his conduct towards the Spaniards, he had fulfilled all his engagements, and that the charge of conspiring against them was wholly without foundation. But his defence was of course unavailing. Nor was he more successful in his demand that he should be sent to Spain to be judged by the emperor. Promises, entreaties, and tears, were as fruitless as all else ; and the wretched monarch was condemned to be burned alive. The sentence was ratified by the friar Valverde, to whom it was referred ; as though it had been the purpose of this demoniac tribunal that religion and justice should on this occasion

be equally disgraced. There were, however, a few noble-minded Spaniards who shrunk from the dishonour incurred by this deed : they remonstrated orally, and likewise signed a solemn protest against the measure ; but they were overborne and silenced by clamour, and by threats of being punished as traitors ; and the doom of the Inca became in consequence irrevocable. When he found that his fate was sealed, his courage returned, and it supported him to the last. Two hours after the close of day, he was led out to execution. He was attended by Valverde, who, by a promise that he should be spared the torment of the flames, prevailed on him to be baptized. This promise was kept, and Atahualpa was only bound to the stake and strangled.

By the civil war which had lately raged, the destruction of so many of the descendants of Manco Capac, and the death of the rival monarchs, the whole fabric of the Peruvian monarchy was shaken to pieces. In the outlying provinces, some of the generals usurped the supreme authority. Among these was Rumanini, the governor of Quito, who treacherously invited to a banquet the brother and some of the children of Atahualpa, plied them with intoxicating liquors, and murdered them when they were incapable of defence. Pizarro now began to feel the want of some one nominally at the head of the government, whom he could use as an instrument. Irritated by his barbarous conduct, the natives no longer sent gold, silver, and provisions to Caxamalca, but did all in their power to conceal them, and uttered threats and murmurs which were ominous of insurrection. Taparpa, a son of Atahualpa, was therefore raised by him to the throne. This phantom monarch was a mere inexperienced boy, and consequently the more fit for the purpose of the Spanish general. He had a competitor for the diadem, in the person of Manco, a brother of Huascar, who had

been raised to the dignity of Inca by the people of Cuzco, the Peruvian capital.

The report of the riches of Peru had brought in such a swarm of adventurers from the Spanish colonies, that Pizarro was now at the head of a force which far surpassed what he had hitherto commanded. Deeming himself strong enough to venture into the interior, he resolved to commence his march towards Cuzco. Leaving a considerable garrison at San Miguel, under Belalcazar, he set forth with four hundred and eighty men, taking with him the mock sovereign whom he had created. He did not, however, advance without opposition. Quisquiz, a veteran and skilful Peruvian general, had collected a formidable army, and he availed himself of all the advantages of the difficult ground to retard the progress of the invaders. Several sharp actions took place, in which many Spaniards were slain. In one of them Hernando de Soto, with the advanced guard of sixty horse, had a narrow escape from destruction ; he was saved only by the timely arrival of Almagro. In this encounter, Quisquiz made several prisoners ; one of the number was Cuellar, who had played a conspicuous part in the judicial murder of Atahualpa. He met with the same doom that he had inflicted upon the late Inca. The rest were spared, and set at liberty, because there chanced to be among them two of those honourable men who had protested against the sentence of the Spanish sanguinary tribunal.

In spite of all the efforts of the Peruvians, Pizarro made good his passage to Cuzco. While he was on his way thither, the boy Inca, Taparpa, expired. It is not improbable that a knowledge of this circumstance induced Manco to meet Pizarro at some distance from the capital, and throw himself upon his kindness. As Manco would serve his purpose better than any other

person, the Spanish general received him in the most flattering manner, and allowed him to retain the shadow of a crown. On reaching the city, towards the end of November 1533, the conqueror found it partly depopulated, partly destroyed; that portion of the inhabitants which still disdained submission had set fire to it in various quarters, and carried off the treasure from the temple of the sun and other depositories. Yet such were the riches of Cuzco, and so closely did the Spaniards search for them, ransacking even the sepulchres, that the booty exceeded that which was taken at Caxamalca. After the royal fifth had been deducted, the remainder amounted to no less than 1,920,000 pesos, which yielded four thousand pesos to each soldier, besides enormous sums to be shared among their leaders.

While Pizarro was thus triumphing in the south, one of his lieutenants was equally active, and, except in one sense, equally fortunate, in the north. Belalcazar, who was left in charge of San Miguel, was of too stirring a nature to be at ease within the narrow limits of a garrison. Having received reinforcements from Panamá and other places, he undertook the conquest of the province of Quito. Although he had to encounter numerous obstacles, arising from the ruggedness of the country, and was vigorously opposed by Rumanini, he succeeded in driving the Peruvian general into the mountains, and establishing himself in the capital of the province. His principal object he failed to attain; for the natives had removed the riches which he had expected to seize as the reward of his labours.

An untoward event now occurred, which, for some time, was a source of uneasiness to Pizarro. The idea of conquering Quito had not entered into the mind of Belalcazar alone. Excited by the reports which were spread respecting the boundless treasures of Peru, Pedro de Alvarado, one of the former companions of Cortez,

and at this moment governor of Guatimala, was eager to secure a share in those treasures. Believing, or more probably pretending to believe, that the province of Quito was not within the limits assigned to Pizarro, he resolved to appropriate it to himself. With five hundred Spaniards, two-fifths of whom were cavalry, and a great number of Indians as their drudges, Alvarado landed in the bay of San Francisco, a little to the northward of the equator. His line of march was imprudently chosen; he had to pass through an unhealthy country, embarrassed by tangled woods, rapid streams, deserts, swamps, and rocks, and to cross one of the most impracticable ridges of the gigantic Andes. The miseries which the invaders endured in their progress are almost inexpressible. The pangs of hunger and thirst, fever from the poisonous clime, to which Alvarado himself nearly fell a victim, thick showers of ashes from volcanic eruptions, and intolerable labour in cutting their way through thorns and thickets, were among the evils to which for five months they were exposed. But these were only the prelude to severer woes. In ascending the Andes, they were assailed by violent wind, heavy falls of snow, and cold of fatal intensity. "Thus night found them, and their torments and consternation were augmented; since with the exception of a few tents, which the richest and most luxurious spread for their shelter, the remainder had to pass the interval without fire, without protection, while nothing was heard but cries, groans, and maledictions." The morning dawned upon stiffened corpses, expiring men and women, and a confused and despairing multitude, who were about to retrace their footsteps, till, with much difficulty, Alvarado convinced them that it would be more dangerous to go back than to proceed. This day was even more bitter than the former. "The storm of wind and snow continued to redouble in violence; he who lagged behind, or strayed one moment from his



comrades, was lost ; he who was of lightest weight succeeded best ; all, as if in emulation one of the other, threw away gold, arms, vestments, jewels, which lay scattered over the snow. That which had cost so many sacrifices, and even crimes—that very prize for which all the horrors and dangers of that rash march had been undertaken—was despised, nay even abhorred, as vile and pernicious, so imperious is the influence which the occasions and necessities of the present moment hold over man. Disheartened, subdued, half-dead, in short, the Spaniards at length quitted those snowy mountains, and reached the town of Pasipe, near Riobamba, leaving dead on their route eighty-five Castilians, six female Spaniards, many negroes, two thousand Indians, almost all the rest disabled ; to say nothing of the mortality of the horses, nor the abandonment of arms and treasures—an immense loss, for which the survivors could console themselves only by the hope of meeting with a rich country and more genial clime.”

Alvarado was not destined to possess the land, for the acquisition of which he had braved so many dangers, and suffered and inflicted so much misery. Pizarro had obtained timely notice of this intrusion upon his province, and taken measures for defeating it. He despatched Almagro, with the few troops he could spare, and that officer was joined by the detachment under Belalcazar. As, however, the two captains were by no means strong enough to cope immediately with the numerous corps which was led by Alvarado, they had recourse to artifice. It was in the plains of Riobamba that the rival armies first faced each other ; and, at the outset, Alvarado seemed resolved to commit his fortunes to the hazard of a battle. But his wary antagonists were not disposed to run the chance of a combat against thrice their numbers. They entered into parleys with him, under cover of which they employed all the arts of seduction to win over his



followers by gifts and promises. So well did they succeed, that, as he afterwards acknowledged, "had he persevered in his conquests, not thirty men would have remained under his standard." In this situation, he was glad to conclude a treaty, by which he agreed to leave his men and ships in Peru, and depart, on condition of receiving a hundred thousand pesos, to indemnify him for the expenses which he had incurred. After the conclusion of the treaty, he had a friendly interview with Pizarro, who had hastened from Cuzco to meet him, and now generously presented him with an additional twenty thousand pesos, to defray the cost of his homeward journey. Towards the close of the year 1534, Alvarado returned with more money than glory to his government of Guatemala.

This arrangement with Alvarado afforded Pizarro a short interval of leisure, to look to the concerns of his government. Cuzco being, on many accounts, situated at too great a distance in the interior to form an eligible capital, he resolved to found one on a more convenient site. The spot which he chose was in the pleasant and fertile valley of Rimac, or Limac, watered by a small river, and within two leagues of the port of Callao. The ceremony of the foundation of the new city was solemnised on the 18th of January 1535, and the founder named the place Ciudad de los Reyes,—the city of the Kings. The name of Lima, which is a corruption of the ancient appellation borne by the valley, has, however, entirely superseded that which was conferred by the founder. To Lima Pizarro removed the colonists who had been established at Xauxa. He next visited the valley of Chimo, to inspect the progress of another new town, commenced by Almagro, which he denominated Truxillo. "Here he occupied some time," says Quintana, "in regulating the state of the provinces; he confirmed Sebastian de Belalcazar in his charge, re-divided the land,

won the affection of all the neighbouring people, and endeavoured by gentle means to obtain peace with the Indians. Well did he know the use of such arts when he found them necessary ; and now, especially, that, old and declining, he was less fitted for active and impetuous enterprises, he began to addict himself, by preference, to the business of founding towns, assigning limits, making laws, and distributing rewards ; in short, taking upon himself the life of a prince, the object to which all his efforts and labours had been directed, from the hour on which his ambition was first awakened. Thus, the present period may be considered as the most fortunate of his life, if prosperity is to be weighed by satisfied ambition. It may likewise be deemed the most substantially glorious, as none can dispute that the fame acquired in preserving and constructing, is far more valuable than any which may be acquired by destroying."

Pizarro was not suffered to remain long engaged in these pacific and redeeming pursuits ; his attention was soon forcibly turned aside to other and less gratifying objects. It has been seen, that Hernando Pizarro was despatched to Castile, with the royal portion of Atahualpa's ransom, and various requests, on the part of his brother and Almagro. The enormous mass of treasure which he conveyed to the Spanish monarch insured for him a gracious reception, and excited a manifestation of gratitude, which was, perhaps, the more freely indulged in because it cost nothing, and might produce golden fruit. To Francisco Pizarro was granted the title of marquis, and an additional sixty leagues of territory to the southward of his present government. His envoy, Hernando, besides obtaining some minor favours, was made a knight of the celebrated order of Santiago, and admiral of the fleet in which he was to return to South America. On Almagro was conferred, with the title of Adelantado, the supremacy over two hundred leagues of coast,

beyond the southern limits of Pizarro's sway, and he was authorized to nominate his successor. To the friar Valverde was given the bishopric of Cuzco. Thus prosperous in his mission, Hernando departed from Spain, accompanied by a considerable number of cavaliers and soldiers, who were eager to participate in the spoils of the newly-discovered realms.

Instead of proving a bond of union between Pizarro and Almagro, this distribution of honours became a fertile source of discord and destruction. Before Hernando could leave Spain, Almagro had already learned from his agents in that country that the monarch had conferred on him an independent government. He was at Cuzco, as the deputy of Pizarro, when the tidings came; and, all his ambition being suddenly roused into action, he immediately claimed dominion over that city, on the plea that it was within the boundaries of his new command. This claim was resisted by Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, who were then on the spot, and was pertinaciously maintained by Almagro; so that hostilities seemed every moment to be on the point of breaking out between the two parties. On hearing of this contention, Pizarro lost not a moment in hurrying from Lima to Cuzco. There the two old companions met in the church, and embraced in tears. Pizarro was the first to break silence. "See," said he, "how thou hast forced me to cross these roads, without bed or tent, or other food than maize. Where was your judgment, when, having the means in your own hands for maintaining quiet, you must involve yourself in contentions with my brothers, whom I have commanded to respect you as myself?" Almagro endeavoured to throw the whole blame upon Juan and Gonzalo; but when Francisco questioned them upon the subject, they demonstrated that they had done no more than the hasty conduct of Almagro rendered necessary for the honour and service of their brother.

A reconciliation, at least in appearance, was finally effected between the chiefs ; and it was agreed, that Almagro should attempt to conquer Chili, and that, in the event of his failing to win an adequate establishment in Chili, Pizarro should relinquish to him a portion of Peru. The aid of religion was called in, to give sacredness and firmness to this compact. " Mass was celebrated before them ; they divided the host between them, adding many oaths and solemnities consonant with the religious act. They each denounced against themselves, in case of failure in sincerity and good faith, in the preservation of their friendship and co-operation, or in the equal partition of their profits, every evil due to perjury, either in this world or the next, as loss of property and honour, loss of life, and perdition of soul." All, nevertheless, was at bottom " false and hollow ;" the wound was skinned over, not healed ; and when, after a lapse of two years, they again met, it was as armed foes, filled with a hatred of each other which could be extinguished by death alone.

Leaving his brother Juan at Cuzco as his lieutenant, Pizarro returned to Peru, and for a time was happily occupied in constructing, improving, and legislating. " As at this epoch," says Quintana, " all was tranquil in Peru, the Indians peaceable, the Spaniards satisfied, the will of the general respected and obeyed as the supreme law ; and as his will, in accordance with the serenity of the times, was neither hard nor severe ; we may cite this as another honourable and fortunate period of his life, in which he enjoyed, without bitterness or alloy, the exalted fortunes to which he had raised himself. It was, indeed, a singular spectacle to behold that man, whose education had been so utterly neglected, so devoid of all learning, disputing with artificers on the dimensions of the streets, the height and area of the temples, public edifices, and

houses ; defending, on principles based on policy, commerce, and salubrity, the plan and position of his projected emporium ; and teaching his companions and the new comers to enjoy and appreciate, by anticipation, the advantages of the paradise he was preparing for them. Nor did he forget the occasional distribution of gifts, which purchased him friends and opinion ; and however Almagro exceeded him in this particular, yet was not Pizarro considered niggardly, but when expedient, he knew how to give with grace and magnificence."

This state of things was too pleasant to last. A storm was gathering, which threatened the Spanish invaders with the total wreck of all their hopes. Hernando Pizarro at length returned to Peru. He had promised the monarch that the conquerors should grant him, in addition to the fifth, an extraordinary contribution, to assist him in carrying on his wars in Europe. But when he proposed it to them, they positively refused to comply with his wishes ; the king, they said, had given them no help, and had benefited largely by their labours, while, on the other hand, he and his brother had alone been honoured with royal rewards and favours. Irritated by their refusal, the passionate and overbearing Hernando reviled them as ungrateful men, and threatened to wrest from them the whole ransom of Atahualpa, which he declared belonged of right to their sovereign. The quarrel would probably have been pushed to extremities, had not Francisco prudently espoused the cause of his companions, who, as he truly affirmed, were entitled to all that they had gained. But, at the same time, he appealed so strongly to their loyalty and generosity, not to deny that aid of which their king stood in need, that they relented, and subscribed a considerable sum of money for the desired purpose. This difficulty being overcome, Hernando was despatched to assume the com-

mand of Cuzco, where he flattered himself that he should be able to procure a donation, equal in magnitude to that which had been raised in Lima.

But the worst was yet behind ; and instead of amassing treasure for the emperor, Hernando was destined to encounter far more peril and misery than had hitherto fallen to his share. Manco Capac, who, after the death of Toparpa, had been admitted to the nominal Incaship, was weary of his dependent and powerless condition ; his subjects were equally weary of the licentiousness, rapacity, and insolence of their European tyrants. The hour seemed to be come, when resistance might be attempted with a fair prospect of success. The recent dissension between Pizarro and Almagro, the departure of the latter with so great a portion of the hostile force, and the careless manner in which, to find occupation for numerous adventurers, the rest of the Spanish troops were scattered in weak detachments over a vast extent of territory, were all calculated to inspire a hope that the galling yoke might be shaken off by a well-combined and vigorous insurrection. Calling secretly into council the principal nobles of the three nearest provinces, Manco Capac represented to them the deplorable and degraded state to which the Peruvians were reduced, and the peculiarly favourable circumstances of the present time for breaking their fetters ; and he earnestly exhorted them to seize an opportunity, which might never again occur, to recover their freedom, and revenge their injuries. Startled by this bold and unexpected proposal, they could answer at first only by groans and tears ; but soon their courage revived, and they one and all replied, that “ he was the son of Huana Capac, and they would, to a man, die for him ; that he should deliver them from their bitter bondage, and that the sun and the gods smiled upon him.” This conference was succeeded by others, in which the plan was matured ; a correspondence

was opened with the leading individuals in all the provinces ; and a very short period elapsed before Peru, from north to south, as though inspired by one soul, was ready to rush to arms on the welcome summons being received.

The Spaniards had fixed at Cuzco the residence of the subjected Inca ; not, however, because it was the usual abode of the monarchs, but because it was remote from the rest of his dominions. While he was remaining there, the Peruvians dared not make any hostile movement, as their first outbreak would probably be fatal to him if he were in the hands of his enemies. Twice did Manco contrive to quit the city, and as often was he brought back. On the second occasion, Juan Pizarro, who seems to have had some indefinite suspicion lurking in his mind, put the Inca into confinement, and stationed a strong guard over him. Manco was in this situation when Hernando Pizarro arrived at Cuzco. Either believing the captive to be guiltless or too insignificant to do mischief, Hernando released him. So artfully did the Inca labour to win the good-will and confidence of his liberator, that he accomplished his object. Then, pretending that he was extremely anxious to join the great men of the empire, for the purpose of celebrating a solemn festival in the valley of the Yucay, six leagues from the capital, he pressingly solicited for permission to proceed thither. His solicitation would doubtless have been of no avail, had he not backed it by a potent appeal to certain feelings of his hearer. There was at Yucay, he said, a statue of his father, as large as life, formed of solid gold, which he would bring back with him, and present to Hernando as a testimony of his gratitude. The golden statue was irresistible ; the permission was granted ; and, attended only by two Castilians, some Indians, and the commandant's interpreter, the wily Manco bent his course towards the valley of Yucay. This spot was judiciously chosen by him for his place of retreat, because



the nature of the ground rendered it of difficult access to a hostile force.

As soon as it was known that Manco was beyond the reach of his enemies, the Peruvians began the war. While, in all directions, bodies of them intercepted and destroyed the weak Spanish detachments, two immense armies marched to besiege Cuzco and Lima. That which beleaguered Cuzco was led by Manco in person. Animated by the presence, example, and exhortations of their sovereign, his troops gave the onset with such fury that they made themselves masters of a fort outside the city, and also of a strong house in the Plaza, which the Spaniards had entrenched. Day after day, and week after week, the contest was continued from street to street and even house to house, with fluctuating success, but always to the diminution of the Spanish force, which, ere long, was reduced to about a hundred and seventy men. At last the Spaniards recovered the house in the Plaza, and then the external fort; but in the struggle for the last position, Juan Pizarro was slain. The Peruvians then quitted the city, after having set it on fire in several places, and they thenceforth confined their operations to a strict blockade. Twice Hernando Pizarro sallied forth, and attacked the Inca in the valley of Yucay, and each time he was driven back with heavy loss to the capital. In these combats he found, to his sorrow, that the Peruvians had learned to use the muskets, swords, shields and horses of their adversaries, and to charge with some degree of order and discipline. A few days after Hernando's second repulse, Manco boldly assailed him in Cuzco, and it was only by extraordinary efforts that the garrison succeeded in repelling their assailants. The Inca then resumed the blockade; and thus more than nine months passed away till, at length, the Spaniards began to despair of relief, and were clamorous to quit a place which seemed likely to be their grave.

Francisco Pizarro, meanwhile, was scarcely more at ease in Lima. He was hemmed in by enraged multitudes; not, indeed, so closely as his brothers were in the capital, because his cavalry had space to act in the vicinity of the city, but, nevertheless, sufficiently to prevent his receiving any tidings from Cuzco, or sending any despatches or succours to that quarter. For months he could obtain no knowledge of the fate of his relatives, and had reason to fear that their doom was sealed. Several detachments, amounting to four hundred horse and foot, who endeavoured to join him from the interior, were cut off to a man. At this critical moment, the sea being open to him, he sent messengers to solicit aid from Panamá, Nicaragua, and other colonies. At the same time, to sharpen the valour of his own troops, by taking from them the possibility of escape, he sent off all the vessels which were in the harbour of Callao. He was himself determined that his conquest should be resigned only with his life. But he was not driven to that last extremity. His appeal for succours was promptly and liberally responded to by his fellow-countrymen: Cortez sent him two ships with men, horses, and arms; from Panamá he received a considerable body of Spaniards, consisting partly of cross-bow men; and from other provinces reinforcements more than equally numerous. Before, however, the whole of them arrived, the Peruvians had relinquished the siege of Lima, and Alonzo de Alvarado been despatched, with five hundred men, to ascertain the fate of affairs at Cuzco.

It was not with the natives that Alvarado was destined to encounter; a more formidable enemy awaited him. While Almagro was engaged in his expedition against Chili, tidings were brought to him of the Peruvian insurrection, and the desperate situation of Cuzco, and along with those tidings came the royal patent, creating him governor of a certain defined territory, which patent

had hitherto been detained by Hernando Pizarro. On perusing this document, he became more obstinate than ever in the belief that Cuzco was within the limits of his government, and he resolved to march back, and assert his right. In this resolution he was upheld by many of his captains, who were weary of their toilsome enterprise, and desirous of living at ease amidst the riches and luxuries of the capital. After a long and fatiguing march, during which his soldiers suffered much from thirst and intense heat, Almagro, with about four hundred and fifty men, arrived in the vicinity of Cuzco. On the approach of the Spanish general, the Inca entered into negotiations with him, in the hope of playing off the rivals against each other, and thus accelerating their destruction. Finding, however, that Almagro was not disposed to fight against his fellow-countrymen for the benefit of the Peruvians, Manco made a sudden attack upon him with a large force, but was routed with terrible slaughter. Imagining that this defeat was an indication that the gods were adverse to him, the superstitious Inca sank into despondency, disbanded his forces, and withdrew to the fastnesses of the Andes, to find in them a shelter from the resentment of his conquerors.

Almagro now advanced towards Cuzco, and summoned Hernando to deliver up the place to him. To this Hernando replied, that the command was entrusted to him by his brother, without whose orders he would not surrender the city. After some parleying, it was agreed upon, that a suspension of arms should take place, till an answer on the subject could be obtained from Pizarro at Lima. But the officers of Almagro, who feared that any delay might deprive them of the prize which was in view, prevailed upon him to tarnish his honour by a treacherous rupture of the truce; a measure to which he was the more easily prevailed on to consent, in consequence of the numerous desertions from Hernando's scanty garrison.

On the faith of the armistice, Hernando and his brother Gonzalo were reposing in perfect security, when a sudden nocturnal attack was made by the forces of Almagro. The brothers defended themselves gallantly, but the house being set on fire, and about to bury them in its ruins, they were obliged to quit it, and were finally overpowered.

We have seen that Alonzo de Alvarado was despatched from Lima, with a body of troops, to the relief of Cuzco. Had he advanced rapidly to the capital he would have joined Hernando before the coming of Almagro, who would have been too weak to make head against them. But, either the obstacles which he met with in his way, or, as his enemies asserted, some object of his own, caused him to proceed with extreme tardiness. By the time that he reached the bridge of Abancay, on the Apurimac, several leagues from Cuzco, the city was in possession of Almagro. On being informed of his approach, Almagro sent messengers with tempting offers to win his co-operation, or, failing in that, to warn him to retire within the limits of Pizarro's government. Alvarado rejected the proffered bribes, detained the messengers as hostages for the brothers Hernando and Gonzalo, and determined to keep his ground. The force under his command was nearly equal to that of his antagonist, but treason was at work in his camp. One Pedro de Lerma, an officer to whom the Pizarros had given offence, opened a correspondence with Almagro, disclosed the disaffected state of the troops, and promised to pass over to him with a hundred men, on his approaching the bridge of Abancay. Suspecting his fidelity, Alvarado ordered him to be arrested; it was too late, he had been warned of his danger, and was gone. Soon after this event, Alvarado was attacked by night in his position at Abancay. The forces of Almagro were led by Orgoñez, an officer of daring courage and great skill, who had

served with distinction in Italy, under the Constable de Bourbon, and borne a part in the storming of Rome. Alvarado defended his post with much valour, but was at length utterly defeated, and taken prisoner. No less merciless and unprincipled than he was intrepid, Orgoñez strongly insisted upon the necessity of instantly putting to death the two Pizarros, Alvarado, and some other leaders, and marching to Lima, to overwhelm the governor before he could collect the means of resistance. Almagro was not sanguinary, and therefore refused to shed the blood of his captives—here he was right; he feared to excite the wrath of the Castilian monarch by going beyond his boundaries, and therefore declined to advance upon Lima—here he was wrong. Satisfied with his victory, he returned to Cuzco.

The first despatch which Pizarro received from Alonzo de Alvarado, when the latter reached Abancay, contained the melancholy intelligence of the loss of Cuzco, the death of Juan, and the capture of his two brothers. For a moment, and only a moment, his perturbation was visible, but the firmness of his mind did not admit of despair. When the news came, he was in the midst of reinforcements which had recently arrived from various colonies, and he convened the principal officers in council, to deliberate upon what ought to be done. His speech was adroitly calculated to prejudice them in favour of himself, and against his rival. They, however, shrinking from a hasty plunge into a civil war, were of opinion that, though measures ought to be adopted for fighting in case of need, it would be prudent and decorous to begin by attempting to effect a reconciliation. Pizarro consequently sent an envoy, to request that Almagro would liberate his brothers, and allow the limits of the two governments to be settled in an amicable manner. This envoy was scarcely on his journey before news arrived of the total rout at Abancay. It was to be feared

that the victor would follow up his blow, and rapidly direct his course towards Lima, while the governor was yet unprepared to resist him. To negotiate was all that could be done by Pizarro; and, accordingly, he despatched Gaspar de Espinosa, a mutual friend, with full powers to fix the limits of their districts, and conclude a treaty. At this moment he seems to have been seriously inclined to peace; he was advanced in years, had more chance of losing than gaining by a continuance of the contest, and, perhaps, some feelings of kindness towards his early confederate were still lingering in his heart.

The pride of victory has often been the ruin of the victor; it was so with Almagro. Inflated by success, he was no longer content with reasonable terms. As soon as one demand was conceded, he with equal pertinacity urged another. It was useless for Espinosa to remonstrate against this conduct, as being both unfair and imprudent; unfair as regarded Pizarro, imprudent with respect to the king, who would be indignant at seeing his rich possessions in the new world put in jeopardy by their selfish disputes. Almagro haughtily replied, that he would lose his life rather than yield. "If that be the case, Signor Adelantado," prophetically answered Espinosa, "I may say, with our old Castilian proverb, the conquered conquers, and the conqueror loses." The negotiation was however continued for some time, but was then abruptly suspended by the sudden death of Espinosa. In justification of Almagro's obstinacy, it is said that he was aware of Pizarro having given secret instructions to one Hernan Gonzalez, to nullify any treaty which might be concluded. The fact is doubtful; and even were it certain, it would not prove that Pizarro was insincere from the beginning of the conferences. When he reflected upon the succession of claims brought forward by Almagro, the governor might reasonably fear that such a treaty would be extorted from his agent as

he could not possibly ratify without danger and disgrace. In this instance, therefore, it is probable that he was not perfidious; in others, no defence can be made for him.

After the death of Espinosa, Almagro proceeded with his army towards the coast, leading with him, as it were in triumph, Hernando Pizarro, but leaving Gonzalo and Alvarado in strict custody at Cuzco. On reaching the plains he founded, in the valley of Chincha, a city to which he gave his own name. Before his setting out, he had sent ambassadors to Pizarro, to propose the settling of their differences by means of arbitrators. But, whatever were his feelings with respect to a reconciliation, those of his officers were inveterately opposed to it. Their threats and vaunts were admirably calculated to irritate their antagonists; they would, they insultingly said, send the governor to command in his territory of the mangroves, and, punning upon his name, they added, that not one pizarra (a slate) should be left to stumble over in Peru. While, however, they were thus idly menacing and joking, their prospects were beginning to be darkened. By dint of bribes and promises, Gonzalo Pizarro and Alvarado contrived to corrupt their guards, and escape from the capital. With those whom they had corrupted, and some prisoners whom they set free, to the number altogether of a hundred men, they crossed the Sierras, and reached Lima in safety. Though, in the first outbreak of anger on hearing this news, Almagro was disposed to put Hernando to death, his humanity, or his policy, obtained the ascendant, and he deemed it more advisable to negotiate. Anxious to deliver his brother, Pizarro, also, was willing to treat. A friar, named Bobadilla, was chosen as arbitrator, and the two parties met at Mala, his place of residence; their meeting was cold, constrained, and sullen. "In former times they had always embraced when they met, and had



often shed tears, either of pleasure or agitation ; always, whether in their quarrels or in their endearments, their mutual friendship was apparent. Now, falseness, resentment, and suspicion had hardened their hearts beyond all power to satisfy or appease them." It is affirmed by Herrera, and other writers, that, on this occasion, a plot was laid to assassinate Almagro, and that he was near falling a victim to it. Be that as it may, the negotiation was not interrupted ; and it was finally agreed, that Cuzco should be held by Almagro till the king's pleasure could be known ; that Hernando Pizarro should be released ; and that without delay he should proceed to Spain, in company with officers chosen by Almagro to plead his cause before the monarch. Congratulations, compliments, gifts, and banquets, followed ; and the rivals and their partisans then separated, their faces clothed in smiles, and the hearts of the majority of them filled with deadly hatred.

Had that article of the compact been adhered to, which stipulated that Hernando Pizarro should proceed to Spain, whither, while he was a prisoner, he had always expressed his anxiety to go, a new breach between the two governors might, perhaps, have been prevented. But, burning with rage and resentment, his mind had room for no other thought than accomplishing the destruction of Almagro. Pizarro was but too willing to lend himself to the furtherance of his brother's vindictive project. The time occupied in the protracted negotiations had enabled him to collect a force far exceeding that which his rival could bring into the field. It was therefore resolved that war should be made upon Almagro. Seven hundred men were arrayed for the recovery of Cuzco, and the command of them was given to Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro. Not being able to penetrate into the interior by the main road, they moved southward as far as Nasca, and then made their way, by difficult passes,

across the ridge of the Andes. Almagro was advised to harass the invaders in their progress through the mountains; but he declined, and resolved to await them in the plains of Cuzco: partly because he was strongest in cavalry, and partly because he wished that the odium of being the aggressors should be entirely their own. A daring but masterly movement, which was suggested by Orgóñez, and might have led to very important consequences, was equally rejected. His plan was to march rapidly with their whole force, and seize Lima, which was then divested of troops; thus indemnifying themselves for the loss of the ancient capital, by becoming masters of the new. Almagro, of course, dissented from this measure, as did likewise several of his officers, though for a different reason; they could not consent to abandon the riches which they had acquired, nor the luxuries which they enjoyed, in the metropolis of Peru. Yet, with strange inconsistency, they took no steps to secure the things in which they delighted; no works were thrown up, no bridges or roads destroyed, no strong positions occupied; all was carelessly left to the decision of chance and mere animal strength.

The rival armies came in sight of each other at a spot called the Salinas, or salt-pits, on the plain of Cuchipampa, near Cuzco. Almagro, who was too ill to command, delegated his authority to Orgóñez, but was present in a litter, and, from an eminence which overlooked the field, he watched the fluctuations of the fight. His army did not exceed five hundred men, and, though he was the strongest in cavalry, this advantage was heavily counterbalanced by the superiority of numbers which the Pizarros possessed, and still more by their many crossbow-men and musketeers. The decisive influence of those two species of force was soon felt by the troops of Almagro, fifty of the cavalry being killed or disabled by the first flight of arrows from the crossbow-

men. In spite, however, of this circumstance, and of the numerical disparity between the two parties, the friends of Almagro bravely maintained their ground ; there was even a moment when they seemed about to triumph, Hernando Pizarro being felled from his horse, and his men shaken. Orgoñez did his duty nobly ; he was ever the foremost, exhorting, rallying his soldiers, and combating. At length he was sorely wounded in the forehead, unhorsed, and taken prisoner. The moment he gave up his sword he was basely stabbed by the miscreant to whom he surrendered it. Confusion now began to spread among the Almagrians, and it was speedily rendered irremediable, by the pressing onward of the Pizarros, and the passing over to them of an officer of rank and many of the soldiers. The ruin of Almagro's army was complete ; a hundred and forty of his partisans lay lifeless on the ground, the wounded were numerous, and few saved themselves by flight. After the conflict, several officers, who had yielded on promise of quarter, were barbarously murdered in cold blood. The victory was crowned on the following day by the capture of Almagro, who was immediately consigned to the same prison in which he had detained the Pizarros.

This battle, which bears the name of Salinas, was fought on the 26th of April 1538. It was witnessed by myriads of Indians, who congregated upon the neighbouring mountains, to behold their enemies slaughtering each other. Yet so powerful was the ascendancy which the Spaniards held over their minds, that they retired at the close of the carnage, without making a single courageous effort against their bleeding, toil-worn, and disordered oppressors. As soon as the victors had re-formed their broken ranks, they bent their march to Cuzco. The city was pillaged without mercy, and a large amount of booty was collected, the conquered and the natives being alike stripped of whatever was valuable. But, large as

it was, it did not suffice to satisfy the quenchless cupidity of the conquerors, who, like the horse-leach's two daughters, were for ever crying "Give! give!" To silence their clamour, and give them a chance of feeding their rapacity, Hernando excited several officers to undertake the subjugation of districts which had not yet been explored; and as it afforded a rich unreaped field to reward their labours, the project was eagerly adopted. In forming the detachments for these expeditions, Hernando sagaciously took care that they should in part be composed of soldiers who had belonged to Almagro, and of such of his own men as he thought could be least relied upon; thus at once ridding himself of probable enemies and doubtful friends.

Having accomplished this object, Hernando was at liberty to "feed fat his ancient grudge" against the unfortunate Almagro. Probably with the view of rendering a reverse more bitter, he began by affecting great kindness to his prisoner and giving him false hopes. But he had long before resolved that nothing should save him. While he was on his march from Lima he had given an impious proof of this malignant spirit. Being told by some deserters from Cuzco, that Almagro was nearly dead already, he did not blush to exclaim, "God will not do me such a disfavour, as to let him die ere I have him in my hands!" He had him now in his hands, and the result was easily to be foreseen. For ten weeks, however, the prisoner was kept in a torturing state of suspense. At last the moment arrived when Hernando would no longer delay the consummation of his vengeance. As it had been the case of Atahualpa so it was in this; the mockery of a trial was resorted to, and everything which could prove or insinuate the semblance of criminality in Almagro was sedulously accumulated. "Every aggravation which could tend to add weight and colour to the cause was admitted," says Quintana, "and such a

multitude of people presented themselves with charges against the prisoner, by way of paying homage to his persecutor, that the secretaries wanted hands to write, and the process covered two thousand pages. Thus given up to judicial inquiry, which, when built on ground like the present, is a far worse degradation than the punishment which is its final act, the miserable prisoner stood on the very borders of the grave, quite unconscious of his danger. Two months and a half were already passed since the battle, when the conqueror began to think it was time to conclude a drama, as gross as it was cruel. He sealed the process, condemned the accused to death, and sent to inform him of the sentence which had been pronounced against him."

Almagro was prostrated by this terrible intelligence. In his despair he supplicated for mercy, and pleaded his infirmities, his advanced age, his close friendship of years with Francisco, and the clemency which, in spite of all the remonstrances and arguments of his followers, he had so recently shown to those who were now persecuting him to the death. This, it will be said, was pitiable. But let no one rashly reproach him for his weakness, who has not himself obtained an exemption from the failings of human nature. There are moments when the mind is thrown off its balance, and succumbs to matter. He who never felt the chilling pressure of that "muddy vesture of decay, which doth grossly close in" the soul, must be either an idiot or an angel. The truly great man is he to whom those moments least often occur, and in whom the mind soonest recovers its supremacy. Almagro was in his seventy-fifth year, he was weakened by toil and disease, his spirits were depressed by an abrupt and unexpected change of fortune, and he dreaded disgrace, which to a noble nature must always be an object of dread, more terrific by far than the mere extinction of life. Hernando Pizarro took, unconsciously,

the best way to reconcile him to his fate. He scornfully expressed his wonder and disgust, that a man distinguished above the crowd, from whom fortitude might be expected, should descend to such mean entreaties, and manifest so much cowardice on the approach of death. This sarcasm was enough ; it produced a revulsion in Almagro, which restored all his courage to him. Thenceforth he never ceased to be calm and collected, preparing for his end with perfect magnanimity. By his will he appointed, as his successor to the government, his son Diego, the offspring of an Indian female of Panamá. He then submitted to his sentence ; he was strangled in the prison, and his corpse was then conveyed to the market-place, where it was publicly beheaded. Thus perished a man who was one of the most eminent, and, notwithstanding many faults, one of the most generous and least criminal among the Spanish adventurers in the transatlantic regions.

Shortly after the execution of Almagro, a visit was paid to Cuzco by Pizarro. His conduct on this occasion was ill-suited to do him service ; his temper appears to have been thoroughly soured. He behaved harshly to the Indians, and manifested an antipathy to the remaining officers and soldiers of his deceased rival. While Hernando Pizarro was a prisoner, Diego de Alvarado had done many acts of kindness to him, and even been instrumental in saving his life ; yet when, as executor of Almagro, Diego applied to the governor to put the heir of Almagro in possession of the province which his father had bequeathed to him, he was rudely repulsed. " My government," arrogantly exclaimed Pizarro, " has no limit ; it extends from the straits of Magellan to Flanders." In the same spirit he ejected the brave Belalcazar from his command in the province of Quito, on a bare suspicion of his having solicited at court an extension of his boundaries.

For the purpose of glossing over the late violent proceedings, and propitiating the monarch, it was now resolved that Hernando should proceed to Spain, with the royal share, and the donative which had formerly been promised. Great exertions were in consequence made to swell the amount; on the principle, apparently, that gold, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. Many of the officers urged, that it would be unwise and rash to repair to Spain at this moment, when the mind of the sovereign would be full of prejudice excited by the statements of Almagro's friends, who had contrived to escape from Peru. This objection was overruled, and with good reason. Though to have despatched the envoy at an early period, so that he might have the first telling of the story, would doubtless have been the most judicious mode of acting, yet it is equally certain that any longer delay could scarcely fail to be productive of disastrous effects. When Hernando was on the point of setting out, he advised the governor to send the son of Almagro to Europe, that he might not serve as a rallying point for the disaffected; to secure his own safety, by being always well escorted; and also to keep a watchful eye upon the friends of Almagro, prevent them from assembling together, and prohibit more than ten of them from dwelling in the same place. There was wisdom in this advice. Pizarro, however, rejected the politic counsel of his brother, and even treated it with ridicule. They parted, and they saw each other no more.

It was in 1539 that, for the second time, Hernando landed on the Spanish coast, to purchase with the plunder of the new world the favour, or the connivance, of the monarch. The circumstances in this instance were less auspicious than in the former. Already the partisans of Almagro had told their tale and called for justice and vengeance. At the head of them was the warm-hearted Diego de Alvarado, who had hurried to the foot of the



throne, to pour forth his grief for the loss of his friend, and entreat that the youthful heir might be put in possession of his rights. Indefatigably active, wherever he went he spread a hatred of Hernando, whom he denounced as a base and ungrateful tyrant. Nor did he confine himself to reproaches. Irritated by the slowness with which the inquiry into the death of Almagro was carried on, he challenged the object of his detestation to single combat, pledging himself "to prove, by his good sword, that Hernando, in his treatment of the Adelantado, had acted with cruelty and ingratitude, that he was a bad servant to his king, and an unworthy knight." Five days after the sending of this challenge, Alvarado died. This sudden decease, which was ascribed, and perhaps truly, to an acute illness, gave rise to dark suspicions and surmises, and contributed largely to injure the character and the cause of Hernando.

Amidst the discordant allegations of the contending parties, each of which threw on the other the blame of aggression, it was impossible for the monarch to form a correct judgment. A reason for acting with caution was also obvious, in the danger which might spring from hastily taking violent steps against Francisco Pizarro, even supposing that he were guilty, which was not yet proved. One thing, nevertheless, was manifest ; the necessity of promptly and thoroughly investigating the late calamitous events, and adopting stringent measures to prevent the recurrence of them. A repetition of such scenes might shake, if not annihilate, the Spanish empire in Peru. It was therefore resolved, to send a person fully qualified, and furnished with plenary powers, to examine into the case, and form a plan capable of establishing a stable system of government. The choice was judiciously made ; it fell upon a man of known abilities and integrity, Don Christoval Vaca de Castro, who was a judge of the royal court of audience at Valladolid. He

was invested, under certain circumstances, with almost dictatorial sway. If, however, on reaching Lima, he found Pizarro living, he was to act apparently in concert with him; and take no higher title than that of judge; but if, on the contrary, Pizarro had ceased to exist or should subsequently die, he was appointed to succeed him, and to exercise an unlimited authority, till farther instructions could be received from Spain. The consideration which was thus shown towards Francisco Pizarro was not extended to Hernando. It was manifest that, in putting Almagro to death, he had gone further than he ought; and, besides, it was unadvisable that a man of his talents and vindictive disposition should be suffered to reappear, and become a firebrand in Peru. He was arrested, and committed to the tower of Madrid, whence he was removed to the castle of La Mota de Medina, where, in chains and obscurity, he languished for more than twenty years; nor did he recover his liberty till, weighed down by sorrow, infirmity, and age, he was on the point of sinking into the grave.

Pizarro, meanwhile, was busily engaged in founding towns, establishing colonies, and sending out expeditions to explore countries into which the Spaniards had not hitherto penetrated. The most important was that to the east of the province of Quito. It was commanded by his brother Gonzalo, and led to the discovery of the majestic river which is known under the names of the Marañon and the Amazons. This enterprise was fatal to those who were engaged in it; the major part of them perished, and the survivors encountered such an accumulation of miseries as rarely has been endured. Pizarro did not live to witness the return of his brother, or the coming of Vaca de Castro. At this crisis of his fate, he seems to have been possessed by that insane spirit which has been regarded as indicating the wrath of Heaven, and being the prelude to destruction. Instead of labouring

to conciliate the good-will of all classes, and heal the wounds of civil war, he acted in a manner to alienate many of his own followers, and drive his vanquished enemies to deeds of desperation. While he lavished grants of the richest lands on his relatives and favourites, he offended others, by neglecting or inadequately rewarding them; and he consigned all the partisans of Almagro and his son to the most deplorable and hopeless poverty. Such was the wretched condition of the Almagrians, that they were destitute of food, shelter, and fuel, subsisted miserably on casual charity, and amongst twelve of the principal men there was but one cloak, of which they alternately availed themselves when they went from home. From the heir of Almagro they derived some aid; but his means were too scanty to afford effectual relief. Yet, while Pizarro was thus provoking revenge, he was singularly careless as to averting the consequences. His persecuted foes at length began to band together, to plot in secret, and to provide themselves with arms. Still he looked upon their proceedings with contempt; and when he was reminded of his danger, he replied, "Have no fears for my safety. As long as every man in Peru knows that at any moment I can cut off his head, he will not be foolish enough to make an attempt upon mine."

The hour at last arrived which was to prove the fallacy of his overweening confidence. Their sole hope was taken from the Almagrians, by a report, which was widely circulated and believed, that the sentiments of Vaca de Castro were wholly in favour of the governor. If their oppressor were seconded by the king's delegate, they had nothing to expect but still more inveterate persecution, ending in utter ruin. To avert this doom, they resolved to murder Pizarro, and raise the young Almagro to the governorship. From various quarters warnings were given to the intended victim, but they were all slighted. The catastrophe took place on Sunday noon, the 26th of June

1541. At the head of eighteen conspirators, clad in complete armour, Juan de Herrada sallied out of Almagro's house, crossed the Plaza, uttering loud cries of "The king for ever ! down with tyrants !" and burst into the palace of Pizarro. The alarm being given by a page, the governor threw off his scarlet robe of ceremony, put on a breastplate, snatched up a weapon, and ordered Francisco de Chaves to bar the hall-door. He had with him only two knights and two pages. The rest shall be told in the animated language of Quintana. "Already the assassins ascended the staircase, led by Juan de Herrada, who, excited to enthusiasm by seeing himself arrived at that day, and on the point of accomplishing that act to which he had long been so keenly stimulated, at once by friendship and by hatred, repeated the name of the dead Almagro in accents of ferocious triumph. They began to batter the door, when Chaves, either stunned or terrified, caused it to be opened, and they then entered the hall, looking eagerly for their victim. Chaves exclaimed, 'What are you about, señors? Would you involve yourselves and me in the displeasure of the marquis? I was ever your friend. Beware how you ruin yourselves !' He was silenced by a mortal stroke, and his two pages perished with him.

"They passed on and reached the door of the governor's chamber, who, with the few that remained with him, stood prepared to defend it ; in truth, a most unequal combat : on the one side an old man, more than sixty years of age, two men, and two youths ; on the other, nineteen robust and valiant soldiers, in whom fury and desperation augmented their strength and daring. The marquis, nevertheless, defended himself, and resisted their entrance with a vigour and dexterity worthy of his best days, and of his ancient prowess. 'What outrage is this? What brings you here, assassins? Down with the traitors !' he exclaimed, while they cried 'Die then !' and 'Let us not

waste our time !' Thus mutually wounding and threatening each other, the deadly struggle continued, without either side gaining ground. At length Juan de Herrada pushed forward his comrade Narvaez, who was before him, and threw him on Pizarro, that he and his people might be prevented by this embarrassment from keeping the door, and longer impeding their entrance. This manœuvre enabled him to gain the doorway, and from that moment it was impossible the fate of the combat could hang many minutes in suspense. Martinez de Alcantara fell dead, the pages also were both killed, and Don Gomez lay on the ground severely wounded. The marquis, though alone, and having to make front on all sides, yet kept up the mortal struggle a short time longer ; when, bleeding, breathless, and exhausted, scarcely able to lift his sword, a desperate wound in the throat brought him at length to the ground. He still breathed, and desired to have a confessor, when one of his assassins, happening to have in his hand a pitcher of water, threw it rudely in his face, and the violence of this disgraceful outrage dismissed the soul of the conqueror of Peru.

"Not content with his deplorable end, some of the conspirators prepared to drag him through the market-place, and expose his remains to the last contumely of the gibbet. The entreaties of the bishop rescued him from this extremity of outrage ; and the corpse, wrapped in a white winding-sheet, was borne to the church in haste and secrecy by his servants. There they dug a hole, to which, without pomp or ceremony, they consigned him, fearing every moment lest the Chilians should come to take away his head, and hang it on the malefactor's hook. His houses and rich wardrobes were plundered of treasure, amounting to a hundred thousand pesos. His two infant children, who had fled, terrified and bewildered, during the horrors of the assassination, were sought for and placed in safety by the same faithful adherents who had

performed the last sad duties to the corpse of the father. His death remained, for a season, unresented and unrevenged. Some of his captains had armed, on hearing the tumult, with the intention of protecting him ; but on reaching the market-place, were told that he was dead, and retired to their houses. All then subsided into a melancholy quietude ; and while Lima was still absorbed in silent terror, Juan de Herrada solemnly proclaimed his young pupil's accession to the government, who went immediately to the palace of the late marquis, as the seat of authority.

“ Then, could the old Almagro have raised his head from the grave to behold his son seated on that throne, and shadowed by that canopy, a few gleams of satisfaction and triumph might have visited his melancholy tomb. But how short the duration ! how bitter the reverse ! He would have seen him at the head of a furious party, without talent to direct, or vigour to restrain them ; his ferocious captains, divided into factions, disastrously destroying each other, while he was powerless to appease them ; instigated by them to raise the standard of rebellion, and to enter on a criminal strife with the troops of his king ; and, finally, defeated and a captive, expiate under the hands of the executioner the rashness and errors of his misguided youth\*. He was buried, at his own desire, in his father's sepulchre ; and from their mingled dust an admonitory whisper seems still to remind mankind, how precarious is that power which has guilt for its basis.”

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\* This unfortunate son of an unfortunate father was defeated by Vaca de Castro, on the plains of Chupas, on the 16th of September 1541. Five hundred Spaniards were slain in the battle. The young Almagro escaped, but was betrayed into the hands of the conqueror, and was executed, in the twentieth year of his age.



THE LIFE OF THOMAS SIMPSON.

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THOMAS SIMPSON, celebrated as a mathematician, was born, in 1710, at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, and affords a striking example of what may be accomplished by strength of mind and persevering application. He was the son of a poor stuff weaver, who seems to have set the least possible value upon intellectual endowments. Thomas was kept at school by him scarcely long enough to acquire a knowledge of reading, and was then taken away to share in the manufacturing labours of his parent. The boy had, however, imbibed a fondness for books, which nothing could repress. He taught himself to write, and eagerly perused every volume which he could procure. Weaving was, of course, sometimes neglected ; much to the dissatisfaction of the father, who considered every moment to be thrown away which was not spent at the loom. Finding that reprimands were ineffectual, he prohibited his son from even looking into a book, and insisted upon his confining himself to the machine during the whole of the day. The prohibition and the injunction were both evaded, perpetual quarrels ensued, and at length the youth was sternly ordered to be gone from the parental abode, and provide for his own subsistence as he pleased.

Simpson obeyed ; and took up his abode in the neighbouring town of Nuneaton, at the house of a tailor's widow, with whose son he had previously been acquainted. There he maintained himself by weaving, and solaced his leisure moments by poring over every book that came in his way ; and there can be little doubt that he considered his situation to be greatly ameliorated. He might fare hardly ; but he could enjoy his mental banquet without molestation. Thus matters went on, till Simpson contracted an acquaintance with a man who ultimately



gave a colour to the youth's future life. Up to this period, his passion for reading seems to have taken no particular direction, but to have expatiated at large. The only circumstance which appeared to indicate a leaning towards mathematical studies was his curiosity having been strongly excited by a remarkable eclipse of the sun, which took place when he was fourteen years of age. It is probable, however, that this latent spark, if such it were, would never have blazed out, had not one event occurred. Among the casual lodgers at the widow's there chanced to be a pedlar, who eked out his gains by professing to be a conjuror and a fortune-teller, and was looked upon as a wonderful man by the credulous country folk. With this individual Simpson became very intimate. Before setting out on a peregrination to Bristol, the pedlar put into the hands of his young friend the keys of real and pretended science; in plain English, he lent him a Cocker's Arithmetic, with which was bound up a Treatise on Algebra, and another volume by the notorious Partridge, which taught the mystery of calculating nativities. Simpson studied them both with equal diligence, and with such effect that he soon made himself perfectly master of their contents. On his return, the pedlar was so delighted to find such a promising disciple, that he set about drawing the youth's horoscope, from which he discovered that in the course of two years the pupil would be a greater philosopher than the tutor. This prediction was one of those which bring about their own accomplishment.

Thus stimulated, Simpson plunged still deeper into the study of astrology. It was not long before the thought struck him, that an easier livelihood might be made by working upon credulity than by weaving; and he consequently discarded the loom, and took up the profession of a fortune-teller. With his new occupation he combined the more reputable one of a schoolmaster. As a

conjuror his success was surprising ; he being speedily looked upon with a sort of reverence by the rustic population of the vicinity. As a schoolmaster he had no reason to complain of want of pupils. Being now in possession of an adequate income, he provided himself with a wife ; and a more curious choice than his was perhaps never made. The Venus whom he took to his arms was his landlady, the tailor's widow. Having been born in 1680, she was thirty years older than he was, and had moreover a daughter and a son, the latter of whom was by two years the senior of her husband. If he married her in the hope of avoiding children, he was disappointed, for she brought him two additions to his family.

From the discreditable employment of delivering mendacious predictions, to delude bumpkins and weak females, Simpson, fortunately for his reputation, was at length driven, by an event which might have been productive of fatal consequences. A young girl, whose sweetheart, a sailor, was then absent at sea, was so anxious to know his fate, that she was willing either to see him by magical aid, or to obtain information respecting him by questioning a spirit. The fame of Simpson as a conjuror induced her to apply to him, to use the necessary means for gratifying her wish. He complied with her request, and promised that a spirit should be raised. The place where the important operation was to be performed was a hay-loft ; the spirit was a confederate, concealed under some straw in a corner of it, who, as soon as the words of power were uttered, was to start out, and respond to the queries of the damsel. But the farce was got up in such a manner that it nearly ended in a tragedy. The poor girl must have had as much courage as folly to resort to the desperate expedient of invoking infernal aid ; but she had not courage enough to support the sight of that which was presented to her view. The confederate fiend was so horribly accoutred, that she was

panic-stricken on beholding him. She fell into convulsions, her reason was shaken ; and it was long before her life was safe, and her intellect was restored.

The storm of public anger which was raised against him by this cruel juggling was so violent that it was impossible for Simpson to bear up against it. He therefore took flight to Derby, a distance of about thirty miles from the scene of his disgrace. His mishap had the good effect of making him relinquish for ever the degrading character of a conjuror. He now returned to his old business of weaving, which he followed through the day, and at night he became a schoolmaster. Yet, with these two strings to his bow, he could scarcely contrive to earn sufficient for the subsistence of his family. But, in spite of poverty and toil, he persisted in acquiring scientific knowledge. His studies were much facilitated by the perusal of a well-known and esteemed periodical, which, though devoted to mathematics, bore the singularly inapposite title of the *Ladies' Diary*. It was from the *Ladies' Diary* he first learned that there existed a branch of mathematical science denominated Fluxions, or the Differential Calculus, the simultaneous discovery of Newton and Leibnitz, and that it was of the highest importance. Though he had no insight into the nature of it, or ready means of gaining any, he sturdily resolved to master the subject. At that period, the only English treatise on fluxions was the folio volume, published in 1704, by Charles Hayes ; and as it was both expensive and scarce, it was inaccessible to Simpson. At length, the difficulty which stood in his way was removed by the translation of the Marquis de l'Hôpital's "*Analyse des Infiniment-petits*," which was made by Edmund Stone, who, like Simpson himself, was a self-taught man. This was lent to Simpson by a friend, and it sufficed to unfold to him all the mysteries of the new science. To such profit did he study it, that it was not

long before he was able to compose an excellent work on the infinitesimal analysis, direct and inverse, in which Hayes and Stone were both surpassed.

In Derby there seemed to be no chance of Simpson ever rising above indigence. As soon, therefore, as he had completed his elaborate work, he resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis. In 1735 or 1736, leaving his wife and family at Derby, he proceeded on his journey. Nothing could, to all appearance, be more chilling than his prospect when he arrived in London. With no friends, no patrons, no introductions, and but a scanty supply of money, his manuscript was the only valuable article which he possessed—except those most valuable of all earthly possessions, a strong heart, a resolute will, and a never-fainting hope. His first step was to take a cheap lodging in the vicinity of Spitalfields, and find employment as a weaver. The day was thus spent; the evening was occupied in giving lessons in the mathematics. He had a particular talent for rendering abstruse subjects perspicuous, and his manner of teaching was attractive. These qualities soon operated in his favour; they drew round him such a number of pupils as set him above the reach of want, and enabled him to bring up his family from Derby. This encouraged him to publish, by subscription, in 1737, a quarto volume, containing his *New Treatise on Fluxions*. It was favourably received, and gained for him many friends in the scientific world.

The circumstances of Simpson were now much improved; pupils and emoluments began to flow in upon him; but success, instead of slackening his industry, served to invigorate it. In 1740, he produced two works, both in the quarto size—a *Treatise on the Nature and Laws of Chance*, and *Essays on several curious and interesting subjects in Speculation and Mixed Mathematics*. The latter production won for him his first academical honours; it made him a member of the Royal

Academy of Stockholm. In 1742 he brought out *The Doctrine of Annuities and Reversions*, quarto. The appendix to this volume contained some strictures upon De Moivre, and led to a controversy between the two mathematicians, in which De Moivre was defeated. This was followed, in the ensuing year, by a large volume of *Mathematical Dissertations* on various subjects of physics and analysis.

His reputation had now risen to such a height that, in 1743, he was appointed Mathematical Professor at the Academy at Woolwich. In obtaining this appointment, he is said to have been considerably aided by the friendly exertions of Mr. Jones, father of the celebrated Sir William Jones. In this office he gave entire satisfaction to all parties by his mode of teaching, and by his mild and conciliating manners towards his numerous pupils; some of the most mischievous of whom would, however, now and then amuse themselves by making him the subject of their tricks and jokes.

Two years after his entrance upon the professorship, Simpson was admitted a member of the Royal Society. On this occasion, the testimonial of his merit was signed by four of the most eminent English mathematicians. Of that merit the society itself marked its sense, by excusing him from the payment of the admission fee, and the yearly subscription, on consideration of his moderate circumstances.

The various avocations of Simpson did not prevent him from continuing to produce scientific works. In 1745, he published a *Treatise on Algebra*; in 1747, *Elements of Geometry*; in 1748, *Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical*; in 1750, *The Doctrine and Application of Fluxions*; and, in 1752, *Select Exercises for Young Proficients in the Mathematics*: after the last of which he paused till 1757, when he gave to the press his *Miscellaneous Tracts*, dedicated to the Earl of Macclesfield,

who was president of the Royal Society. This was the last of his labours, and is regarded as one of the most important. It contains eight essays, on some of the most knotty points in mathematical science; among the most conspicuous of them is a paper on the precession of the equinoxes, and the different motions of the earth's axis, arising from the attraction of the sun and moon. Besides these works, he contributed papers to the *Philosophical Transactions*, and wrote in the *Ladies' Diary*, of which he was the editor for many years.

In 1759, Simpson was consulted with respect to the form of arch most proper for the bridge which was about to be erected at Blackfriars. One party strenuously contended for elliptical arches, the other for semicircular. The opinion of Simpson was decidedly given for the latter. The point, however, was carried in favour of the elliptical form, partly though the exertions of Muller, who was perhaps induced to espouse that side of the question by his hatred of Simpson.

Intense application at length undermined the constitution of Simpson; and its influence is said to have been rendered more rapidly fatal by occasional intemperance. There was also a circumstance which doubtless preyed upon his mind, and contributed to hasten the progress of disease. His colleague, Muller, a foreigner, who was professor of fortification at Woolwich, was a perpetual thorn in his side. Though far inferior to Simpson in talent and scientific attainments, Muller had a lofty opinion of his own worth, and seems to have lost no opportunity of insulting and treating him haughtily, or of endeavouring, but in vain, to depreciate in the public opinion his brother professor. Exercise and regimen were fruitlessly prescribed for Simpson; his spirits continued to decline, till, at length, he was not able to teach, or even to read the letters which he received from his friends. As a last resource, he was advised to try the effect of his native air; and accordingly, in February



1761, he set out for Bosworth. But it was too late ; nature was exhausted. On reaching the end of his journey, he was so worn down by the fatigue of travelling, that he took to his chamber, grew worse from day to day, and expired on the fifteenth of May, in the fifty-first year of his age. He was buried in the village churchyard of Sutton Cheney, where his remains rested for thirty years without a stone to mark the spot. The pious office of erecting a tablet to his memory was at last performed by a stranger—by John Throsby, the author of a volume illustrative of *Select Views in the county of Leicester*. The wife of Simpson, who enjoyed an annual pension of two hundred pounds, died in 1782, at the advanced age of a hundred and two.

The author of *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties* does not estimate at a high value the mathematical genius of Simpson. His chief praise is bestowed upon the resolution and perseverance which, in spite of so many obstacles, enabled the poor weaver to rise to some degree of scientific eminence. “Simpson,” says he, “was not a man of much original or inventive talent ; nor did he possess any quality of mind which would have made him one of the wonders of his time, if he had set out in life with the ordinary advantages. His writings are all able, generally useful, and sometimes ingenious ; but he is not to be enumerated among those who have carried science forward, or materially assisted in any of its great conquests. Not that he was, in point even of mental capacity, by any means an ordinary man ; but there is an immeasurable interval between such men as Simpson, and those whose writings and discoveries are destined to influence and mould their own and all succeeding ages. His chief talent was great clearness and quickness of apprehension ; and very much of this he owed to the eagerness and devotion with which he gave himself up to the study of whatever he wished to make himself master of, and the unrelaxed attention which he was



consequently enabled to apply to it. This, indeed, is rather a habit of mind which may be acquired, than a talent one must be born with; or, at least, it depends much more than many other sorts of talent on those moral qualities which may be excited or strengthened by proper discipline in every man. It was here that Simpson's superiority principally lay—in that passionate love of knowledge which prompted him to seek it in defiance of all impediments, and to that courage and perseverance with which he encountered and overcame, in this pursuit, a succession of difficulties which many would scarcely have had nerve enough to look in the face. Among those born in the same rank of life to which he originally belonged, there are, undoubtedly, at all times, numbers who occasionally feel something of the ambition that animated him, and would at least be very glad if, without much trouble, they could secure for themselves the profit, and power, and enjoyment, attendant upon intellectual cultivation. But the desire dies away in them, and ends in nothing, because they have not fortitude enough to set earnestly and resolutely about combating the obstacles which oppose its gratification. These obstacles appear to their indolence and timidity far more formidable than they really are.” In this chain of reasoning I think that there is a defective link or two, but I have neither space nor inclination to enter upon the subject; nor does the defect, if it exist, diminish the value of the lesson which the author so forcibly inculcates.

A somewhat higher degree of praise is awarded to Simpson by some continental writers. “Among the numerous writings of so fertile an author,” says Baron Maurice, “there are doubtless some which are not to be admired; but it is impossible to deny, that we also find in them legitimate claims to the esteem of posterity. It will not be said that Simpson was a great geometer; but it may safely be affirmed, that he was a truly ingenious mathematician, who distinguished himself by many

simple and novel ideas, and by a certain readiness in managing apparently difficult questions, still more than by the profundity of his researches and meditations. If he cannot be placed in the same rank with Newton and Maclaurin, he may bear a comparison with Landen and Waring, who long survived him. His elementary works were, at that period, extremely useful, and they may still be so, in consequence of the care which he took to enrich them with new problems, very judiciously chosen, and very elegantly solved. In this class of his productions, his Geometry stands conspicuous, which was translated into French by Darquier, and has not been without utility to more modern authors of the best elementary works. His Algebra has not been naturalized in our language, and perhaps would deserve to be so only for the sake of the two appendices ; there, in fact, we find a multitude of problems, solved according to the method of Descartes, and by pure geometry, the study of which could not fail to be of great benefit to young students, who wish to strengthen the inventive faculty in their minds ; for our elementary works are far indeed from containing so many happily chosen exercises. As to his original investigations, there will always be remarked among them numerous processes to ascertain the sum of several classes of series, and those on astronomical refractions, and on the finding the areas of curves by approximation. The latter led him to practices of very extensive use in the applications of the higher order of mathematics. Simpson flourished at a time when the most important questions, relative to the philosophy of the heavens, were in debate between Clairaut, Euler, and d'Alembert, and it was natural that he likewise should turn his attention to them ; and, though his efforts were not crowned with as much success as those of the three eminent rivals, they are, nevertheless, not unworthy of our esteem. In such a case, his worst misfortune was always to have been too late. Thus, his inquiries into the figure of the earth,

and the theory of the moon, did not see the light till after the publication of the works of the three illustrious geometers who have just been named ; but the methods were his own ; and though he cannot claim the glory of the first invention, the learned world cannot deny to him the merit of being an able competitor. He gave also an original solution of the famous and difficult problem of the precession of the equinoxes, which was, for the first time, completely solved by our celebrated d'Alembert. That solution, which was not perhaps rigorously correct, was censured bitterly enough by the formidable critic whom I have mentioned in the preceding sentence. It is well known, that the critic was not a little irritable ; and he had some reason to complain of the small value which seemed to be set on his masterly labour by Simpson, who scarcely noticed it, though it had gained the suffrages of all the geometricians. Finding the method of Simpson more concise and easy, Lalande, who was not a connoisseur, adopted it for his *Astronomy*, in which may be found a tolerably complete extract of it ; a circumstance for which d'Alembert did not forgive him. But though the works of Simpson, or rather his tardy discoveries, could not obtain much celebrity on the Continent, his fellow-countrymen were not so fastidious. It is well known that, at one period, they had, or at least affected to have, a sort of contempt for the labours of the French and German analysts, and that, in their eyes, all that was not to be found in the works of Newton was devoid of merit, and as though it were non-existent. Simpson did not go this length with them in their prejudices ; in many parts of his works we find candid eulogies on the continental methods ; we see how much he was gratified by a visit which he received from Clairaut ; and, had his life been prolonged, we may believe that he would have powerfully contributed to bring sooner back the geometricians of his own country into the path where he preceded them, and which is at length trodden by them."

## THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

IN former times, and even till within the last three-fourths of a century, the staple manufactory of England was the woollen. It has now ceased to have that pre-eminence; the manufacture of cotton has assumed the paramount place. In 1764, the total value of exported English cotton goods was little beyond two hundred thousand pounds, while that of woollen was more than ten-fold. In 1840, the value of the cotton exports was nearly five-and-twenty millions sterling, while that of the woollen was only six millions and a quarter. In 1767, the number of persons employed in the cotton manufacture is supposed to have been short of thirty thousand; at the present time it exceeds a million, which is one-sixteenth of the whole population of England, Scotland, and Wales. The change is an astonishing one, and is mainly the work of Richard Arkwright, the subject of this biographical sketch.

Before entering upon the life of Arkwright, it may not be improper to make a brief mention of the primitive state of the cotton manufacture in England, and give a description of the improved processes by means of which he produced such a wonderful effect. The spindle and distaff, as every one knows, were the original instruments of spinning. They were superseded by the wheel; and when it was introduced, there were doubtless (though history is silent on the subject) loud outcries against the dangerous intruder, and confident predictions of the misery which could not fail to arise from having recourse to machinery. "In the first stage of the manufacture," says Mr McCulloch, "the weavers, dispersed in cottages throughout the country, furnished themselves as well as they could with the warp and weft for their webs, and carried them to market when they were finished. But about 1760 a new system was introduced. The Man-

chester merchants began about that time to send agents into the country, who employed weavers, whom they supplied with foreign or Irish linen yarn for warp, and with raw cotton, which was first to be carded and spun, by means of a common spindle or distaff, in the weaver's own family, and then used for weft. A system of domestic manufacture was thus established, the junior branches of the family being employed in the carding and spinning of the cotton, while its head was employed in weaving, or converting the linen and cotton yarn into cloth. This system, by relieving the weaver from the necessity of providing himself with linen yarn for warp, and raw cotton for weft, and of seeking customers for his cloth when finished, and enabling him to prosecute his employment with greater regularity, was an obvious improvement on the system that had been previously followed. But it is at the same time clear, that the impossibility of making any considerable division among the different branches of a manufacture so conducted, or of prosecuting them on a larger scale, added to the interruption given to the proper business of the weavers, by the necessity of attending to the cultivation of the patches of ground which they generally occupied, opposed invincible obstacles to its progress so long as it was conducted in this mode."

In the operations of weaving and carding some ameliorations were made; but no further improvement took place in spinning till about 1764, when a very ingenious though illiterate man, Hargreaves by name, a native of Blackburn, in Lancashire, invented a machine, which enabled a spinner to spin eight threads as easily as a single thread had formerly been spun; it was afterwards so much improved, that a little girl could work from eighty to a hundred and twenty spindles. This invention is known by the name of the Spinning Jenny. Its origin is singular. "Hargreaves," says Mr. Baines, "is

said to have received the original idea of his machine from seeing a one-thread wheel overturned upon the floor, when both the wheel and the spindle continued to revolve. The spindle was thus thrown from a horizontal into an upright position ; and the thought seems to have struck him, that if a number of spindles were placed upright, and side by side, several threads might be spun at once. He contrived a frame, in one part of which he placed eight rovings in a row, and in another part a row of eight spindles. The rovings, when extended to the spindles, passed between two horizontal bars of wood, forming a clasp, which opened and shut somewhat like a parallel ruler ; when pressed together, this clasp held the threads fast. A certain portion of roving being extended from the spindles to the wooden clasp, the clasp was closed, and was then drawn along the horizontal frame to a considerable distance from the spindles, by which the threads were lengthened out, and reduced to the proper tenuity ; this was done with the spinner's left hand, and his right hand at the same time turned a wheel, which caused the spindles to revolve rapidly, and thus the roving was spun into yarn. By returning the clasp to its first situation, and letting down a presser-wire, the yarn was wound upon the spindles."

The reward of Hargreaves' ingenuity was, that a mob broke into his house, and destroyed his machine ; and finding that he persisted in his plan, they again resorted to their summary and vigorous mode of abating a nuisance, and extended it to the houses of those who had made use of his invention. Thus marked for destruction, Hargreaves wisely quitted Lancashire, and settled at Nottingham. He obtained a patent in 1770, and entered into partnership with a Mr. James. But even here he was not to enjoy the fruits of his labour in peace. A combination of spinners was formed against him ; legal ingenuity seconded it by nullifying the patent ; and the pirates



of the Spinning Jenny had the gratification of a complete triumph. It has been said that he died in a workhouse ; but this is a mistake, there being undeniable proof that, though he was robbed of his lawful gains, he lived in comfort and respectability till his decease in 1778.

But, much as the quantity of yarn was increased by this novel mode of spinning, the machine of Hargreaves, even in its perfected state, would have been inadequate to furnish a supply capable of raising the manufacture to the height which it has attained. Besides, there was another circumstance, which stood fatally in the way of its being completely efficacious. It could not give to the yarn that hardness and firmness which the warp requires. So necessary are those qualities in the warp, or longitudinal threads, that till 1770, the warp was uniformly composed of linen yarn, which was imported from Scotland and Ireland, and sometimes from abroad, the weft or woof alone being of cotton. It was reserved for Arkwright to remedy this, by forming a cotton thread which could be used alike for warp or woof. It is obvious that, had he done no more, this would have been a great benefit ; as the cost of the manufacture must necessarily be enhanced by procuring linen yarn from a distance, loaded with the expense of freight, and the profit of the Scotch or Irish spinner. It is a curious fact, that this large demand from England for linen yarn was more than once made a theme of complaint with the linen weavers of Ireland, as being productive of injury to their business, by diminishing the supply of the material, and of course raising its price.

All that now remains to be done before we begin to trace the progress of Arkwright, is to make the reader acquainted with the various stages of the process for fabricating cotton cloths, according to the system which was invented by him. As a lucid description from the pen of a long experienced practical man would certainly not be



mended, and might lose something of its clearness, by being put into the words of a mere theorist, I shall confine myself to quoting from an excellent article on the cotton manufacture, written by Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, of Glasgow. "We shall now proceed," says Mr. Bannatyne, "to give a description of Mr. Arkwright's different inventions, not, however, in the order in which he brought them forward, but in that in which they are employed in the process of spinning, of which art, in its present state, this will enable us at the same time to exhibit a view.

"The cotton wool, after it has been carefully picked, either by the hand or by a machine, is carried to the carding engines. This machine consists of two or more large cylinders, covered with cards, with teeth like those of hand cards, which revolve in opposite directions, and nearly in contact with each other. These cylinders are either surmounted by other smaller ones, covered in like manner with cards, by whose revolutions in opposite directions to those of the larger cylinders, and with different velocities, the cotton is carded and put on the last or finishing cylinder; or, as is now more generally practised, the first cylinder, that is, the one nearest the feeder, is surrounded by a fixed concave framing lined with cards, which, coming nearly in contact with the cylinder cards, produce the same effect in the process as the top cylinders, and in a more simple manner.

"We have noticed in speaking of the carding engine which Mr. Peel erected in 1762, that, at that time, the cotton was taken off the finishing cylinder by means of hand cards. But by the time Mr. Arkwright began his spinning, this operation was performed by the application of a roller with tin plates upon it, like the floats of a water-wheel, which revolving with a quick motion scraped off the cotton from the card. This was a rude contrivance, and in its operation injured both the cotton

and the cards. Mr. Arkwright substituted for it a plate of metal, toothed at the edge like a comb, which, in place of being made to revolve like the other, was moved rapidly in a perpendicular direction by a crank, and with slight but reiterated strokes on the teeth of the cards, detached the cotton from them in an uniform fleece. In place also of sheet cards, with which the finishing cylinder had hitherto been covered, he employed narrow fillet cards, wound round in a spiral form, by which contrivance a continuity of the fleece was produced, which, as it left the cards, was gradually contracted in its size, by being gradually passed through a kind of funnel, and then flattened or compressed between two rollers, after which it was received into a tin can in the state of a uniform continued cording.

“The taking off the cotton from the cards in this manner is one of the most beautiful and curious operations in the process of cotton-spinning ; and although the crank, which forms a part of the apparatus, had perhaps been used in some way or other prior to the date of Mr. Arkwright’s second patent, as was urged in the action for having it set aside, the comb for taking off the fleece, and the spiral card which produces its continuity, were inventions indisputably his own\*.

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\* Since Mr. Bannatyne wrote, Arkwright has been proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, to have been the inventor of the crank, as well as of the spiral card and the comb. The question is set at rest by Mr. Baines. “The crank and comb,” says Mr. Baines, “were claimed by Arkwright as one of his inventions, and were included in his carding patent. There has, however, been some doubt thrown on the authorship of this happy contrivance. At the trial several witnesses appeared, who ascribed the invention to James Hargreaves, the inventor of the Jenny. Elizabeth and George Hargreaves, his widow and son, declared, that he contrived the crank and comb two years before Arkwright took out his patent : the smith, who made the apparatus for Hargreaves, confirmed this testimony : and several cotton-spinners swore to their having used the crank and comb some time before the patent was taken out. On

“ The next step in the process, after the carding, is what is called drawing the cotton. The machine employed for this purpose, called the drawing-frame, is constructed upon the same principle as the spinning-frame, from which machine the idea of it was taken. To imitate the operation performed by the finger and thumb in hand-spinning, two pairs of rollers are employed ; the first pair, slowly revolving in contact with each other, are placed at a little distance from the second pair, which revolve with greater velocity. The lower roller of each pair is furrowed, or fluted longitudinally, and the upper one is neatly covered with leather, to give the two a proper hold of the cotton. If we suppose a carding to be passed between the first pair of rollers, it will be drawn

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the ground of all this evidence, and in the absence of any disproof of it by Arkwright, I had come to the conclusion that Hargreaves was the inventor. But just before these sheets go to the press, I have received the following distinct and important testimony in Arkwright's favour, from the son of Mr. James, the partner of Hargreaves. He states as follows, to the gentleman whom I have before referred to, as having procured me valuable information from Nottingham :—“ He (James Hargreaves) was not the inventor of the crank and comb. We had a pattern chalked out upon a table by one of the Lancashire men in the employ of Mr. Arkwright ; and I went to a frame-smith of the name of Young to have one made. Of this Mr. Arkwright was continually complaining, and it occasioned some angry feelings between the parties.” This single testimony, coming from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who had personal knowledge of and share in the transaction, and whose bias would naturally be more favourable to Hargreaves than to Arkwright, seems to me to outweigh all the others. It is also to be remembered, that Arkwright, on applying for a new trial, offered evidence to disprove that of Elizabeth and George Hargreaves. It is quite possible that these witnesses believed their relative to be the inventor of the crank and comb ; the smith, too, may have made it from Hargreaves' directions ; and the other cotton-spinners may have used it before Arkwright took out his patent ; and still Arkwright may have been the inventor, and his workmen may have communicated it to others, as one of them evidently did to Hargreaves and his partner.”

forward as they move, but without any change in its form or texture, farther than a slight compression received from the incumbent roller. But if from the first pair it be passed through the second, moving with twice or thrice the velocity of the first, it will be drawn twice or thrice smaller than it was when it entered the first rollers. In the succeeding operation, two, three, or more of these drawings are passed together through the rollers in the same manner, coalescing as they pass, and forming a single new drawing. This doubling and drawing is several times repeated, having the effect to arrange all the fibres of the cotton longitudinally, in a uniform and parallel direction, and to do away all inequalities of thickness. In these operations the cotton receives no twist.

“ Roving the cotton, which is the next part of the process of preparation, is an operation similar to that employed for drawing it, only that, to give the rove in its now reduced thickness such a degree of tenacity as will make it hold together, a slight twist is given to it, converting it into a soft and loose thread. This is effected by passing it as it leaves the rollers into a round conical can, which, while receiving it, revolves with considerable velocity. After this the rove is wound by the hand upon a bobbin by the younger children of the mill, and carried to the spinning-frame\*.

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\* Since this article was written, a change in the process of roving has been introduced into many mills, and is expected to become general. In place of the rove being received in a roving-can, as described above, it is now received upon a bobbin, by means of a spindle and fly. The spindle moving with an uniform speed, communicates an equal twine to the rove ; while the bobbin, turned by a band, which moves upon a cone, has its speed varied so as to take up the rove equally in all the different stages of the filling of the bobbin. The process saves the expense and trouble of winding the rove by hand, and, it is thought, occasions less waste than the other. But from the greater number and complexity of the movements of this machine, its parts require to be very perfect, and to be kept in the highest order.

“The spinning-frame has the double set of rollers, the same as in the drawing and roving frames, which operating in the same manner as in those machines, extend the rove, and reduce it to a thread of the required fineness. The twist is given to this thread by the application of the spindle and fly of the common flax wheel, adopted into the machine for this purpose.

“When we consider the merits of Mr. Arkwright’s invention of the spinning-frame, the circumstance which strikes us most, is the little resemblance there is between it and the spinning-wheel in use at the time the discovery was made. It is not that machine improved by him, but a new instrument for performing the process in a better manner. And when this is kept in view, how extraordinary it appears, that a contrivance so original, and so finely conceived, should be the production of a person in his circumstances. His after inventions for preparing the cotton, which are sometimes spoken of as the finest thing to be observed in the process of cotton spinning, are certainly not so wonderful as this first effort of his genius ; for besides the advance in mechanical knowledge which he must have made by the time he produced them, the spiral cards, and the comb for taking off the finished carding, although contrivances which only an original and fertile mind could have conceived, are still but improved arrangements or dispositions of parts of a machine which previously existed ; and the other parts of his apparatus for preparing the cotton, however excellently and beautifully fitted to produce their end, are but applications of his own spinning-machine, altered and adapted to the accomplishment of this object.

“The yarn produced by this mode of spinning is called Water Twist, from the circumstance of the machinery from which it is obtained, having, for a long time after its invention, been generally put in motion by water.

“The only improvement, or even alteration, yet made

upon Mr. Arkwright's first contrivance, the spinning-frame, is to be found in the machine called the Throstle\*, introduced some years ago ; the spinning apparatus employed in which, however, is in every respect the same as that in Mr. Arkwright's frame, though the movement of the parts is different. In place of four or six spindles being coupled together, forming what is called a head, with a separate movement by a pulley and drum, as is the case in the frame, the whole rollers and spindles on both sides of the throstle are connected together, and turned by bands from a tin cylinder, lying horizontally under the machine. In the throstle, too, a greater number of spindles are contained in the same space ; but its merit lies in the simplification of the moving apparatus just mentioned, which not only renders the movement lighter, but affords the means of increasing, with greater facility, the speed of the machine ; and consequently, when the nature of the spinning admits it, of obtaining a larger production. Besides this, the throstle can, with more ease, and at less expense than the frame, be altered to spin the different 'grists' of yarn ; only a few movements having to be changed in it to produce this end, while in the spinning-frame there are a great many."

Darwin, in his peculiar style, where much beauty is mingled with much affectation, has not ill-described the working of Arkwright's machinery. The last twelve lines may serve to impress on the reader's memory the successive operations which the Water Frame performs.

"So now, where Derwent rolls his dusky floods  
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of woods,  
The nymph, Gossypia, treads the velvet sod,  
And warms with rosy smiles the watery god ;  
His ponderous oars to slender spindles turns,  
And pours o'er massy wheels his foamy urns ;

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\* This machine is supposed to derive its name from the singing sound it produces.

With playful charms her hoary lover wins,  
And wields his trident, while the monarch spins.

First with nice eyes emerging Naiads cull  
From leathery pods the vegetable wool ;  
With wiry teeth *revolving cards* release  
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece ;  
Next moves the *iron hand* with fingers fine,  
Combs the wide card, and forms the eternal line ;  
Slow, with soft lips, the *whirling can* acquires  
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires ;  
With quicken'd pace *successive rollers* move,  
And these retain, and those extend the *rove* ;  
Then fly the *spoles* (bobbins), the rapid axles glow,  
And slowly circumsolves the labouring wheel below\*."

The successive improvements which have been made in the machinery for spinning cotton are thus summed up by Mr. Baines. " Little more than sixty years since, every thread used in the manufacture of cotton; wool, worsted, and flax, throughout the world, was spun singly

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\* If the reader should chance to find himself fatigued by the dry detail of a manufacturing process, he will thank me for bringing to his recollection that part of Canning, Ellis, and Frere's admirable burlesque upon the Botanic Garden, in which allusion is made to the above passage.

"Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,  
The fair Trochaist† from the corner bends!  
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark  
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;  
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between  
Her much-loved Smoke-Jack glimmers through the scene;  
Mark how his various parts together tend,  
Point to one purpose—in one object end:  
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,  
Drags the long chain, the polished axles glow,  
While slowly circumsolves the piece of beef below:  
The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,  
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns."

*Loves of the Triangles.*

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† *Trochais*.—The Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.



by the fingers of the spinner, with the aid of that *classical* instrument, the domestic spinning-wheel. In 1767, an *eight-handed* spinster sprung from the genius of Hargreaves; and the *jenny*, with still increasing powers, made its way into common use, in spite of all opposition. Two years afterwards, the more wonderful invention of Wyatt, which claims a much earlier origin, but which had disappeared, like a river that sinks into a subterraneous channel, and now rose again under the fortunate star of Arkwright, claimed yet higher admiration, as founded on principles of more extensive application. Five years later, the happy thought of combining the principles of these two inventions, to produce a third (the Mule Jenny), much more efficient than either, struck the mind of Crompton, who, by a perfectly original contrivance, effected the union. From twenty spindles this machine was brought, by more finished mechanism, to admit of a hundred spindles, and thus to exercise a Briarean power. Kelly relinquished the toilsome method of turning the machine by hand, and yoked to it the strength of the rapid Clyde. Watt, with the subtler and more potent agency of steam, moved an iron arm that never tires, which whirls round two thousand spindles in a single machine. Finally, to consummate the wonder, Roberts dismisses the spinner, and leaves the machine (the self-acting mule) to its own infallible guidance. So that, in the year 1834, several thousand spindles may be seen in a single room, revolving with inconceivable rapidity, with no hand to urge their progress or to guide their operations—drawing out, twisting, and winding up as many thousand threads, with unflinching precision, indefatigable patience and strength; a scene as magical to the eye which is not familiarised with it, as the effects have been marvellous in augmenting the wealth and population of the country.”

Richard Arkwright, the son of poor parents, and the

youngest of thirteen children, was born on the 23rd of December, 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. Such was the indigence of those from whom he derived his being, that they could afford to give him scarcely any education ; indeed, it was not till late in life that he learned to write his own language with anything like grammatical correctness, and in a legible hand. He was brought up to the humble trade of a barber, at Kirkham and Preston, and when he set up as master, he established himself at Bolton. Of the first eight-and-twenty years of his life, nothing more is certainly known. The only other circumstance which is recorded concerning that period relates to his commencing business, and I will not vouch for the truth of it. In many of the Lancashire towns, the underground floor, or cellar as it is called, is inhabited by a decent class of people. At his outset, Arkwright is said to have taken one of these cellars, and put up a board at the entrance, on which was inscribed, "Come to the subterraneous barber; he shaves for a penny." This invitation was so attractive, that his customers became numerous, and his rivals were obliged to drop their price to prevent their shops from being deserted. Arkwright, however, was not to be outdone ; and he immediately diminished his charge to a half-penny. This dogged determination not to be foiled gives to the story an appearance of being fact ; for it is in keeping with the character of Arkwright. "His natural disposition," says Mr. Baines, "was ardent, enterprising, and stubbornly persevering ; his mind was as coarse as it was bold and active ; and his manners were rough and unpleasant."

Quitting the trade of a barber, he became, about the year 1760 or 1761, an itinerant dealer in hair. Wigs were then generally worn ; and the immense quantity of hair which was required for them was collected by travelling from place to place. Whether this class of wandering dealers

still exists I know not ; but it was not extinct at the commencement of this century, long after the human head had been allowed to retain its natural covering. In carrying on this business, Arkwright enjoyed a considerable advantage over his competitors ; as he not only had the reputation of keeping a better article than they did, but was likewise in possession of a secret chemical process for dyeing hair, which, of course, enabled him to supply purchasers with any shade of colour that was wanted. In this pursuit he is said to have amassed a little property. His secret for dyeing hair is usually believed to have been a discovery of his own, and it probably was so ; but the fact is doubted by some persons, on the ground that he never studied chemistry, and that if he had done so, and been successful in his first attempt, he would have persisted in turning his attention to similar objects, and not been led away to the study of mechanics. The conclusion is not warranted by the premises from which it is deduced. There is no proof that he had never dabbled in chemistry ; the study of two sciences at once is not impracticable or even improbable ; and it would be perfectly natural for him to abandon one science, which repaid him but scantily, for another, which afforded a prospect of acquiring boundless riches. The recent invention of the spinning-jenny, by Hargreaves, may have stimulated Arkwright to aim at producing a more perfect machine.

The great period when Arkwright began to bend his mind to mechanical subjects cannot now be ascertained. His first effort in mechanics is said to have been that which has occupied and eluded so many young adventurers in science—the discovery of a perpetual motion. Yet, even this may have been of benefit to him, by compelling him to meditate upon all possible movements and combinations of them. That he was for years absorbed in schemes and experiments of various

kinds is certain ; and it is equally so, that they reduced him to a state of poverty. One fact will suffice to prove his indigence. Arkwright was a burgess of Preston, and was in that town at the time when the memorable election took place, to which Junius alludes in his thirty-third letter. "Arkwright voted," says Mr. Baines ; "but the wardrobe of the future knight was in so tattered a condition, that a number of persons subscribed to put him in a decent plight to appear at the poll-room." A worse evil than raggedness was occasioned by persevering in his mechanical trials ; his domestic happiness was destroyed. In 1761 he married. A few years after their union, his wife, impatient of the privations which they suffered, and hoping to remove for ever the cause of them, rashly destroyed some of his models of machinery. This was an inexpiable offence in his eyes, and he separated from her in consequence of it.

In 1767, Arkwright became acquainted, at Warrington, with a man named Kay, who was a clock-maker. As he himself was not a practical mechanic, he applied to this man to perform some manual labour for him, with respect to a machine on which he was engaged, probably the very invention which immortalized him. Such, from the statement made by him in his printed "Case," would appear to be the fact ; for he there asserts that, after "*many years*' intense and painful application, he invented, about the year 1763, his present method of spinning cotton." His connexion with Kay was ultimately injurious to his fame and fortune, as that worthy person, after a lapse of fifteen years, and his having been dismissed from Arkwright's employment, and threatened with a criminal prosecution by him, had the boldness to come into a court of justice, and swear that the invention of spinning by rollers belonged to a man named Highs ; that the secret had been entrusted to him by Highs ; and that he had been guilty of betraying it to Arkwright. On the testimony of

such a witness I am not disposed to place any reliance whatever; his own confession puts him out of court. Mr. Baines, indeed, leans to his side, and remarks, that "there is no evidence to show that Arkwright ever thought of making a spinning-machine before his interview with Kay at Warrington." This scarcely deserves the name of an argument. It is a sufficient reply, that there is no evidence that he had *not* thought of it; and that he himself asserted in print (and was not contradicted for three years) that it had long been in his contemplation. It is, in fact, extremely improbable, that, in a country where nothing was thought of but spinning, a man of mechanical genius should never have turned his attention to that all-important subject.

Kay, as being necessary to him in the fabrication of the machine, was taken into the service of Arkwright, and bound himself to serve him, for a certain time and salary. There were, however, some parts of the machine which Kay was unable to execute; in consequence of which, Arkwright was under the necessity of applying for assistance to Mr. Peter Atherston, an instrument-maker. The inventor's appearance, however, was so indicative of a slenderly-furnished purse, that Atherston refused to undertake the construction. But, "he agreed to lend Kay a smith and watch-tool-maker, to make the heavier part of the engine; and Kay undertook to make the clock-work part of it, and to instruct the workman. In this way, Mr. Arkwright's first engine, for which he afterwards took out a patent, was made."

The machine was now completed, but Arkwright had no money to bring it into play, and without money the engine was a body without a soul. At Preston, his native place, Arkwright had a friend who might assist him; this friend was a Mr. Smalley, a spirit-merchant and painter. To Preston, therefore, he repaired; and there his machine was fitted up in the parlour of the Grammar-

school-house, which, at the request of Smalley, was lent for that purpose by the head-master. Smalley had sense enough to perceive the merit of the invention, and he resolved to lend both his purse and his influence to bring the machine into operation.

To bring forward such an obnoxious discovery in Lancashire was out of the question; for though, at that period, the Lancashire women might as justly be entitled as they now are to the appellation of witches, the Lancashire men had abundantly proved that they were not conjurors. The fate of poor Hargreaves was before Arkwright and his friend, and they prudently determined not to run the risk of being treated in the same manner. They consequently removed to Nottingham, in company with Kay. There they entered into a negotiation with Messrs. Wright, bankers, and succeeded in obtaining from them an advance of capital, on condition of their ceding a share of the profits. The Wrights, however, were not willing to venture too far in the speculation. Finding that the machine was not brought into working order so rapidly as they had expected, they desired Arkwright to find some one who would repay them, and stand in their place. They also suggested, that Mr. Need of Nottingham, who was concerned in other patent discoveries, and was a partner in the stocking-patent with Mr. Strutt of Derby, would be a likely person to enter into a connexion with him. Arkwright accordingly applied to Need, who expressed his willingness to venture, if Strutt, to whom he referred him, thought well of the machine. On examining the model, Strutt, who was a man of great mechanical knowledge, perceived at a glance the value of the invention. All that was wanting to make it perfect was, he said, the adaptation of some of the wheels to each other, which, from a lack of practical skill, the inventor had failed to accomplish. The defect was speedily remedied, and a partnership was then entered into between



Need, Strutt, and Arkwright. In 1769, a patent was taken out by the inventor.

The first spinning-mill on the new principle was erected at Nottingham, and was worked by horse-power. This mode was soon found to be too expensive, and perhaps too limited, for the purpose. The gigantic energy of steam had not yet been engaged in the service of manufactures, though the time was fast approaching when it was to be thus applied. Water was therefore of necessity resorted to ; and, in 1771, a factory, on a far larger scale than the first, was built on the river Derwent, at Cromford, near Wirksworth in Derbyshire.

In the following year an event with respect to the patent is positively affirmed by some persons to have taken place ; while by others the reality of such an event is no less positively denied. It is said, on the one hand, that, in 1772, the Lancashire spinners formed a combination, and brought an action to set aside the patent, on the plea that Arkwright was not an original inventor ; that the evidence which they produced was insufficient to support the plea ; and that a verdict was consequently given in his favour. It is maintained, on the other hand, that there was no such trial ; and, in proof of this, it is urged, that no allusion was made to it on two subsequent occasions, and that no trace of it exists in the records of any of the courts of law. I have myself been unable to find any notice of it in the various publications which chronicled the remarkable occurrences of that period. Yet it is difficult to believe that writers of character, with no motive for deviating from truth, and who were likewise conversant with the history of the cotton manufacture, would make a peremptory assertion, without some authority for making it.

That the Lancashire cotton manufacturers were quite capable of taking any step which would afford a chance of overthrowing Arkwright, is a fact which admits of no



dispute. They were willing to injure even themselves, provided they could injure him. Though his yarn was by far the best in the market, they formed a combination against it, and refused to be purchasers; hoping by this means to effect his ruin. Their plan, though it did not fully answer, was productive of no trifling annoyance. A heavy stock of yarn was accumulated in the warehouses of Arkwright and his partners; and it was not till after the lapse of five years, and an expenditure of twelve thousand pounds in machinery and buildings, that they derived any profit from their capital and labours. Being thus shut out of the market, they were compelled to become manufacturers on their own account. They first employed their yarn in the weaving of stockings; for which purpose it was found to be so admirably calculated, that it soon put an end to the use of hand-spun cotton, and entirely supplanted thread stockings, which till then had been preferred. In 1773, they began to apply their cotton warp to the making of calicoes, and with complete success. But when they had fabricated a large stock of goods, and received extensive orders for them, their progress was suddenly arrested. An act was found to exist, which levied an additional duty of three pence a yard on such articles when exported, and prohibited the use of them at home, by making linen warp an essential part of legal calicoes. This act was enforced by the officers of excise against the calicoes of Arkwright and his partners; and thus a law, which was originally intended to operate against the printing of Indian calicoes, was converted into an instrument for the destruction of an important English manufacture. The commissioners of excise were applied to for relief, but without effect; and there was no other resource than an appeal to the legislature. Here Arkwright was met by the determined opposition of his Lancashire enemies. With a mixture of malignity and absurdity, which excites at

once anger and laughter, they pertinaciously contended against the repeal of the additional duty and the prohibition. Their laudable exertions were, however, thrown away, except in as far as they compelled Arkwright and his partners to expend a large sum of money, before redress could be obtained. Common sense and justice were finally victorious. In the session of 1774, the legislature passed an act, which sanctioned the fabricating of "stuffs wholly made of the raw cotton wool," and subjected them to a duty of only three-pence a square yard on their being printed.

In December 1775, Arkwright took out a new patent for a series of machines, for the purposes of carding, drawing, and roving. By these additions his system was rendered complete; such as the reader has already seen it, in the description by Mr. Bannatyne. At length, Arkwright began to reap the fruits of his perseverance and skill. "When this admirable series of machines was made known," says Mr. Baines, "and by their means yarns were produced far superior in quality to any before spun in England, as well as lower in price, a mighty impulse was communicated to the cotton manufacture. Weavers could now obtain an unlimited quantity of yarn at a reasonable price; manufacturers could use warps of cotton, which were much cheaper than the linen warps formerly used. Cotton fabrics could be sold lower than had ever before been known. The demand for them consequently increased. The shuttle flew with fresh energy, and the weavers earned immoderately high wages. Spinning-mills were erected to supply the requisite quantity of yarn. The fame of Arkwright resounded throughout the land; and capitalists flocked to him to buy his patent machines, or permission to use them." For that permission, a certain sum per spindle was paid to him. Arkwright likewise enhanced his gains by taking shares in mills, and by erecting mills of his own

in various places, particularly in Derbyshire and at Manchester, and Birkacre, near Chorley, in Lancashire. The sum which the partnership expended in building mills, previously to the year 1782, fell little short of forty thousand pounds.

Although every man, woman, and child, who could assist in spinning, was fully employed at much higher wages than were ever earned before, and although provisions were cheap, the multitude saw with an evil eye the progress of machinery. The dislike of the new inventions was fostered by persons who ought to have known better; men of the middle and upper classes, who were alarmed by selfish fears lest they should suffer from the workmen being eventually thrown out of work and upon the poor-rates. In 1779, this spirit burst forth into action. The mob rose in a sort of crusade against machinery, and prowled over the country for many miles round Blackburn, destroying jennies, water-frames, and everything of the kind that was moved by water or horses. There was, however, one remarkable difference between this and their former outbreak. When they were hunting down the unfortunate Hargreaves, not a single jenny was left unbroken; now, they are said to have spared the jennies which had not more than twenty spindles. This was at least a step in advance towards rationality.

While the rioters were thus occupied, the civil authorities were in many instances completely inert; and there were not a few individuals who had so little sense of their duty to their neighbours and to society, that they left no stone unturned to screen the delinquents from punishment. "This devastating outrage," says Mr. Baines, left effects more permanent than have usually resulted from such commotions. Spinners, and other capitalists, were driven from the neighbourhood of Blackburn to Manchester and other places; and it was many years before cotton-spinning was resumed at Blackburn.

Mr. Peel, the grandfather of the present Sir Robert Peel, a skilful and enterprising spinner and calico-printer, having had his machinery at Altham thrown into the river, and been in personal danger from the fury of the mob, retired in disgust to Burton, in Staffordshire, where he built a cotton-mill on the banks of the Trent, and remained there some years. A large mill, built by Arkwright, at Birkacre, near Chorley, was destroyed by a mob, in the presence of a powerful body of police and military, without any of the civil authorities requiring their interference to prevent the outrage." Arkwright's mill did not fall without a struggle. Its inmates seem to have possessed some of their master's indomitable spirit. The rioters were driven back, on the first day, with the loss of two men killed, and eight wounded ; and it was not till they returned, with greatly increased numbers, that they accomplished their purpose\*.

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\* I give the following extracts from some of the journals of that time, because they contain some curious particulars relative to the riots, and also because they afford one more proof that low prices of food do not, as some persons contend, inevitably produce a fall of wages. Mr. Baines supposes that the riots were caused by some "temporary distress." From one of the letters, however, we may fairly conclude that no distress existed.

"*Manchester*, Oct. 16. The weavers of this neighbourhood have been so infatuated as to quarrel with the looms and spinning-wheels by which they subsist, and by which this county has of late years flourished more than any other part of England. On Wednesday last, at Blackburn, they rose and committed many acts of violence, destroying the buildings of their employers, and among others, the warehouses of Dr. Lancaster and Mr. Peel. This rising is more out of wantonness than from any other cause, as men, women, and children have as much employ as they can finish, and now get double the money they could twenty years ago. Provisions too are cheap, cheese at twopence-halfpenny per pound, wheat four shillings the bushel, potatoes tenpence, and other articles in proportion. A party of these insurgents were running to destroy the cotton-works of Watson and Son, at Preston ; but the military firing on them, they retreated and went home to rest. Another party advanced with

The destruction of Arkwright's property at Birkacre was followed, after an interval of two years, by a much heavier blow. His machines had come very extensively into use, and their merit was no longer disputed; but to pay for the privilege of using them seemed a hardship to men whose love of lucre was stronger than their honesty of principle. The divine maxim that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," was beyond their comprehension. They thought it a more pleasant and compendious process to steal than to purchase; and as men, when they have an interest in doing wrong, are generally but too successful in cheating and lulling their consciences, they found a defence of their conduct in reports which were spread, that Arkwright was not an inventor. On this pretext, several persons manufactured with his machines, without obtaining a licence. As serious injury to him must be the result of his winking at this piratical infringement of his rights, he resolved to put an end to it.

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intention to pull down the works of Mr. Key, of Folds, near Bolton; Mrs. Key, attended by her servants, met them with a large barrel of ale, and, by mild reasoning, brought the crowd to a due sense of their crime, on which they drank her health, prayed God to bless her for a good woman, and went home contentedly. This day all is quiet."

"*Preston, Oct. 6.* As reports will be various on the subjects of the riots in this neighbourhood, I have just time to inform you, that they are likely to be attended with very serious consequences, unless immediate aid is sent into this country. Two thousand, or upwards, attacked a large building near Chorley, on Sunday, from which they were repulsed, two killed, and eight wounded and taken prisoners; they returned strongly reinforced on Monday, and destroyed a great number of buildings, with a vast quantity of machines for spinning cotton, &c. Sir George Saville arrived, with three companies of the York Militia, while the buildings were in flames. The report of their intention to destroy the works in this town brought him here yesterday noon. At one o'clock this morning two expresses arrived, one from Wigan, another from Blackburn, intreating immediate assistance, both declaring the violence of the insurgents, and the shocking depredations yesterday at Bolton; it is thought they will be at Blackburn this morning, and

With this view, in the year 1781, he brought nine actions against the pirates. Strong in their numbers, the great body of the spinners combined together, and employed eminent counsel to vindicate their encroachments. The first cause which came on was that of Colonel Mordaunt; his advocates were Bearcroft and Erskine. In this case, the second patent was the object of litigation. No attempt was made to prove that Arkwright was not the inventor of the machines in question; the defence rested solely on the narrow legal ground that the specification was obscure and unintelligible, and consequently the patent was void. In law, this was a good plea; but, looking at it in a moral and honourable point of view, it was a mere piece of chicanery. A robber is not the less a robber, because a flaw in the indictment procures for him an acquittal. But, such as it was, the plea sufficed to answer its purpose; the specification was decided to be defective; and the pirates obtained a verdict. The

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at Preston by four this afternoon. Sir George ordered the drums to beat to arms at half-after-one, when he consulted with the military and magistrates in town, and set off at the head of three companies soon after two o'clock this morning for Chorley, that being central to this place, Blackburn, and Wigan. Captain Browne, of the 28th regiment, with seventy invalids, and Captain Thomason, of Colonel White's regiment, with about a hundred young recruits, is all the force we have. He offered the justices to arm three hundred of the respectable housekeepers, if they would turn out to defend the town, which was immediately accepted. The greatest expedition is used by the military and inhabitants in preparing to give them a warm reception."

"*Manchester*, Oct. 9. During the course of the week several mobs have assembled in different parts of the neighbourhood, and have done much mischief by destroying the engines for carding and spinning cotton wool, without which the trade of this country could never be possibly carried on to any great extent. In the neighbourhood of Chorley the mob destroyed and burned the engines and buildings erected by Mr. Arkwright at a very great expense, but lost several of their lives in an unsuccessful attack upon the buildings on Saturday."



other eight actions were, of course, withdrawn by Arkwright.

Disgusted probably with a decision which he could not but consider as being flagrantly unjust, Arkwright seems to have thought that there was little to hope from renewing his appeal to a court of law. From the legislature he might expect a more enlightened and equitable judgment; and he consequently resolved to apply to it, for an act, or such other relief as it might deem proper, to secure his right in his invention. As a preliminary, he printed and circulated a case, in which, with the warmth and confidence of a man who feels that he has deserved well of the public, and has been wronged, he expatiated upon his own merits, and claimed the gratitude of his country. That he had a powerful claim to it no one in his senses would deny. With respect to the obscurity of the specification, he pleaded for it a patriotic motive. He was, he said, desirous of preventing foreigners from availing themselves of his inventions to the prejudice of England; but it was absurd to suppose that he had any purpose to conceal them from the public, he having already granted numerous licences, and the whole machinery being necessarily known to many workmen and artificers, as well as to those persons (many hundreds) who were employed in the manufactory. The boon which he requested was, that the parliament would consolidate the two patents, so that he might have the full benefit of them till the expiration of the second patent. As the time of the first patent would be run out in the course of a year, while the second had seven years to run, this was, in fact, asking a renewal of the former for eight years. This request was not likely to conciliate his opponents, who were already sufficiently eager to strip him of his rights. For some reason or other, which is unknown, the application to parliament was not made.



Arkwright remained apparently quiescent till the beginning of 1785. But, in reality, he was not idle; he was busy in collecting the opinions of mechanical artists, as to the practicability of constructing his machine, from the description which he had given of it. Fortified with their evidence, he commenced another action, which came on for trial upon the 17th of February. Lord Loughborough summed up favourably, and Arkwright obtained a verdict.

This was a heavy blow to the cotton-spinners, who, for the last four years, had been making use of his invention. The number of them had largely increased since the first trial, insomuch, that three hundred thousand pounds had been invested, and thirty thousand persons were now employed, in the buildings and machinery of establishments erected in defiance of the patent. This fact was subsequently urged by their counsel, as a reason for destroying Arkwright's monopoly. It was a singular argument, that, because an enormous robbery had been committed, the victim, instead of obtaining redress, ought to be punished by inflicting upon him a heavier loss.

The hostile cotton-spinners had, according to their own showing, too much at stake not to induce them to move heaven and earth to demolish the patent; and they accordingly once more combined firmly together, to effect their purpose. Neither money, nor industry, nor contrivance, was spared. This time they were the assailants; their mode of proceeding was by writ of *scire facias*, ostensibly in the name of the crown, to try the validity of the patent. The cause came on for trial before Judge Buller and a special jury, on the 25th of June, 1785. Four grounds of opposition were taken up by Mr. Bearcroft, who was their leading counsel: namely, that the patent was a great inconvenience to the public; that when the patent was granted, the invention was not a new one; that the invention was not Arkwright's; and that

the specification was imperfect. The plea that the patent was "a great inconvenience to the public," is a happy specimen of the jargon and latitudinarian style of assertion which find such ready admission into legal pleadings. On former occasions, the obscurity with which the invention was described had been the point relied upon for overthrowing the patent; in this instance, the plan of attack was changed, and the system on which their dependence was chiefly placed was, that of denying to Arkwright the merit of being an inventor. To sustain the charge against the patentee, witnesses were brought forward to testify, that other persons had originated the improvements in the carding-machine; and Highs and Kay were examined to prove, that the former invented the mode of spinning by rollers, and that Kay, who was employed to make a model for Highs, had treacherously betrayed the secret to Arkwright. Highs, it must be observed, had suffered his claims to remain dormant for sixteen years; and Kay was a man whose evidence ought to have been received with much suspicion, since, by his own account, he stood self-convicted of an infamous breach of confidence: he had, besides, been dismissed from Arkwright's service, and threatened by him with a prosecution for felony. The trial lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till half-past twelve at night, nearly sixteen hours; much conflicting evidence had of course been produced, much that required the most careful sifting and weighing; yet, without a moment bestowed upon considering and consulting, the jury returned a verdict for the crown, thus annihilating the patent. Admirable as is the institution of trial by jury, and much as it ought to be cherished, it must be confessed, that juries now and then give such singular verdicts, that the old joke of finding a man guilty of manslaughter for stealing a pair of breeches scarcely looks like an exaggeration.

In the next term, Arkwright applied for a new trial.

His counsel urged, that they had been taken by surprise on the former occasion, but that they were now provided with affidavits, by which the evidence of Kay and others, as to originality of invention, was decidedly contradicted. The motion was, however, refused. With more ease than elegance of language, Judge Buller, who seems to have acted with a partisan spirit, expressed his conviction, that at the trial "the defendant had not a leg to stand upon." But as this might not appear to be a conclusive reason for refusing the motion, it was added, that whatever might be the fact as to originality, the cloudiness of the specification was sufficient to justify the verdict.

That spinning by means of rollers had been attempted long before Arkwright succeeded in bringing it into use, there is not the shadow of a doubt. The merit of it, however, belongs not to Highs, but to an ingenious artisan named Wyatt, who, in 1738, took out a patent for it in the name of Louis Paul, a foreigner, with whom he was associated. But the project failed, and appears to have been forgotten at the time when Arkwright began his experiments. There is no valid reason for believing that Arkwright had ever heard of rollers having been employed; he himself stated, that he derived the first idea of his invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar lengthened by being passed between cylinders; and there is nothing improbable in this statement. That he might be ignorant of preceding attempts may easily be conceived. At that period, there was neither the facility of communication which now exists between different parts of the kingdom, nor the constant interchange of ideas between distant individuals, nor the numerous journals and periodicals which, in our days, spread almost instantaneously the particulars of every new discovery. In the minds of some people there would seem to be an incapability of conceiving how the same mode of accomplishing

an object can be hit upon by various and unconnected individuals. Yet certain it is, that often have two or more persons produced the same or similar inventions, without any one of them being guilty of plagiarism. But even were it admitted that Arkwright borrowed some of his ideas, still his merit would be scarcely diminished; the praise would still be his, of having modified and perfected that which he borrowed, made additions without which the rest would be worthless, combined all the parts into one vast and harmonious whole, and, with unconquerable perseverance, in spite of poverty and every other obstacle, brought his labours to a triumphant close, and given such an impulse to one branch of manufacture, as to render it, in the course of a short time, an object of the highest national importance.

In Lancashire, and especially at Manchester, the defeat of Arkwright was a subject of great rejoicing. In those parts he was no favourite; perhaps on the principle that "they never pardon who have done the wrong." At all events, *he* did not afford a proof that "forgiveness to the injured does belong;" he retorted their dislike, and laboured to raise up rivals against them. With this view, he gave as much advantage as possible to the Scotch spinners, and even formed a partnership with Mr. Dale, the proprietor of the Lanark mills. It would appear that some vulgar allusions had been made to his original occupation; for, in speaking of his connexion with Dale, he sarcastically observed, "that he would find a *razor* in Scotland to *shave* Manchester."

Though so great a source of profit had been cut off by the result of the last trial, the fortune of Arkwright continued rapidly to accumulate. His partnership with the Strutts terminated about 1783, after which event the works at Cromford remained in his own hands, and he was, besides, connected with many other establishments. For several years the price of yarn was fixed by him;

his prices being conformed to by all the other cotton-spinners. Under his superintending eye all his concerns went on with clock-work regularity. Into every department of his extensive works he introduced an invariable system of order and arrangement; so perfect in all its parts that it was universally adopted by the manufacturers, and, during the lapse of more than half a century, has not, in any material point, been found to require alteration.

When he had once gained a firm footing, such a man could scarcely fail to prosper. "The most marked traits in the character of Arkwright," says Mr. Baines, who has no undue partiality for him, "were his wonderful ardour, energy, and perseverance. He commonly laboured in his multifarious concerns from five in the morning till nine at night; and when considerably more than fifty years of age,—feeling that the defects of his education placed him under great difficulty and inconvenience in conducting his correspondence, and in the general management of his business—he encroached upon his sleep, in order to gain an hour each day to learn English grammar, and another hour to improve his writing and orthography! He was impatient of whatever interfered with his favourite pursuits; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife not many years after their marriage, because she, convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he should have been shaving, broke some of his experimental models of machinery. Arkwright was a severe economist of time; and, that he might not waste a moment, he generally travelled with four horses, and at a very rapid speed. His concerns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland were so extensive and numerous, as to show at once his astonishing power of transacting business, and his all-grasping spirit. In many of these he had partners, but he generally managed in such a way, that, whoever lost,

he himself was a gainer. So unbounded was his confidence in the success of his machinery, and in the national wealth to be produced by it, that he would make light of discussions on taxation, and say, that *he* would pay the national debt! His speculative schemes were vast and daring; he contemplated entering into the most extensive mercantile transactions, and buying up all the cotton in the world, in order to make an enormous profit by the monopoly; and from the extravagance of these designs, his judicious friends were of opinion, that if he had lived to put them in practice, he might have overset the whole fabric of his prosperity."

So opulent a man was naturally desirous of possessing a suitable abode. He therefore purchased the manor of Cromford, and built a magnificent castellated mansion, which bears the names of Cromford-hall and Willesly Castle. This edifice, which is of white freestone, stands on a verdant knoll, that descends at first abruptly, and then with a gentler slope, to the river Derwent. Opposite to it is a precipitous cliff, called Cromford-rock, which is fringed with trees and underwood. The house is an oblong square, three stories high, with two wings of inferior altitude. A circular tower crowns the centre, at each angle of the wings there is likewise a round tower, and on each side of the grand entrance projects one of a semi-circular form. Behind the mansion the ground rises to a considerable height, and is wooded to its summit. Walks are carried through the wood, from one of which, leading to the Wild-cat Tor, there is a prospect eminently picturesque. "It consists of the long rampart of rocks opposite Matlock, the wood that clothes the declivity from their bases to the river, and the tall trees on the opposite side, that stretch their branches down to the water, which appears dark, gloomy, and almost motionless, till it reaches a weir, down which it rushes in an impetuous torrent, almost immediately under the feet of the spectator, by

whom it cannot be contemplated without some degree of terror as well as admiration.”\*

In those days it was not the practice to confer heraldic titles upon inventors and scientific men; and therefore the man who had given to his native land the means of pushing one branch of its manufactures and commerce to an almost boundless extent, might have lived and died plain Mr. Arkwright, had not an insane female made an abortive attempt on the life of the British monarch. On this occasion loyal addresses were, as it was right they should be, poured in from all quarters, to congratulate his majesty on his escape. The dignity of knighthood was so lavishly bestowed upon the bearers of these addresses, that the title became almost ludicrous, and those who obtained it were known by the appellation of Peg Nicholson's knights. Arkwright was one of those upon whom this doubtful honour was conferred. Having, in 1786, been appointed high sheriff of Derbyshire, he was deputed to present the county address; and, in consequence, became Sir Richard Arkwright. Had all that were thus dubbed possessed as legitimate a claim as Arkwright to be raised above the crowd, Dr. Wolcot, a man with more wit than principle, would have had no pretext for exclaiming,

“Haste, cobblers, postilions, coal-heavers, and tinkers,  
Ye makers of saddles, and harness, and winkers,  
Old clothesmen and crimps, thief-takers and jailors,  
Bug-doctors, bum-bailiffs, ye butchers and tailors,  
Haste away with addresses —————  
Nay more, to be nimble too let me implore ye,  
Or the dogs and the cats will be knighted before ye.”

Arkwright did not long enjoy the title which had fallen on him by chance. For many years he had suffered under a severe asthmatic complaint, which, however, had never been allowed to suspend his pursuits. His incessant attention to business, and the sedentary life which was the result of it, at length brought on a complication of disorders, of which he died, in the sixtieth year of his



age, at Cromford, on the 3d of August, 1792. The fortune which he left is said to have amounted to the sum of half a million sterling. "No man," justly observes Mr. M'Culloch, "ever better deserved his good fortune, or has a stronger claim on the respect and gratitude of posterity. His inventions have opened a new and boundless field of employment; and while they have conferred infinitely more benefit on his native country than she could have derived from the absolute dominion of Mexico and Peru, they have been universally productive of wealth and enjoyments."

THE END.

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